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the 1990s, the number of people with a mental health problem has increased by 50% (Mental Health Foundation 1999). The prevalence of mental health problems has increased in the general population, and the incidence of mental health problems has increased in the prison population.

There is a growing awareness of the need to address the mental health needs of prisoners. The Department of Health (2000) has published a strategy for mental health services, which includes a commitment to improve the mental health of prisoners. The Department of Health (2000) has also published a strategy for mental health services, which includes a commitment to improve the mental health of prisoners.

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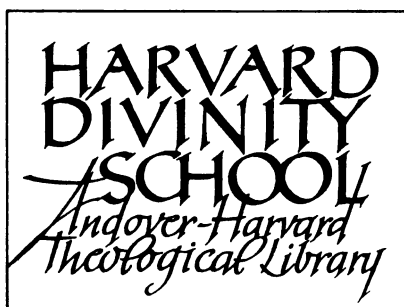
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SONGS OF LOVE AND PRAISE

No. 4 .

FOR USE IN
Meetings for Christian Worship
or Work

EDITORS:

JOHN R. SWENEY

H. L. GILMOUR

J. H. ENTWISLE

JOHN J. HOOD

PHILADELPHIA: 1024 Arch Street

CHICAGO: 940 W. Madison Street

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111
2195
594
56
1897



GALILEE theme ! Sublimest of emotions,
The love of God, enthroned above the sky ;
Broader than all the earth's united oceans,
Older than time, vast as eternity ;
Beyond the deepest depths, and highest heights,
The matchless central source of heaven's supreme
delights.

O for a song and voice of love's inspiring,
With which to fill the earth and heaven above ;
For strength to speed on lofty wings, untiring,
Swifter than light, proclaiming holy love
In songs of tenderness divinely sweet,
Till universes bow at the Redeemer's feet.

E. H. STOKES.

OCEAN GROVE, N. J.
May, 1897.

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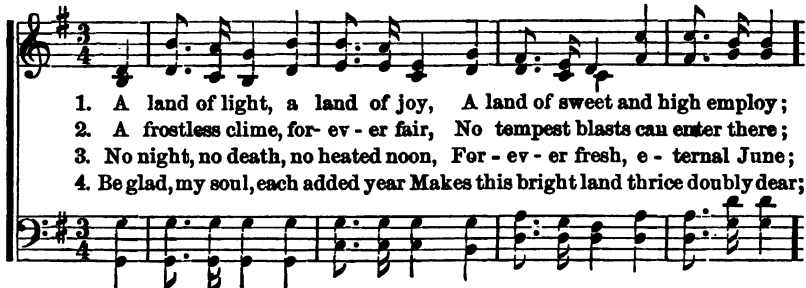
SONGS OF LOVE AND PRAISE.

— No. 4. —

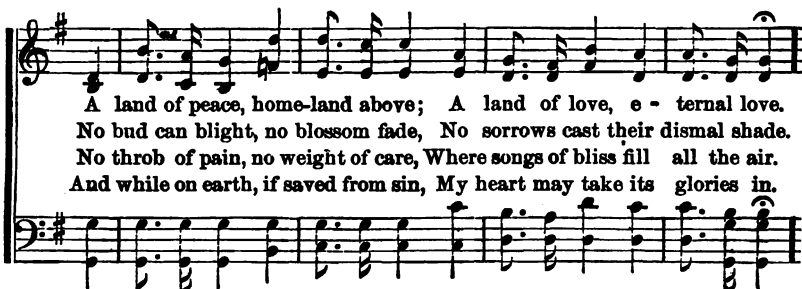
A Sinless Land.

Rev. E. H. STOKES, D.D., LL.D.

JAC. R. SWENEY.



1. A land of light, a land of joy, A land of sweet and high employ;
2. A frostless clime, for- ev - er fair, No tempest blasts can enter there;
3. No night, no death, no heated noon, For - ev - er fresh, e - ternal June;
4. Be glad, my soul, each added year Makes this bright land thrice doubly dear;



A land of peace, home-land above; A land of love, e - ternal love.
No bud can blight, no blossom fade, No sorrows cast their dismal shade.
No throb of pain, no weight of care, Where songs of bliss fill all the air.
And while on earth, if saved from sin, My heart may take its glories in.

CHORUS.



O sinless land, bright sinless land, So blest because a sinless land;



I long for thee, O sinless land, Because the on - ly blessed land.

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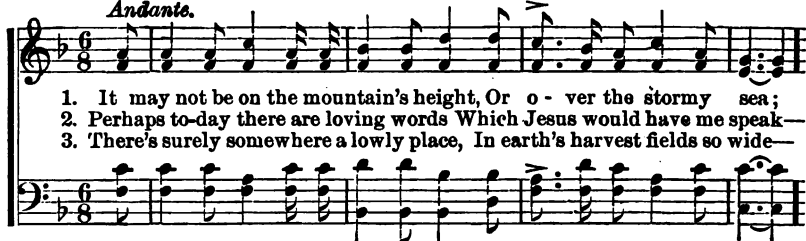
4 X'll Go where You want Me to Go.

MARY BROWN.

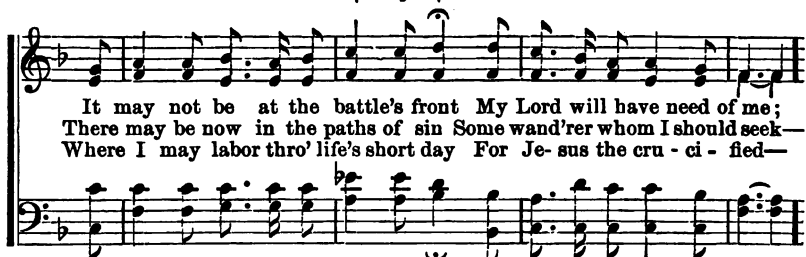
"CONSECRATION."

CARRIE E. ROUNSEFELL.

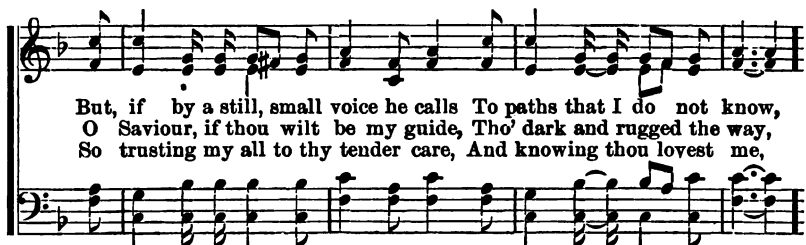
Andante.



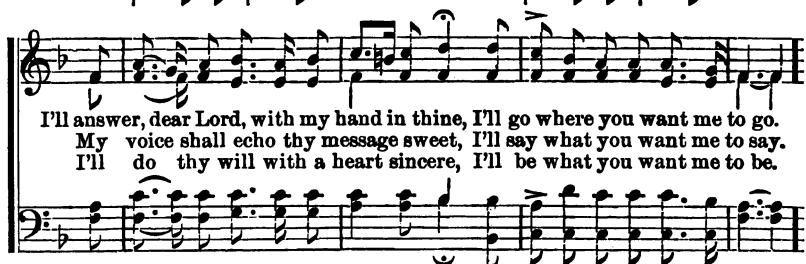
1. It may not be on the mountain's height, Or o - ver the stormy sea;
2. Perhaps to-day there are loving words Which Jesus would have me speak—
3. There's surely somewhere a lowly place, In earth's harvest fields so wide—



It may not be at the battle's front My Lord will have need of me;
There may be now in the paths of sin Some wand'rer whom I should seek—
Where I may labor thro' life's short day For Je - sus the cru - ci - fied—

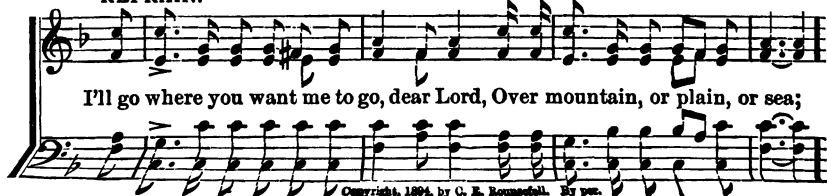


But, if by a still, small voice he calls To paths that I do not know,
O Saviour, if thou wilt be my guide, Tho' dark and rugged the way,
So trusting my all to thy tender care, And knowing thou lovest me,



I'll answer, dear Lord, with my hand in thine, I'll go where you want me to go.
My voice shall echo thy message sweet, I'll say what you want me to say.
I'll do thy will with a heart sincere, I'll be what you want me to be.

REFRAIN.



I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord, Over mountain, or plain, or sea;

I'll say what you want me to say, dear Lord, I'll be what you want me to be.

No, Not One!

Rev. JOHNNON OATMAN, Jr.

GEO. C. HUGO.

Slow, and with great feeling.

1. There's not a friend like the low-ly Je-sus, No, not one! no, not one!
2. No friend like him is so high and ho-ly, No, not one! no, not one!
3. There's not an hour that he is not near us, No, not one! no, not one!
4. Did ever saint find this friend forsake him? No, not one! no, not one!
5. Was e'er a gift like the Saviour given? No, not one! no, not one!

Fine.

None else could heal all our soul's dis-eases, No, not one! no, not one!
 And yet no friend is so meek and lowly, No, not one! no, not one!
 No night so dark but his love can cheer us, No, not one! no, not one!
 Or sinner find that he would not take him? No, not one! no, not one!
 Will he re-fuse us a home in heaven? No, not one! no, not one!

D.S.—There's not a friend like the low-ly Je-sus, No, not one! no, not one!

CHORUS.

D.S.

Jesus knows all about our struggles, He will guide till the day is done,

From "Heaven's Echo," by par.

Come, Blessed Comforter.

E. E. HEWITT.

John xiv : 16.

H. L. GILMOUR.

Prayerfully.

1. Come, blessed Comforter; free- ly be- stowing Cleansing and lib- erty,
 2. Come, blessed Comforter; take full possession; Seal thou the willing heart,
 3. Come, blessed Comforter, nev- er to leave me, Thou hast inspir'd my pray'r,
 4. Come, blessed Comforter; bring heav'n within me; E'en now the songs of love

gladness and light; Let now the liv- ing tide rise, o - verflowing,
 yield- ed to thee; Oft have I grieved thy love, ah, sad confess- ion,
 lift it to praise! Faith claims the promised gift, springs to receive thee;
 joy - ful - ly roll; From all al - luring snares gracious- ly win me;

CHORUS.

Shed thy refreshing, and strengthen me with might. Come, blessed Comforter!
 But in thy mer- cy impart thyself to me.
 Spir- it all holy dwell in me "all the days."
 To God be glo- ry! his blessing fills my soul.

Ling'ring so near; Oh, let thy glo - ry, and presence now appear.

pp *cres.* *ritard.*

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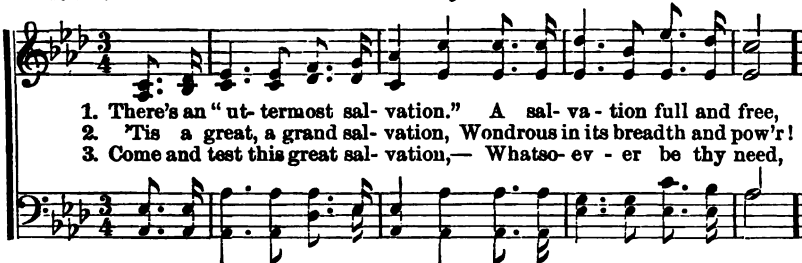
There's an Uttermost Salvation.

7

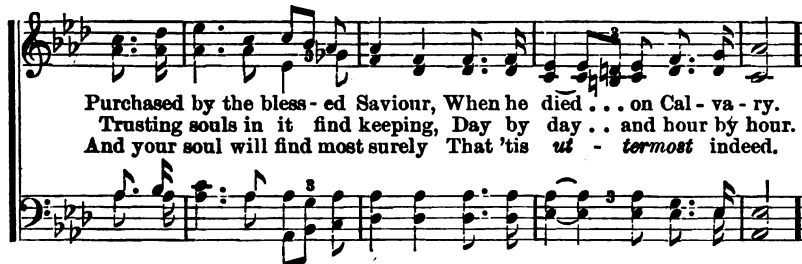
F. S. S.

HEB. vii: 25.

F. S. SHEPARD.



1. There's an "ut-termost sal-va-tion." A sal-va-tion full and free,
 2. 'Tis a great, a grand sal-va-tion, Wondrous in its breadth and pow'r!
 3. Come and test this great sal-va-tion,— Whatso-ev-er be thy need,



Purchased by the bless-ed Saviour, When he died . . . on Cal-va-ry.
 Trusting souls in it find keeping, Day by day . . and hour by hour.
 And your soul will find most surely That 'tis *ut-termost* indeed.

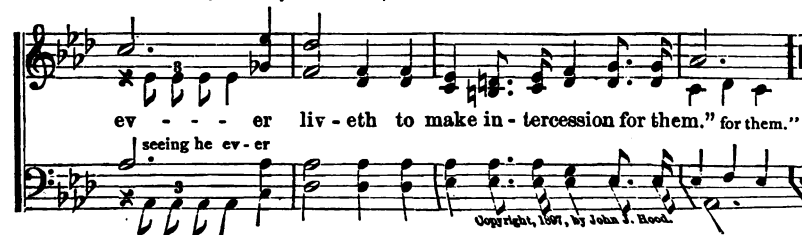
CHORUS.



"Wherefore he's a - - - ble to save to the ut-termost them that
 "Wherefore he's a-ble



come un-to God by him, by him, seeing he
 them that come, s



ev - - - er liv-eth to make in-tercession for them." for them."
 seeing he ev-er

8 Jesus of Nazareth Passed my Way.

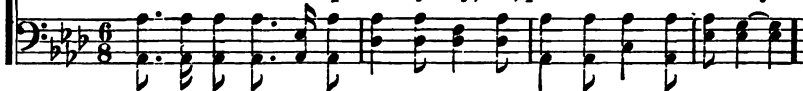
BIRDIE BELL.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

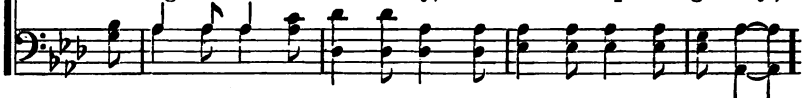
Feelingly.



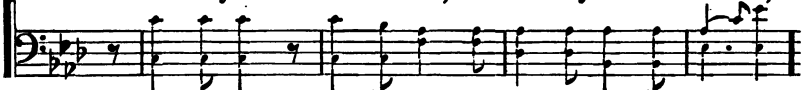
1. Je - sus of Nazareth passed my way, My heart is filled with singing,
2. Je - sus of Nazareth passed my way, He gave me sight for blindness,
3. Je - sus of Nazareth passed my way, Oh, precious is the sto - ry!



My darkness he has turned to day, New life and gladness bringing;
Tormenting doubts he did al - lay With words of heav'nly kindness;
I'll sing it thro' life's lit - tle day, And chant it up in glo - ry;



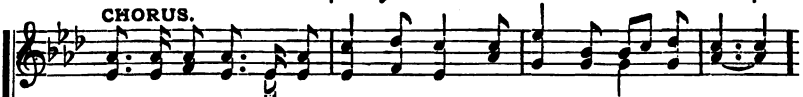
My garments, soiled and stained with sin, I cast a - side, un - heeding,
With - in my heart he woke a song, He taught my lips to praise him,
The Great Physician made me whole, Redeemed my life from sadness,



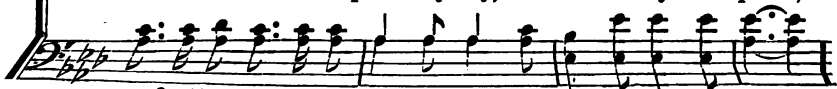
He clad me in his raiment clean, In an - swer to my pleading.
Although temptations 'round me throng My grateful heart o - beys him.
And while e - ternal years shall roll I'll sing this song of gladness.



CHORUS.



Je - sus of Naz - areth passed my way, Redeemed me by his pow'r;



Jesus of Nazareth, etc.—CONCLUDED.

Oh, hear the cry, "he passeth by," Give him thy heart this hour.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The melody begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic and a ritardando (*rit.*) marking. The lyrics are: "Oh, hear the cry, 'he passeth by,' Give him thy heart this hour."

The Blessed Work.

E. E. HEWITT.

JOHN J. HOOD.

1. There's a work to do In the service true Of the well-be- lov - ed Son ;
2. There are seeds to sow, Precious fruit will grow, And the reaper's joy be won ;
3. Labor on in love, There is help above, And reward when day is done ;

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is simple and hymn-like. The lyrics are: "1. There's a work to do In the service true Of the well-be- lov - ed Son ; 2. There are seeds to sow, Precious fruit will grow, And the reaper's joy be won ; 3. Labor on in love, There is help above, And reward when day is done ;"

Wand'ring souls to find, Broken hearts to bind, Let the blessed work go on.
With a song of cheer, For the Lord is near, Let the blessed work go on.
By his saving might, Heart and hand unite, Let the blessed work go on.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The melody continues from the previous section. The lyrics are: "Wand'ring souls to find, Broken hearts to bind, Let the blessed work go on. With a song of cheer, For the Lord is near, Let the blessed work go on. By his saving might, Heart and hand unite, Let the blessed work go on."

CHORUS.

Till redeeming grace Brings us face to face, And the starry crown is won ;
is won ;

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is simple and hymn-like. The lyrics are: "Till redeeming grace Brings us face to face, And the starry crown is won ; is won ;"

Till the shout of praise By the throne we raise, Let the blessed work go on.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The melody continues from the previous section. The lyrics are: "Till the shout of praise By the throne we raise, Let the blessed work go on."

I will Say "Yes" to Jesus.

J. H. E.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

1. I've been a wand'r'er far from God Upon the mountains of sin, A
 2. I hear the Saviour's loving voice, No more his pleading I'll spurn,—So
 3. Oh, blessed service of my Lord, A trusted servant to be, A

wea-ry outcast from the fold, My soul all dark within; But ah! the
 wea-ry, too, of earth's cold cheer, So ea-ger to re-turn To pastures
 foll'wer of the blessed One, A slave, and yet so free! E-ter-nal

Saviour pleads with me In gen-tle, loving voice, I cannot turn my
 green, where I can feed My hungry, sin-sick soul, And there my Saviour's
 life in heav'n above, In mansions fair and bright, A place with Je-sus

CHORUS.

Lord away—I'll make him now my choice. I will say
 child to be While endless a - ges roll.
 near the throne Will be my soul's delight. I will say "Yes," say

"Yes" to Je-sus, I will say "Yes" to Je-sus,
 I will say "Yes," say

I will Say "Yes" to Jesus.—CONCLUDED. 11

1

With outstretch'd hands my Saviour stands, And beckons the wand'rer to come;
the wand'rer to come;

2

Without de-lay I'll now o-bey, And he will welcome me home. . . .
will welcome me home.

Lord, is it I?

F. G. BURROUGHS.

Matt. xxvi: 27-25.

H. L. GILMOUR.

1. Someone to-day will seek thy face, Someone be-gin the heav'nly race,
2. Someone will pour the ointment sweet O-ver thy sa-cred head and feet,
3. Someone to-day the cross will bear, Some for thy glo-ry do and dare,

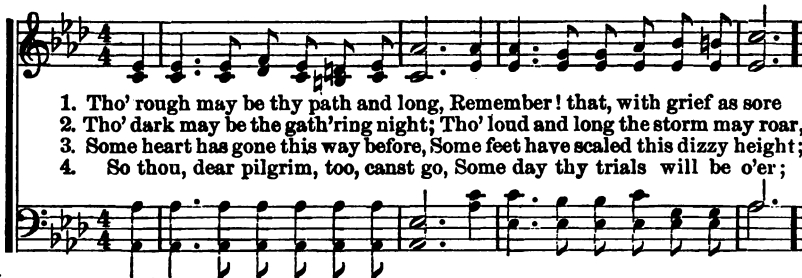
Someone will tri-umph thro' thy grace,—Lord, is it I?
Ma-ry's sweet act of love re-peat,—Lord, is it I?
Someone thy goodness will de-clare,—Lord, is it I?

Someone will tri-umph thro' thy grace,—Lord, is it I?
Ma-ry's sweet act of love re-peat,—Lord, is it I?
Someone thy goodness will de-clare,—Lord, is it I?

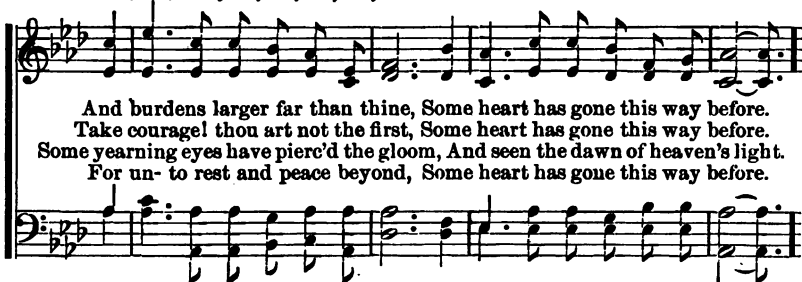
12 Some Heart has Gone this Way Before.

R. HORATIO HARDIN.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

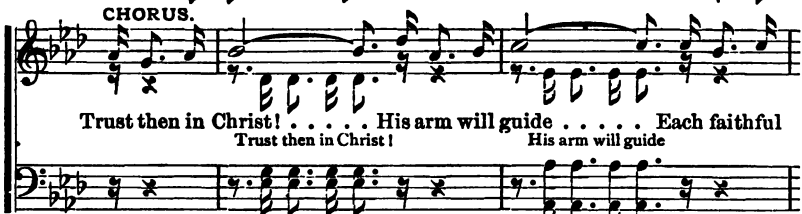


1. Tho' rough may be thy path and long, Remember! that, with grief as sore
2. Tho' dark may be the gath'ring night; Tho' loud and long the storm may roar,
3. Some heart has gone this way before, Some feet have scaled this dizzy height;
4. So thou, dear pilgrim, too, canst go, Some day thy trials will be o'er;

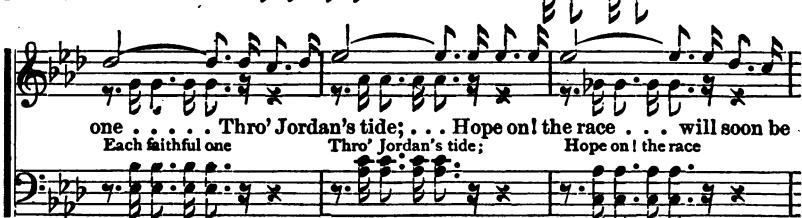


And burdens larger far than thine, Some heart has gone this way before.
 Take courage! thou art not the first, Some heart has gone this way before.
 Some yearning eyes have pierc'd the gloom, And seen the dawn of heaven's light.
 For un- to rest and peace beyond, Some heart has gone this way before.

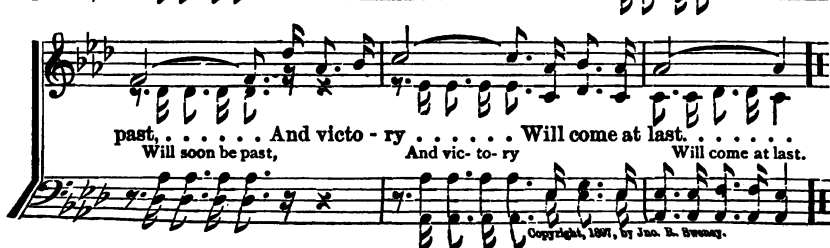
CHORUS.



Trust then in Christ! His arm will guide Each faithful
 Trust then in Christ! His arm will guide



one Thro' Jordan's tide; . . . Hope on! the race . . . will soon be
 Each faithful one Thro' Jordan's tide; Hope on! the race



past, And victo - ry Will come at last.
 Will soon be past, And vic - to - ry Will come at last.

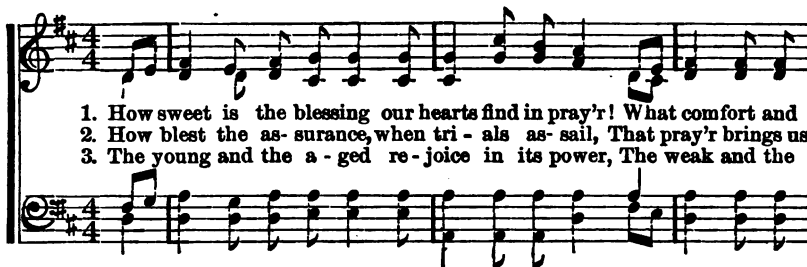
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Prayer, Sweet Prayer.

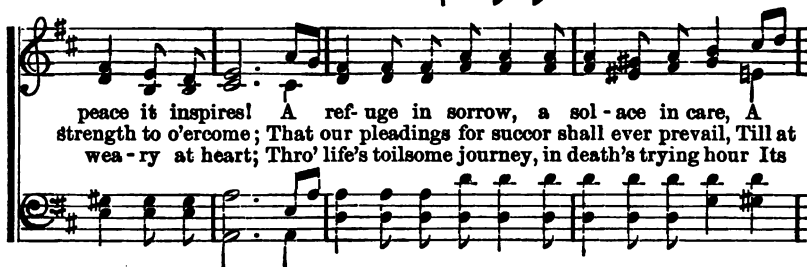
13

CHARLES M. LEWIS.

REV. S. MONROE VANSANT.

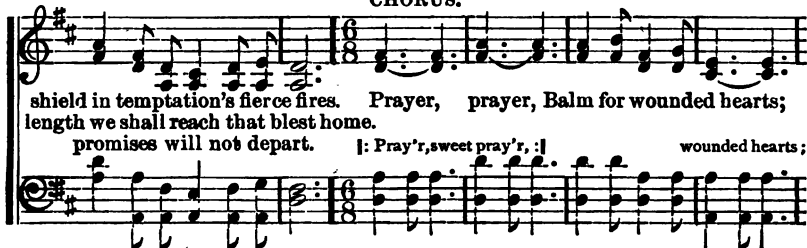


1. How sweet is the blessing our hearts find in pray'r! What comfort and
 2. How blest the as-surance, when tri-als as-sail, That pray'r brings us
 3. The young and the a-ged re-joice in its power, The weak and the



peace it inspires! A ref-uge in sorrow, a sol-ace in care, A
 strength to o'ercome; That our pleadings for succor shall ever prevail, Till at
 wea-ry at heart; Thro' life's toilsome journey, in death's trying hour Its

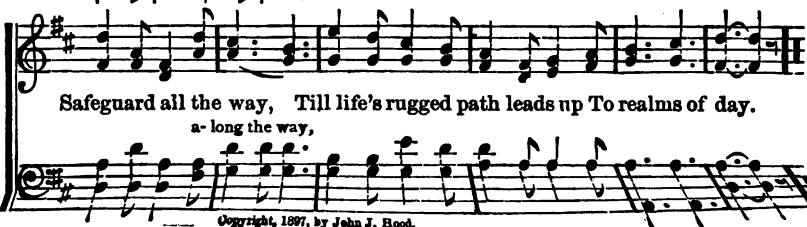
CHORUS.



shield in temptation's fierce fires. Prayer, prayer, Balm for wounded hearts;
 length we shall reach that blest home.
 promises will not depart. |: Pray'r, sweet pray'r, :| wounded hearts;



Prayer, prayer, Shield for Satan's darts; Prayer, prayer,
 Pray'r, sweet pray'r, pray'r, sweet pray'r, Satan's darts; |: Pray'r, sweet pray'r, :|

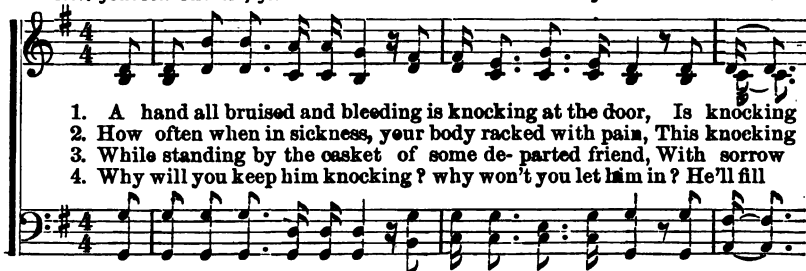


Safeguard all the way, Till life's rugged path leads up To realms of day.
 a-long the way,

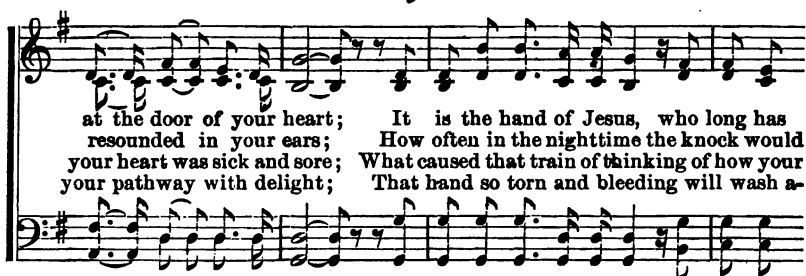
14 Oh, Don't you Hear Him Knocking?

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

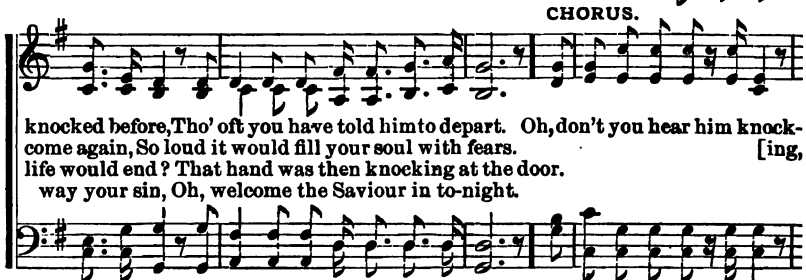


1. A hand all bruised and bleeding is knocking at the door, Is knocking
 2. How often when in sickness, your body racked with pain, This knocking
 3. While standing by the casket of some de- parted friend, With sorrow
 4. Why will you keep him knocking? why won't you let him in? He'll fill

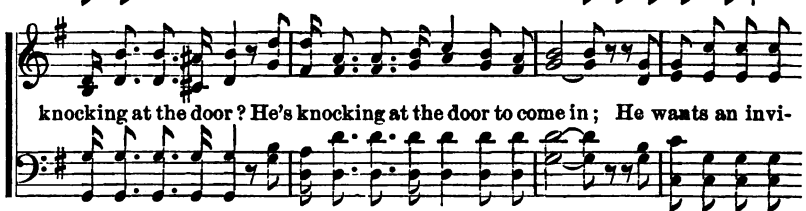


at the door of your heart; It is the hand of Jesus, who long has
 resounded in your ears; How often in the nighttime the knock would
 your heart was sick and sore; What caused that train of thinking of how your
 your pathway with delight; That hand so torn and bleeding will wash a-

CHORUS.

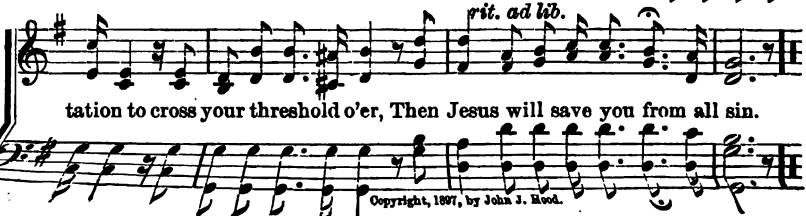


knocked before, Tho' oft you have told him to depart. Oh, don't you hear him knock-
 come again, So loud it would fill your soul with fears. [ing,
 life would end? That hand was then knocking at the door.
 way your sin, Oh, welcome the Saviour in to-night.



knocking at the door? He's knocking at the door to come in; He wants an invi-

rit. ad lib.

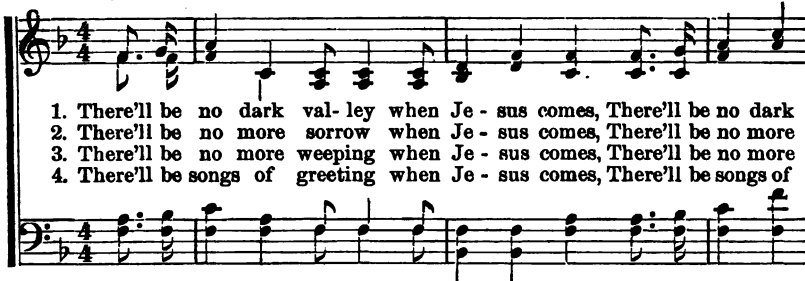


tation to cross your threshold o'er, Then Jesus will save you from all sin.

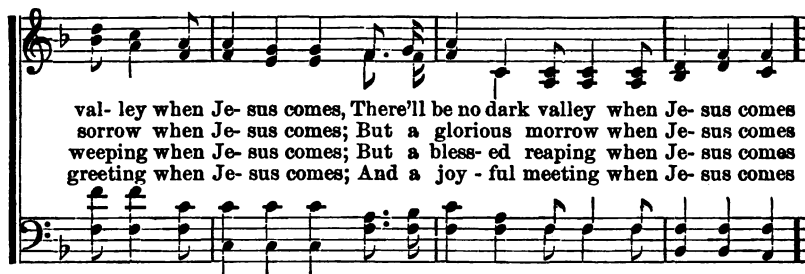
There'll Be No Dark Valley.

15

W. O. CUSHING. "Yea, though I walk through the valley."—Ps. xxiii: 4. IRA D. SANKER.

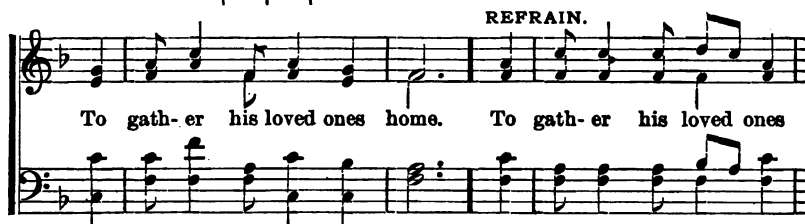


1. There'll be no dark val-ley when Je - sus comes, There'll be no dark
 2. There'll be no more sorrow when Je - sus comes, There'll be no more
 3. There'll be no more weeping when Je - sus comes, There'll be no more
 4. There'll be songs of greeting when Je - sus comes, There'll be songs of



val-ley when Je - sus comes, There'll be no dark valley when Je - sus comes
 sorrow when Je - sus comes; But a glorious morrow when Je - sus comes
 weeping when Je - sus comes; But a bless - ed reaping when Je - sus comes
 greeting when Je - sus comes; And a joy - ful meeting when Je - sus comes

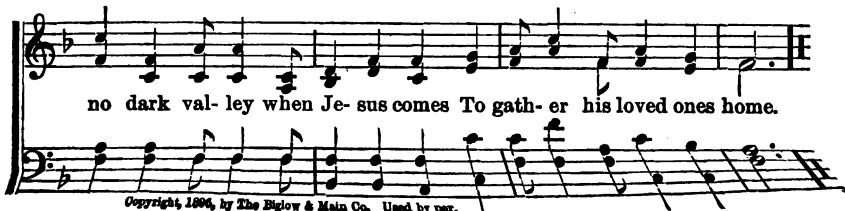
REFRAIN.



To gath - er his loved ones home. To gath - er his loved ones



home, safe home, To gath - er his loved ones home; There'll be
 safe home;




no dark val-ley when Je - sus comes To gath - er his loved ones home.

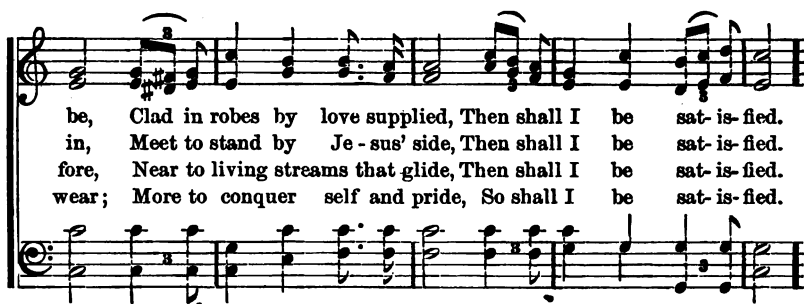
16 When My Saviour I Shall See.

ART. P. H. ROBLIN.

P. BILHORN.



1. When my Saviour I shall see, In his glorious likeness
 2. When I'm whol-ly freed from sin, Spotless, clean and pure with-
 3. When my feet shall press the shore, Trod by an - gels feet be-
 4. Oh, till then be this my care, More his im - age blest to

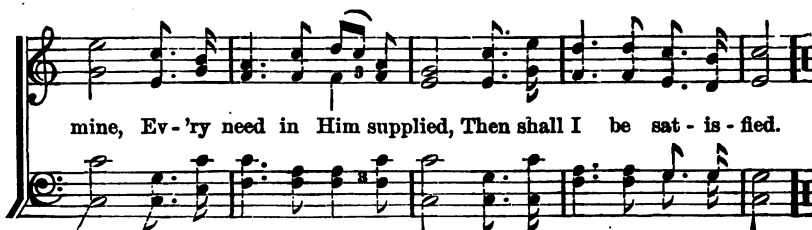


be, Clad in robes by love supplied, Then shall I be sat-is-fied.
 in, Meet to stand by Je - sus' side, Then shall I be sat-is-fied.
 fore, Near to living streams that glide, Then shall I be sat-is-fied.
 wear; More to conquer self and pride, So shall I be sat-is-fied.

CHORUS.



Sat - is-fied with love di - vine, Sat - is-fied, since Christ is



mine, Ev - ry need in Him supplied, Then shall I be sat - is - fied.

The Fountain of Cleansing.

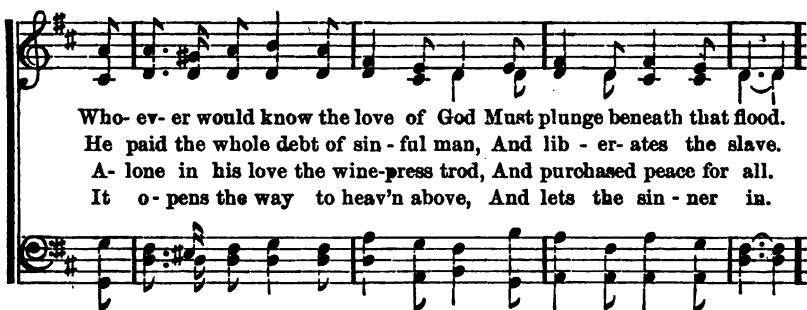
17

Mrs. FRANK A. BRECK.

H. L. GILMOUR.

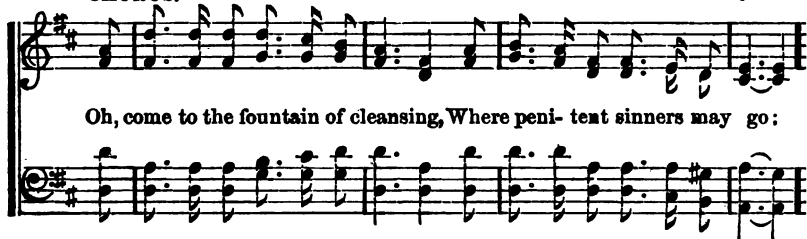


1. Oh, come to the fountain deep and broad, That fountain fill'd with blood;
 2. The love of the Father fixed a plan, A dy-ing world to save;
 3. It is thro' the blessed Son of God We hear the gracious call;
 4. Oh, wonderful, boundless, dy-ing love, That filled the fount for sin!

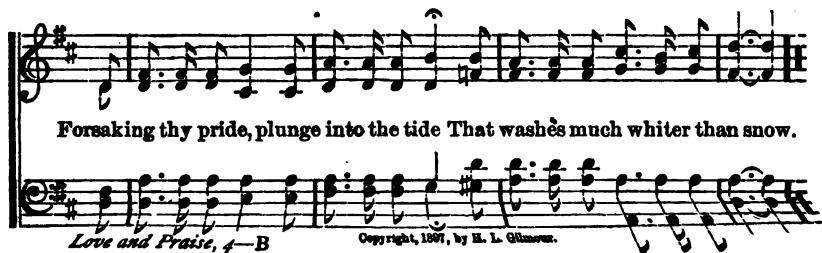


Who-ev-er would know the love of God Must plunge beneath that flood.
 He paid the whole debt of sin-ful man, And lib-er-ates the slave.
 A-lone in his love the wine-press trod, And purchased peace for all.
 It o-pens the way to heav'n above, And lets the sin-ner in.

CHORUS.



Oh, come to the fountain of cleansing, Where peni- tent sinners may go:



Forsaking thy pride, plunge into the tide That washes much whiter than snow.

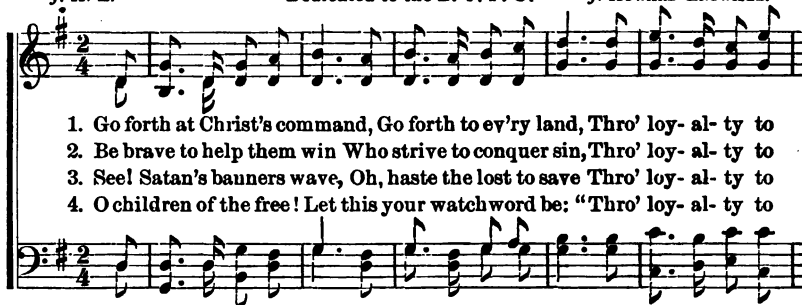
Love and Praise, 4-B Copyright, 1907, by H. L. Gilmour.

Loyalty to Christ.

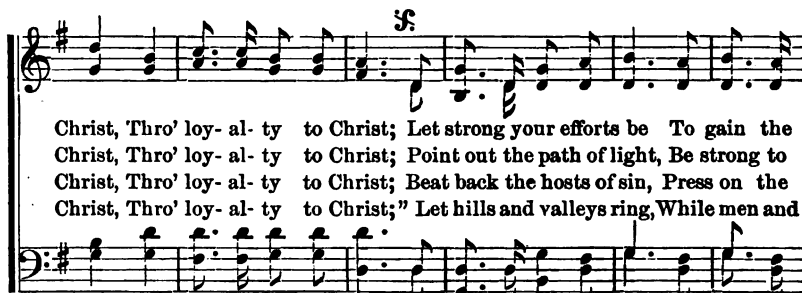
J. H. E.

Dedicated to the B. Y. P. U.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.



1. Go forth at Christ's command, Go forth to ev'ry land, Thro' loy- al- ty to
 2. Be brave to help them win Who strive to conquer sin, Thro' loy- al- ty to
 3. See! Satan's banners wave, Oh, haste the lost to save Thro' loy- al- ty to
 4. O children of the free! Let this your watchword be: "Thro' loy- al- ty to



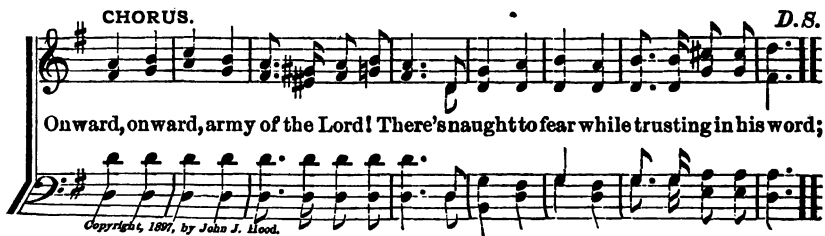
Christ, Thro' loy- al- ty to Christ; Let strong your efforts be To gain the
 Christ, Thro' loy- al- ty to Christ; Point out the path of light, Be strong to
 Christ, Thro' loy- al- ty to Christ; Beat back the hosts of sin, Press on the
 Christ, Thro' loy- al- ty to Christ;" Let hills and valleys ring, While men and

D.S.—Go forth to fight the wrong, And shout the



Fine.
 vic- to - ry, Thro' loy- al- ty, yes, loy- al- ty, Thro' loy- al- ty to Christ.
 do the right, Thro' loy- al- ty, yes, loy- al- ty, Thro' loy- al- ty to Christ.
 fight to win, Thro' loy- al- ty, yes, loy- al- ty, Thro' loy- al- ty to Christ.
 angels sing, Thro' loy- al- ty, yes, loy- al- ty, Thro' loy- al- ty to Christ.
 victor's song, Thro' loy- al- ty, yes, loy- al- ty, Thro' loy- al- ty to Christ.

CHORUS. *D.S.*



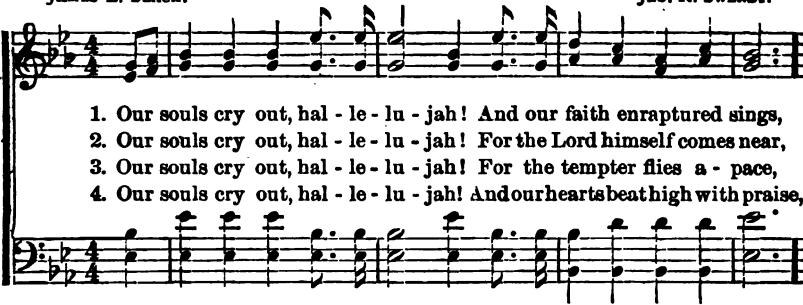
Onward, onward, army of the Lord! There's naught to fear while trusting in his word;

On the Victory Side.

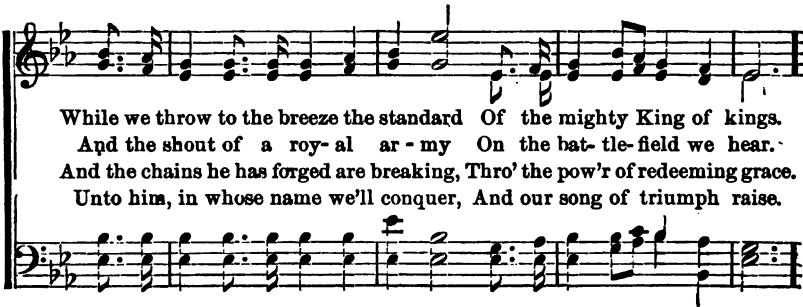
19

JAMES L. BLACK.

JNO. R. SWENNY.

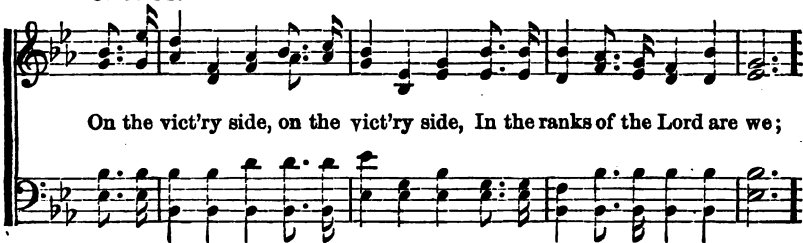


1. Our souls cry out, hal - le - lu - jah! And our faith enraptured sings,
2. Our souls cry out, hal - le - lu - jah! For the Lord himself comes near,
3. Our souls cry out, hal - le - lu - jah! For the tempter flies a - pace,
4. Our souls cry out, hal - le - lu - jah! And our hearts beat high with praise,

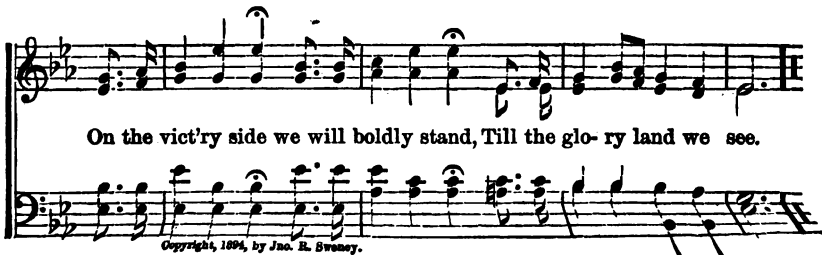


While we throw to the breeze the standard Of the mighty King of kings.
And the shout of a roy - al ar - my On the bat - tle - field we hear.
And the chains he has forged are breaking, Thro' the pow'r of redeeming grace.
Unto him, in whose name we'll conquer, And our song of triumph raise.

CHORUS.



On the vict'ry side, on the vict'ry side, In the ranks of the Lord are we;



On the vict'ry side we will boldly stand, Till the glo - ry land we see.

Copyright, 1894, by Jno. R. Sweeney.

Marching to the Land Above.

"They shall march with an army."—Jer. xlv: 22.

Mrs. W. W. SAVAGE.

J. H. FILLMORE.

SOP. and ALTOS. *In unison.*

1. We are marching to a land above, Beautiful land above, beautiful
 2. We are marching toward the city fair, Beautiful cit- y fair, beautiful
 3. We are marching to the home of God, Beautiful home of God, beautiful

land above; To a land where dwells eternal love, The beautiful land above.
 cit- y fair; Where the angel-anthems fill the air, The beautiful cit- y fair.
 home of God; And our guide-book is his holy word, The beautiful word of God.

BASS and TENOR. *In unison.*

And we sing a glad, triumphant song,
 Marching along, marching along, marching along;

While our glorious Captain leads us on,
 Marching along, marching along, marching along.

Marching to the Land, etc.—CONCLUDED. 21

CHORUS. All voices in unison. Play melody in octaves.

We are marching to a land above, Beautiful land above, beautiful land above;
We are marching toward the city fair, Beautiful city fair, beautiful cit- y fair;
We are marching to the home of God, Beautiful home of God, beautiful home of God;

To a land where dwells eternal love, Beautiful land above, land a- bove.
Where the angel-anthems fill the air, Beautiful cit- y fair, cit- y fair.
And our guide-book is his holy word, Beautiful word of God, word of God.

Cleansing for Me.

B. J.

Arr. by JNO. R. SWENEY.

Fine.

1. { Lord, thro' the blood of the Lamb that was slain, Cleansing for me, cleansing for me; }
From all the guilt of my sins I now claim, Cleansing from thee, cleansing from thee. }

D.C.—Yet on thy promise, O Lord, now I lean, Cleansing for me, cleansing for me.

Sinful and black tho' the past may have been, Many the crushing defeats I have seen,

D. C.

Copyright, 1907, by Jno. R. Sweeney.

2 From all the doubts that have filled me with
Cleansing for me, cleansing for me; [gloom,
From all the fears that would point me to
Cleansing for me, cleansing for me. [doom,
Jesus, although I may not understand,
In childlike faith now I put forth my hand,
And thro' thy word and thy grace I shall stand,
Cleansed by thee, cleansed by thee.

3 From all the care of what men think or say,
Cleansing for me, cleansing for me;
From ever fearing to speak, sing, or pray,
Cleansing for me, cleansing for me.
Lord, in thy love and thy pow'r makemestrong,
That all may know that to thee I belong;
When I am tempted let this be my song—
Cleansing for me, cleansing for me.

Just One Touch.

BIRDIE BELL.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

SOLO. *Slow, with expression.*

1. Just one touch as he moves along, Push'd and press'd by the jostling throng,
 2. Just one touch and he makes me whole, Speaks sweet peace to my sin-sick soul,
 3. Just one touch! and the work is done, I am saved by the blessed Son,
 4. Just one touch! and he turns to me, O the love in his eyes I see!
 5. Just one touch! by his mighty pow'r, He can heal thee this ver- y hour,

Just one touch and the weak was strong, Cured by the Healer di - vine.
 At his feet all my burdens roll, — Cured by the Healer di - vine.
 I will sing while the a - ges run, Cured by the Healer di - vine.
 I am his for he hears my plea, Cured by the Healer di - vine.
 Thou canst hear tho' the tempests low'r, Cured by the Healer di - vine.

CHORUS.

Just one touch as he pass- es by, He will list to the faintest cry,

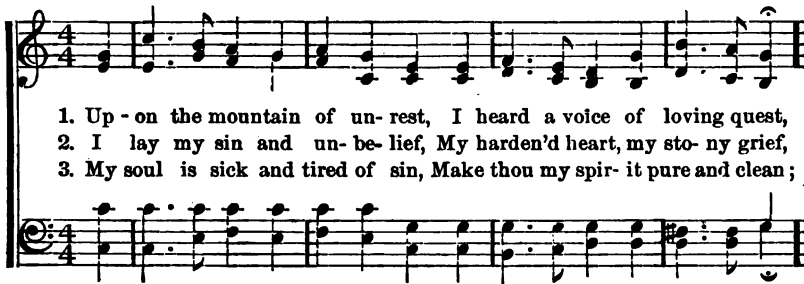
Come and be saved while the Lord is nigh, Christ is the Healer di- vine.
 divine.

O Love Divine, & Come!

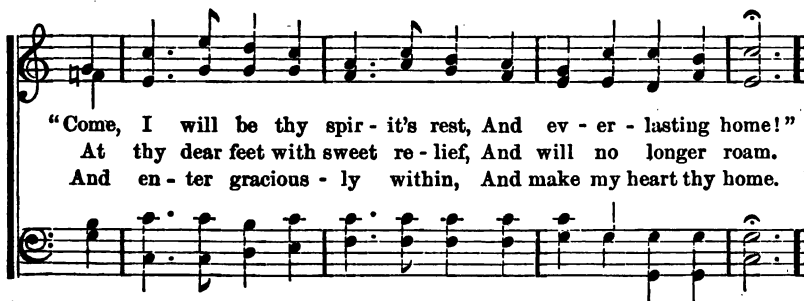
23

SAMANTHA WHIFFLE SHOUR.

W. H. PONTIUS.



1. Up - on the mountain of un - rest, I heard a voice of loving quest,
 2. I lay my sin and un - be - lief, My harden'd heart, my sto - ny grief,
 3. My soul is sick and tired of sin, Make thou my spir - it pure and clean;

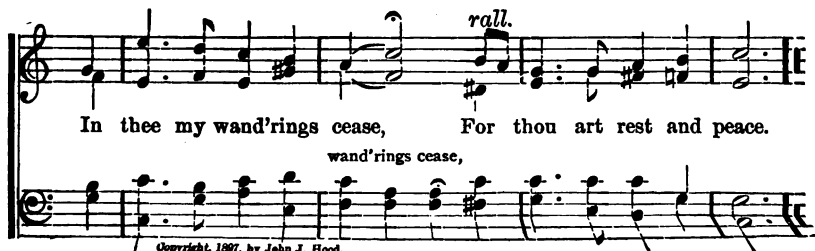


"Come, I will be thy spir - it's rest, And ev - er - lasting home!"
 At thy dear feet with sweet re - lief, And will no longer roam.
 And en - ter gracious - ly within, And make my heart thy home.

REFRAIN.



O love divine, I come! . . . O love divine, I come!
 O love divine, I come! O love divine,



In thee my wand'rings cease, For thou art rest and peace.
 wand'rings cease,

rall.

Lend a Hand!

JNO. R. CLEMENTS.

JNO. R. SWENNY.

1. Many souls are sinking in the wreck to-day, Lend a hand! lend a hand!
 2. You may rescue many, if the storm you brave, Lend a hand! lend a hand!
 3. Some there be, thro' toiling, who have weary grown, Lend a hand! lend a hand!

To the rescue, quickly man the boat, away! Lend a hand! lend a hand!
 Just *your* earnest effort is requir'd to save— Lend a hand! Lend a hand!
 On the wreck are many who are far from home, Lend a hand! Lend a hand!

Waves are dashing high, soon 'twill be too late, Grasp the oar at once, do not
 Fall the dark'ning shade, fiercer grows the gale; Tho' the storm king's might maketh
 Push a- way, a- way! God will surely bless, Strength will give to aid those in

long - er wait; You may save a soul from an aw - ful fate—Lend a
 stout hearts quail, Yet without your aid, naught can e'er a - vail—Lend a
 sore dis - tress, As your ef - ferts be, so will be suc - cess, Lend a

CHORUS.

hand! lend a hand! Lend a hand! lend a hand!
 Lend a hand! lend a hand! Lend a hand! lend a hand!

Musical score for 'Lend a Hand'. The score is written for two staves, treble and bass clef, in G major (one sharp). It features a melody with three numbered phrases and a bass line with chords. The lyrics are: 'To the rescue quick! man the boat, away! Lend a hand! lend a hand! Lend a hand! lend a hand!'.

To the rescue quick! man the boat, away! Lend a hand! lend a hand!
Lend a hand! lend a hand!

Trust Him.

JENNIE WILSON.

HOWARD E. SMITH.

Musical score for 'Trust Him'. The score is written for two staves, treble and bass clef, in D minor (two flats). It features a melody and a bass line with chords. The lyrics are: '1. Fully trust the loving Saviour, Weary, doubting soul, Give thy life, with 2. Trust him when thy heart is aching, When thy load of care Seemeth to thy 3. Trust the Saviour when the storm-clouds Veil from view the light, He is closer 4. Trust the Saviour 'till each trouble Of this life is o'er, Then a - bid - ing'.

1. Fully trust the loving Saviour, Weary, doubting soul, Give thy life, with
2. Trust him when thy heart is aching, When thy load of care Seemeth to thy
3. Trust the Saviour when the storm-clouds Veil from view the light, He is closer
4. Trust the Saviour 'till each trouble Of this life is o'er, Then a - bid - ing

CHORUS.

Musical score for the Chorus of 'Trust Him'. The score is written for two staves, treble and bass clef, in D minor. It features a melody and a bass line with chords. The lyrics are: 'all its trials, In- to his control. Trust him, trust him, Trust the Saviour fainting spirit More than thou can'st bear. in the darkness Than when skies are bright. in his glory, Praise him evermore. |: Trust him, :| |: trust him, :|'.

all its trials, In- to his control. Trust him, trust him, Trust the Saviour
fainting spirit More than thou can'st bear.
in the darkness Than when skies are bright.
in his glory, Praise him evermore. |: Trust him, :| |: trust him, :|

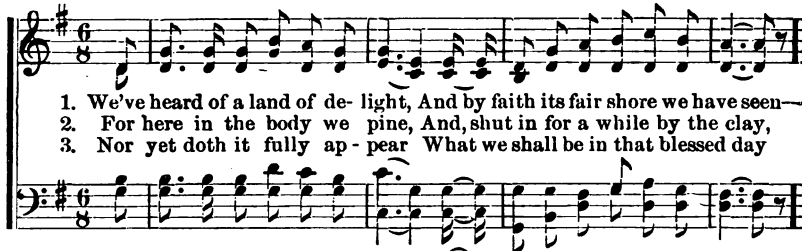
Musical score for the final line of 'Trust Him'. The score is written for two staves, treble and bass clef, in D minor. It features a melody and a bass line with chords. The lyrics are: 'day by day; Tho' thy path be rough and lonely, Trust him, trust him all the way.'

day by day; Tho' thy path be rough and lonely, Trust him, trust him all the way.

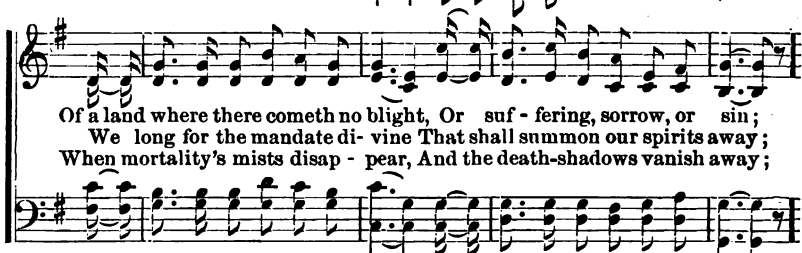
Land of Delight.

Mrs. J. C. YULE.

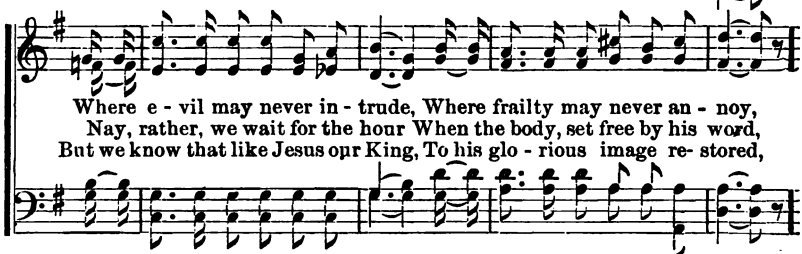
J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.



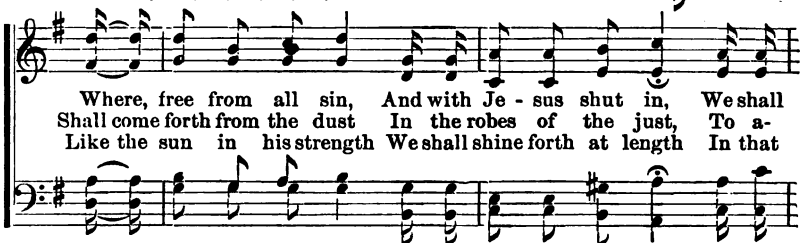
1. We've heard of a land of de-light, And by faith its fair shore we have seen—
 2. For here in the body we pine, And, shut in for a while by the clay,
 3. Nor yet doth it fully ap-pear What we shall be in that blessed day



Of a land where there cometh no blight, Or suf-fering, sorrow, or sin;
 We long for the mandate di-vine That shall summon our spirits away;
 When mortality's mists disap-pear, And the death-shadows vanish away;



Where e-vil may never in-trude, Where frailty may never an-noy,
 Nay, rather, we wait for the hour When the body, set free by his word,
 But we know that like Jesus our King, To his glo-rious image re-stored,



Where, free from all sin, And with Je-sus shut in, We shall
 Shall come forth from the dust In the robes of the just, To a-
 Like the sun in his strength We shall shine forth at length In that

CHORUS.



bask in the fullness of joy. O beau-ti-ful land of de-light!
 bide ev-ermore with the Lord.
 country whose light is the Lord.

Land of Delight.—CONCLUDED.

27

O land of the ho - ly and blest! O love - lighted shore,
Where they sorrow no more, We long for thy mansions of rest. . . . thy mansions of rest.

* Love the Mercy Seat.

Mrs. J. C. VULE.
Fervently.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

1. I love the mercy seat, 'Tis there I meet my Lord; 'Tis there his smiling
2. I love the mercy seat, 'Twas there he set me free, When tremblingly I
3. I love the mercy seat, For o - ver it I see One countenance se -
face I greet, And there I hear his word; Ah, 'tis there I come for rest,
sought his feet, In my extrem - i - ty; Foul with un - forgiv - en sin,
rene and sweet Turned evermore to me; 'Tis my Father rec - oniled,
When by care and toil oppress'd, And I lean on Jesus' breast, There, just there!
To his side he drew me in, Touch'd, and said to me, "be clean!" There, just there!
And he owns me for his child, His, in Christ the undefiled, There, just there!
just there!

Sunlight all the Way.

HATTIE E. BUELL.

J. M. BLACK. By per.

1. O the brightness and the glo - ry of love that came to me, On the
 2. In this wonder - ful sal - vation, and his re - deem - ing grace, I have
 3. 'Tis the hope of joys e - ternal when life on earth is done Fills my

morning of that bright and happy day, When I found my blessed Saviour whose
 peace and joy, and nothing can dismay; In the comfort of his presence, the
 soul with strength and courage in the fray; So I'll shout a glad ho - sanna! for

pardon made me free, Now, there's bright and blessed sunlight all the way.
 shining of his face There is bright and blessed sunlight all the way.
 ev - 'ry vic't'ry won And the bright and blessed sunlight all the way.

CHORUS.

{ There is sunlight, sunlight, beaming bright and clear In the sweetness of his
 { There is sunlight, sunlight, with my Saviour near, There is (*Omit.*) . . .
 sunlight, sunlight,

service day by day, bright and blessed sunlight all the way.

The Harbor-Home.

29

HARRIET E. JONES.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

1. You're sailing t'ward the fearful rapids, brother, Face the harbor-home! You're
 2. Beware of hidden rock and sand, my brother, Face the harbor-home! Oh,
 3. Before you there is awful danger, brother, Face the harbor-home! Just

drifting farther from the beacon, brother, Face the harbor-home! See the clouds of
 turn toward the shining beacon, brother, Face the harbor-home! Shining stars their
 turn about and there is safety, brother, Face the harbor-home! Brightly now the

darkness o'er you, See the many wrecks before you, Turn this moment, we im-
 watch are keeping, Angry waves are 'round you sweeping, Guardian angels must be
 light is burning, Wise are they the light discerning, Oh! at once your back be

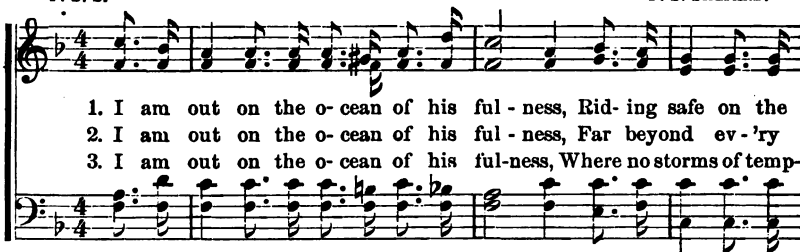
CHORUS.
 plore you, Face the harbor-home! Face the harbor-home! Face the
 weeping, Face the harbor-home!
 turning, Face the harbor-home!
 Face, O face Face, O face the harbor-home! Face, O face

harbor-home! The light discern, your frail bark turn, And face the harbor-home!
 the harbor-home! quickly face harbor-home!
 face the har - bor - home!

The Ocean of His Fulness.

F. S. S.

F. S. SHEPARD.



1. I am out on the o - cean of his ful - ness, Rid - ing safe on the
 2. I am out on the o - cean of his ful - ness, Far beyond ev - 'ry
 3. I am out on the o - cean of his ful - ness, Where no storms of temp -

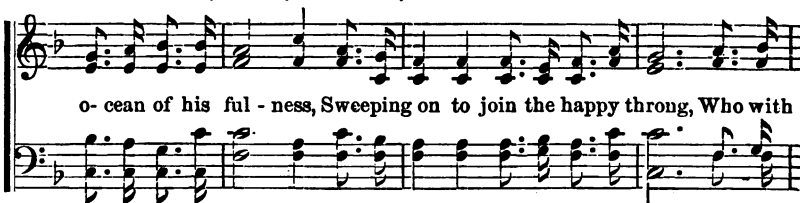


billows of his love; Gentle winds waft me onward as I jour - ney
 treach'rous reef and bar; And with Je - sus my Saviour as the pi - lot,
 tation can o'ercome; For the chart and the compass which he gives me,

CHORUS.



To the bless - ed port of heav'n a - bove. I am out on 'the
 I shall soon see the har - bor lights a - far.
 Close - ly followed, at last will bring me home.



o - cean of his ful - ness, Sweeping on to join the happy throng, Who with



loud, triumphant voice are fill - ing Heaven's arches with redemption's song.

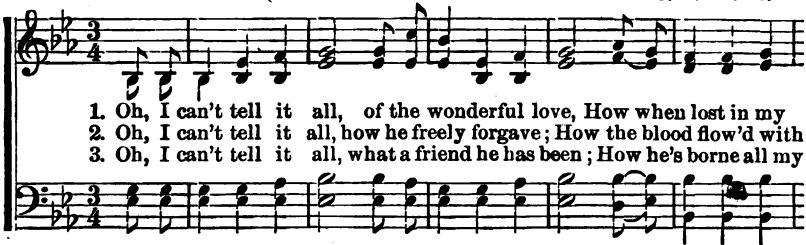
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I Can't Tell it All.

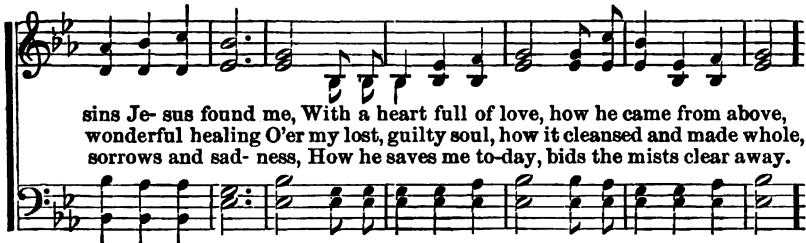
31

Mrs. C. H. M.

Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.

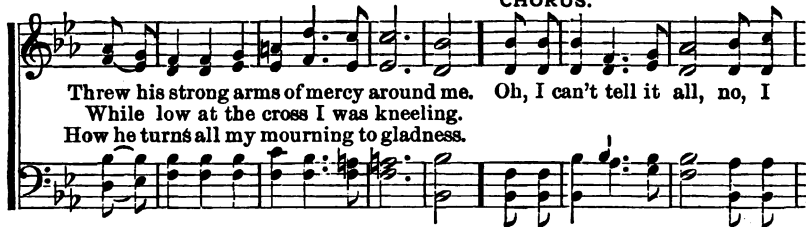


1. Oh, I can't tell it all, of the wonderful love, How when lost in my
 2. Oh, I can't tell it all, how he freely forgave; How the blood flow'd with
 3. Oh, I can't tell it all, what a friend he has been; How he's borne all my

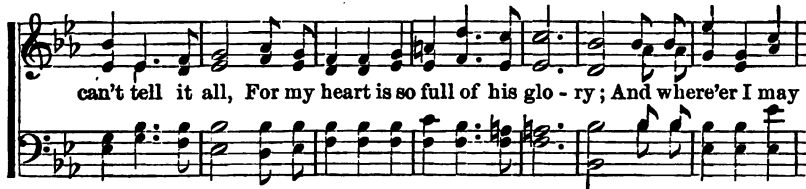


sins Je- sus found me, With a heart full of love, how he came from above,
 wonderful healing O'er my lost, guilty soul, how it cleansed and made whole,
 sorrows and sad- ness, How he saves me to-day, bids the mists clear away.

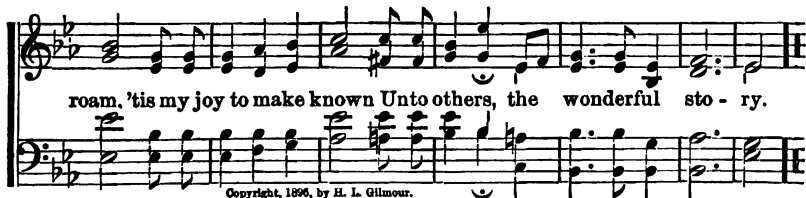
CHORUS.



Threw his strong arms of mercy around me. Oh, I can't tell it all, no, I
 While low at the cross I was kneeling.
 How he turns all my mourning to gladness.



can't tell it all, For my heart is so full of his glo- ry; And where'er I may



roam, 'tis my joy to make known Unto others, the wonderful sto- ry.

Copyright, 1896, by H. L. Gilmour.

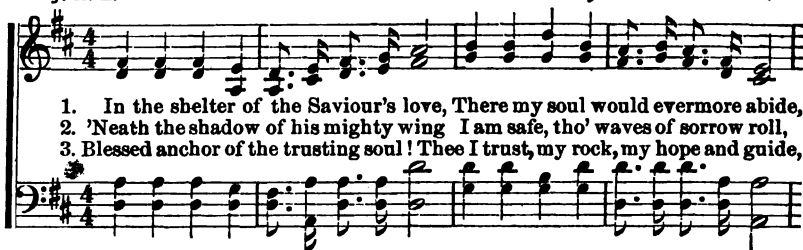
4 Oh, I can't tell it all, but his love you
 may know, [Saviour;
 You may have him, this wonderful
 You may taste of his bliss, you may say,
 I am his,
 And he is my portion forever.

5 Oh, I can't tell it all, but so long as
 I've breath,
 I will publish the wonderful story;
 When my life-work is done, and a crown
 has been won,
 I will praise him forever in glory.

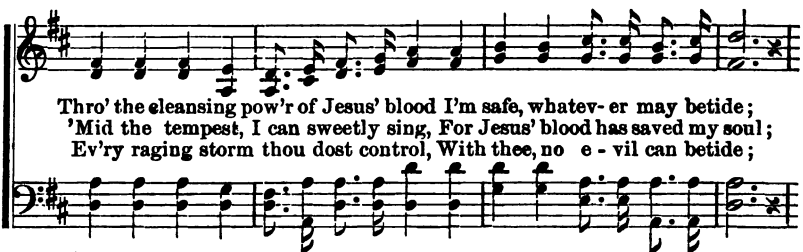
Redeemed thro' the Blood.

J. H. E.

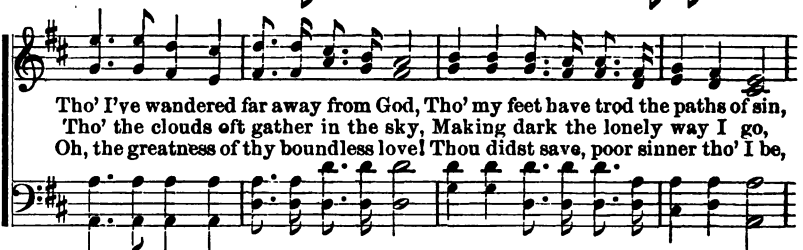
J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.



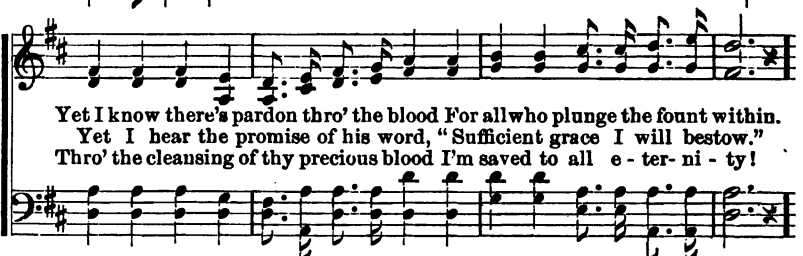
1. In the shelter of the Saviour's love, There my soul would evermore abide,
 2. 'Neath the shadow of his mighty wing I am safe, tho' waves of sorrow roll,
 3. Blessed anchor of the trusting soul! Thee I trust, my rock, my hope and guide,



Thro' the cleansing pow'r of Jesus' blood I'm safe, whatever may betide;
 'Mid the tempest, I can sweetly sing, For Jesus' blood has saved my soul;
 Ev'ry raging storm thou dost control, With thee, no e - vil can betide;

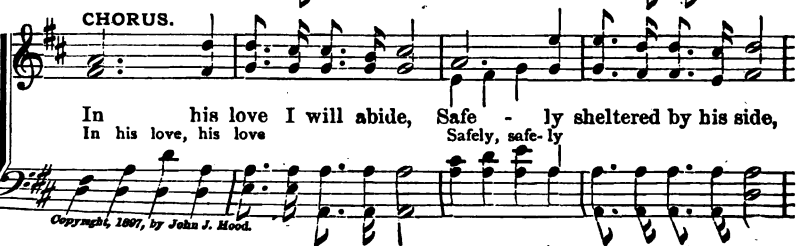


Tho' I've wandered far away from God, Tho' my feet have trod the paths of sin,
 Tho' the clouds oft gather in the sky, Making dark the lonely way I go,
 Oh, the greatness of thy boundless love! Thou didst save, poor sinner tho' I be,



Yet I know there's pardon thro' the blood For all who plunge the fount within.
 Yet I hear the promise of his word, "Sufficient grace I will bestow."
 Thro' the cleansing of thy precious blood I'm saved to all e - ter - ni - ty!

CHORUS.



In his love I will abide, Safe - ly sheltered by his side,
 In his love, his love Safely, safe - ly

Redeemed thro' the Blood.—CONCLUDED. 33

I am ful- ly sat- isfied, For I know thro' his blood I'm redeemed.
I am ful- ly,

Wash me in Thy Blood.

E. E. HEWITT.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. O Lord, thy mighty grace impart, Wash me in thy blood ; Take full pos-
2. From outward fault, from secret sin, Wash me in thy blood ; Let now thy
3. Ar- ray my soul in robes divine, Wash me in thy blood ; The garments
4. Un- til that happy day shall break, Wash me in thy blood ; When in thy

CHORUS.

session of my heart, Wash me in thy blood. Saviour, make me all thine own,
Spir- it rule within, Wash me in thy blood.
of sal- vation mine, Wash me in thy blood.
likeness I awake, Wash me in thy blood.

Trusting, trusting thee alone, Sink me 'neath the crimson flood, Wash me in thy blood.

Copyright, 1907, by Jno. R. Sweney.
Love and Praise, 4—C

Golden City.

MARIAN W. HUBBARD.

H. L. GILMOUR.



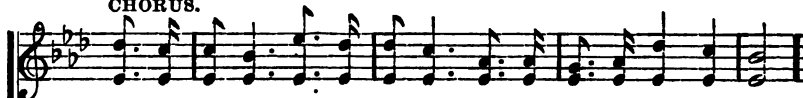
1. Just beyond there is a cit - y, Just beyond a golden shore,
2. Just a thin veil in - ter - vening Hides that cit - y from our sight,
3. On - ly just across the riv - er We shall wave the victor's palm,
4. Oh, what joy to be with Jesus! Time for - ev - er at an end;



Where the saints of all the a - ges Dwell with Je - sus ev - ermore.
 Where our loved ones dwell with Jesus, Who is of that land the light.
 As we join the songs of angels, Singing, Glo - ry to the Lamb.
 Ev - ermore to sing his praises, Our Redeem - er, Saviour, Friend.



CHORUS.



Golden cit - y, glorious cit - y, We shall see thy walls so fair;



Just beyond are loved ones waiting, Oh, what rapture to be there!



Satisfied Sometime.

35

HARRIET E. JONES.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

With expression.

1. Sometime the night of sorrow will be o'er, Sometime I'll reach my home on
 2. Sometime I'll find the dear ones early lost, Whose missing forms so many
 3. Sometime in all his beauty I shall see The blessed Lamb of God, who

cres.
 yonder shore; The hours are flying fast, the morn is nigh, Oh, sweet will be the
 tears have cost; Sometime we'll meet to never say good-by, In that bright home where
 died for me; Sometime I'll make the courts of heaven ring, While for his saving


CHORUS.
 waking by and by. . . . Sometime, sometime, All glo-ry to the
 loved ones never die. . . .
 grace his praise I'll sing. . . . Sometime, blessed

f *m* *rit.*
 Lamb who died! I'll rise in his likeness, sat- isfied Sometime, sometime.
 satisfied, satisfied



We Overcome by the Blood.

R. K. C.


R. KELSO CARTER.




1. Shout aloud, Hosanna to the King of kings! All my soul within me of his
2. In the smoke of battle, when the right seems wrong, Ever pressing onward with a
3. Resting by the waters, in a sweet ac- cord, Knowing all the joys that his
4. Marching, fighting, praising, in the storm and fire, Tried and tempted daily, we are



mer- cy sings; How the hymn of triumph to the heavens rings, When we
purpose strong, We will shout for joy, for it won't be long Till we
ways af- ford; Vanished ev'ry pleasure, now we've seen the Lord, And have
lift- ed higher; Soon we'll join the chorus in the ransomed choir, Who have



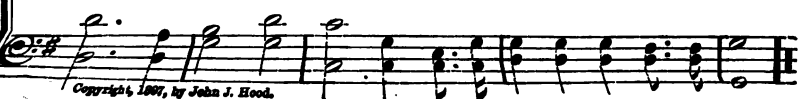
CHORUS.



o - vercome by the blood! Glo - ry! hon - or! Glo - ry to the Son of

God! Oh, praise him! praise him! For we o - vercome by the blood.



Copyright, 1907, by John J. Hood.

The Shout of Faith.

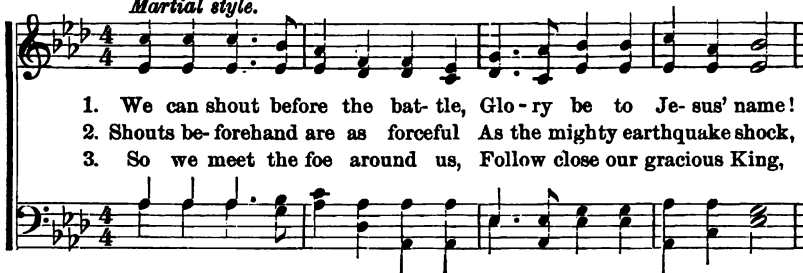
37

Rev. H. J. ZELLEY.

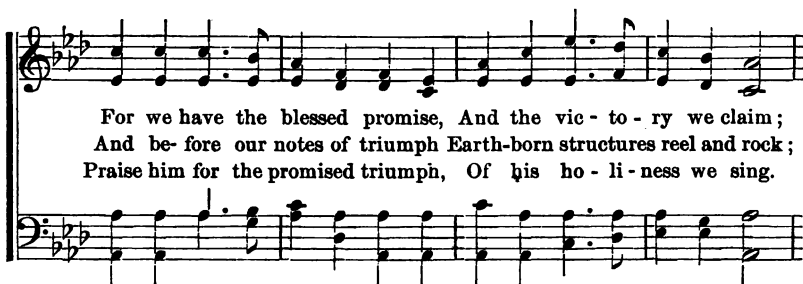
Josh. vi: 16.

H. L. GILMOUR.

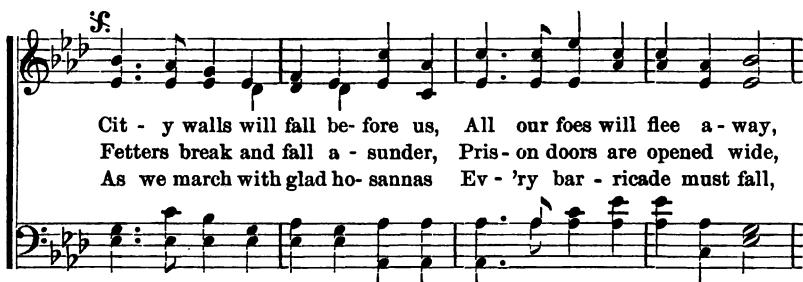
Martial style.



1. We can shout before the bat-tle, Glo-ry be to Je-sus' name!
 2. Shouts be-forehand are as forceful As the mighty earthquake shock,
 3. So we meet the foe around us, Follow close our gracious King,

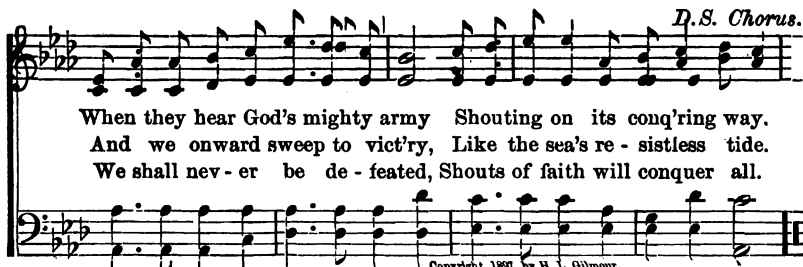


For we have the blessed promise, And the vic-to-ry we claim;
 And be-fore our notes of triumph Earth-born structures reel and rock;
 Praise him for the promised triumph, Of his ho-li-ness we sing.



Cit-y walls will fall be-fore us, All our foes will flee a-way,
 Fetters break and fall a-sunder, Pris-on doors are opened wide,
 As we march with glad ho-sannas Ev-'ry bar-ricade must fall,

CHO.—Glo-ry, glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah! We the victor's pathway tread;



When they hear God's mighty army Shouting on its conq'ring way.
 And we onward sweep to vict'ry, Like the sea's re-sistless tide.
 We shall nev-er be de-feated, Shouts of faith will conquer all.

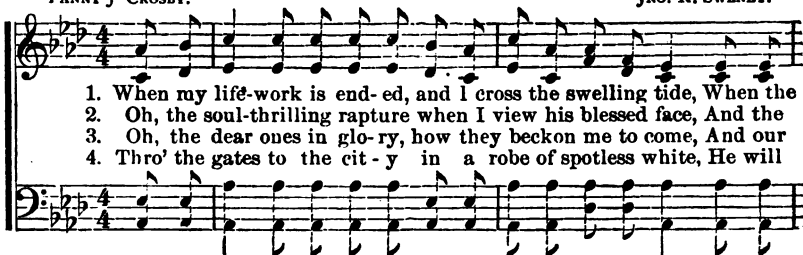
Copyright, 1901, by H. L. Gilmour.

Glo-ry for the present triumph, And for vic-to-ries ahead.

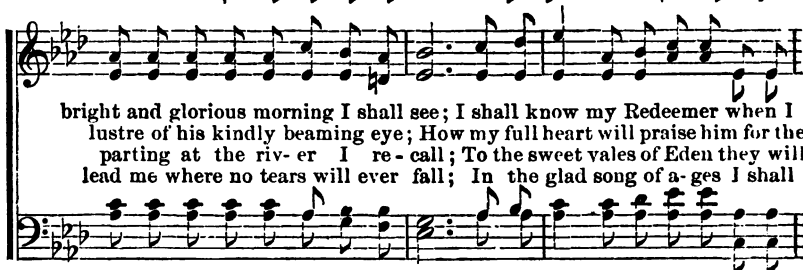
My Saviour First of All.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

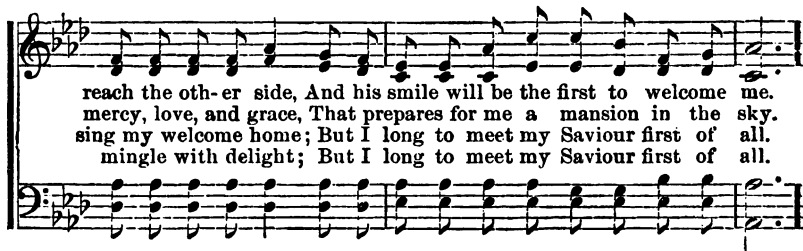
JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. When my life-work is end-ed, and I cross the swelling tide, When the
 2. Oh, the soul-thrilling rapture when I view his blessed face, And the
 3. Oh, the dear ones in glo-ry, how they beckon me to come, And our
 4. Thro' the gates to the cit - y in a robe of spotless white, He will

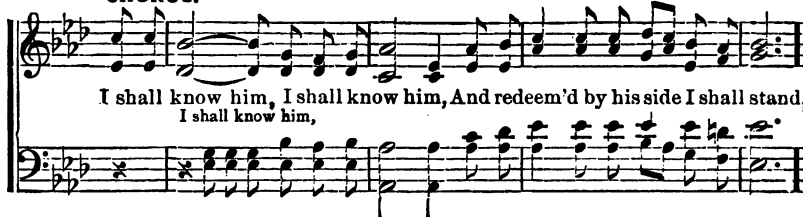


bright and glorious morning I shall see; I shall know my Redeemer when I
 lustre of his kindly beaming eye; How my full heart will praise him for the
 parting at the riv-er I re-call; To the sweet vales of Eden they will
 lead me where no tears will ever fall; In the glad song of a- ges I shall

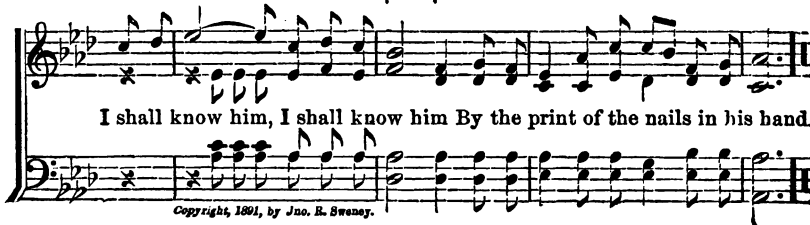


reach the oth-er side, And his smile will be the first to welcome me.
 mercy, love, and grace, That prepares for me a mansion in the sky.
 sing my welcome home; But I long to meet my Saviour first of all.
 mingle with delight; But I long to meet my Saviour first of all.

CHORUS.



I shall know him, I shall know him, And redeem'd by his side I shall stand,
 I shall know him,



I shall know him, I shall know him By the print of the nails in his hand.

Glory, Glory to His Name!

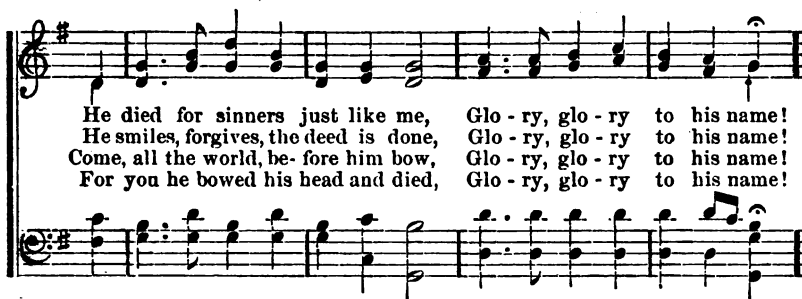
39

HARRIET E. JONES.

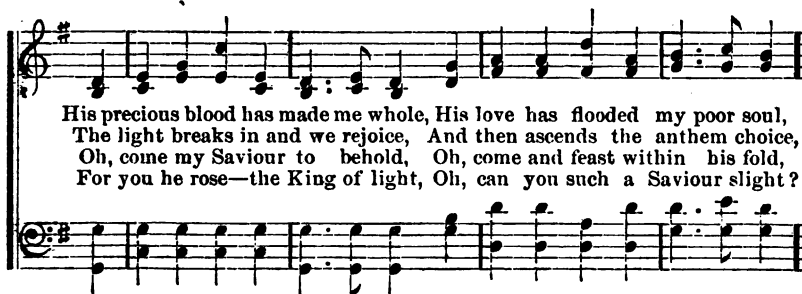
J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.




1. The Saviour died to set me free, Glo - ry, glo - ry to his name!
 2. To just believe up - on the Son, Glo - ry, glo - ry to his name!
 3. Come, brothers, friends, to him just now, Glo - ry, glo - ry to his name!
 4. For you my Lord was cru - ci - fied, Glo - ry, glo - ry to his name!



He died for sinners just like me, Glo - ry, glo - ry to his name!
 He smiles, forgives, the deed is done, Glo - ry, glo - ry to his name!
 Come, all the world, be - fore him bow, Glo - ry, glo - ry to his name!
 For you he bowed his head and died, Glo - ry, glo - ry to his name!



His precious blood has made me whole, His love has flooded my poor soul,
 The light breaks in and we rejoice, And then ascends the anthem choice,
 Oh, come my Saviour to behold, Oh, come and feast within his fold,
 For you he rose—the King of light, Oh, can you such a Saviour slight?

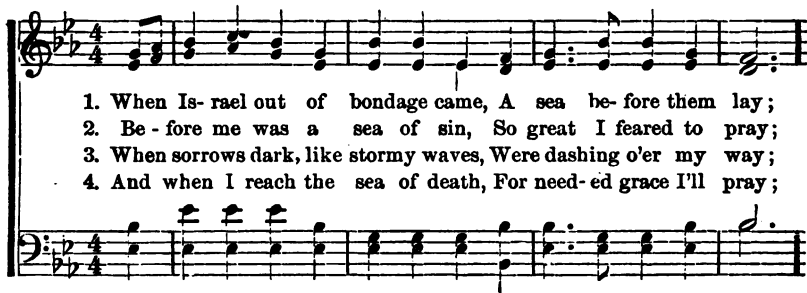


And his sweet Spirit holds control, Glo - ry, glo - ry to his name!
 The sweet, new song, with heart and voice, Glo - ry, glo - ry to his name!
 While angels strike their harps of gold, Glo - ry, glo - ry to his name!
 He waits to save, yes, save to-night, Glo - ry, glo - ry to his name!

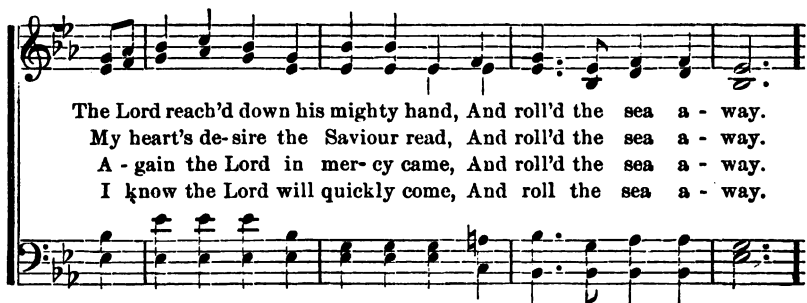
The Roll'd the Sea Away.

Rev. H. J. ZELLEY.

H. L. GILMOUR.

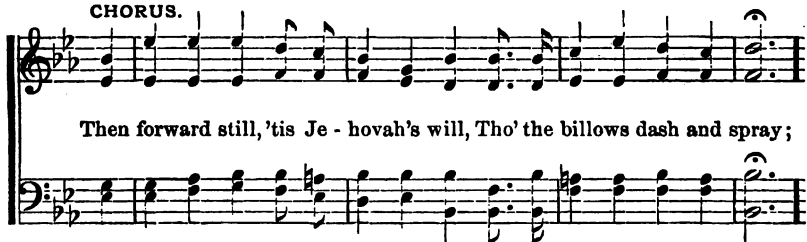


1. When Is-rael out of bondage came, A sea be-fore them lay;
 2. Be-fore me was a sea of sin, So great I feared to pray;
 3. When sorrows dark, like stormy waves, Were dashing o'er my way;
 4. And when I reach the sea of death, For need-ed grace I'll pray;

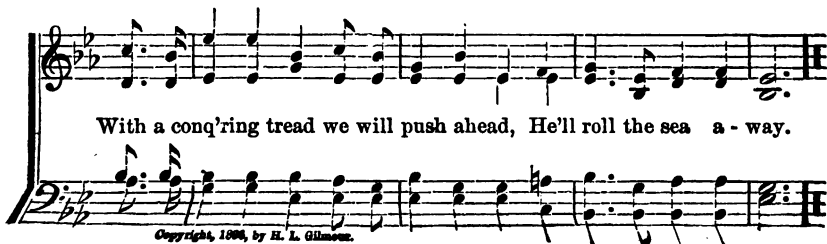


The Lord reach'd down his mighty hand, And roll'd the sea a - way.
 My heart's de-sire the Saviour read, And roll'd the sea a - way.
 A - gain the Lord in mer-cy came, And roll'd the sea a - way.
 I know the Lord will quickly come, And roll the sea a - way.

CHORUS.



Then forward still, 'tis Je - hovah's will, Tho' the billows dash and spray;

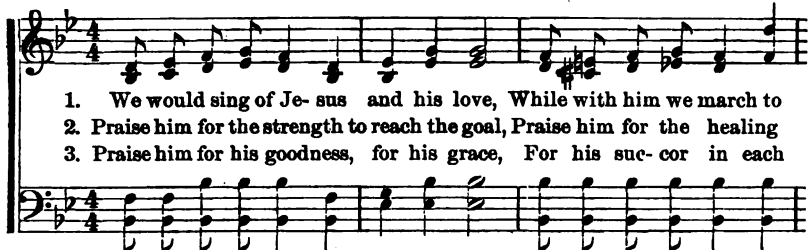


With a conq'ring tread we will push ahead, He'll roll the sea a - way.

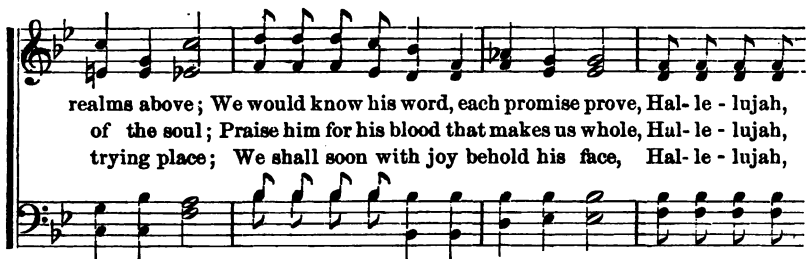
Oh, What a Wonderful Saviour! 41

L. E. J.

L. E. JONES.

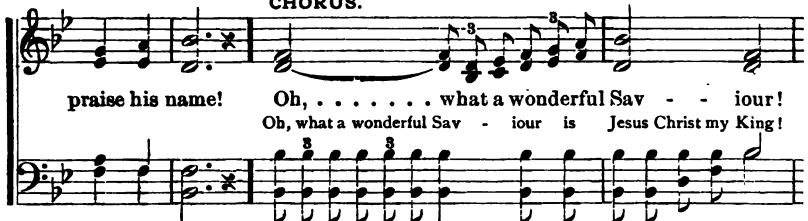


1. We would sing of Je- sus and his love, While with him we march to
 2. Praise him for the strength to reach the goal, Praise him for the healing
 3. Praise him for his goodness, for his grace, For his suc- cor in each

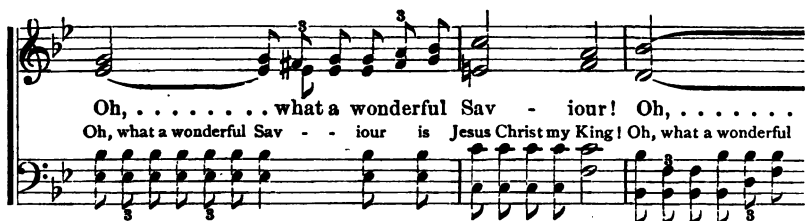


realms above; We would know his word, each promise prove, Hal- le - lujah,
 of the soul; Praise him for his blood that makes us whole, Hal- le - lujah,
 trying place; We shall soon with joy behold his face, Hal- le - lujah,

CHORUS.



praise his name! Oh, what a wonderful Sav - - iour!
 Oh, what a wonderful Sav - iour is Jesus Christ my King!



Oh, what a wonderful Sav - iour! Oh,
 Oh, what a wonderful Sav - - iour is Jesus Christ my King! Oh, what a wonderful

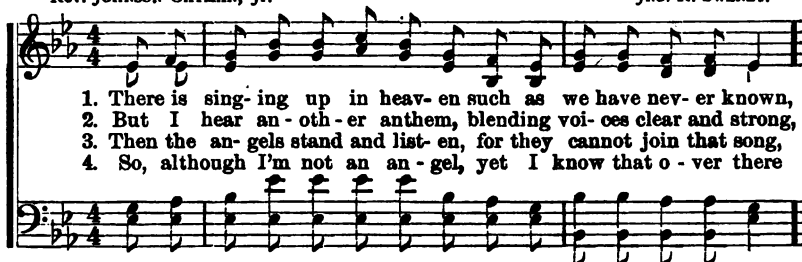


. . . . what a wonderful Sav - - iour Is Je- sus Christ my King!
 Sav - - iour is Jesus Christ my King!

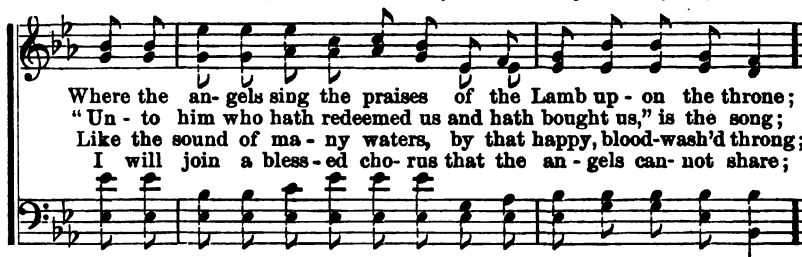
42 **Holy, Holy, is what the Angels Sing.**

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

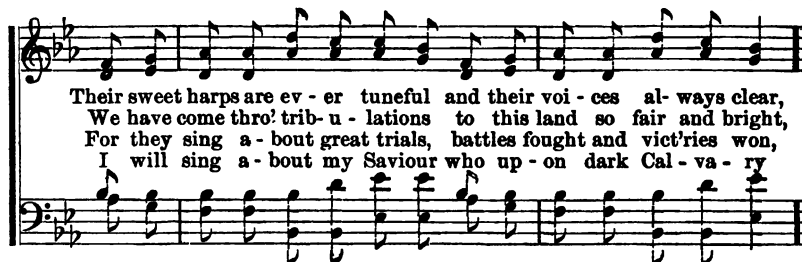
JNO. R. SWENEY.



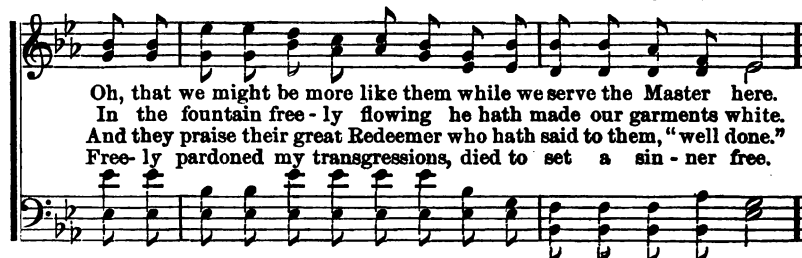
1. There is sing-ing up in heav-en such as we have nev-er known,
 2. But I hear an-oth-er anthem, blending voi-ces clear and strong,
 3. Then the an-gels stand and list-en, for they cannot join that song,
 4. So, although I'm not an an-gel, yet I know that o-ver there



Where the an-gels sing the praises of the Lamb up-on the throne;
 "Un-to him who hath redeemed us and hath bought us," is the song;
 Like the sound of ma-ny waters, by that happy, blood-wash'd throng;
 I will join a bless-ed cho-rus that the an-gels can-not share;

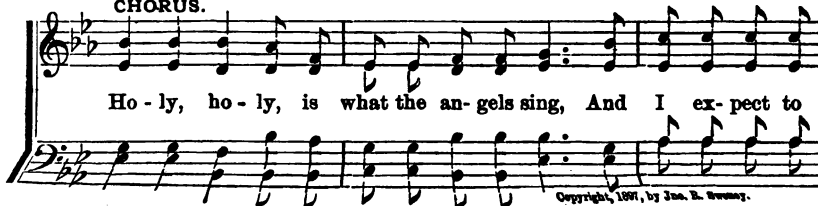


Their sweet harps are ev-er tuneful and their voi-ces al-ways clear,
 We have come thro' trib-u-lations to this land so fair and bright,
 For they sing a-bout great trials, battles fought and vic'tries won,
 I will sing a-bout my Saviour who up-on dark Cal-va-ry



Oh, that we might be more like them while we serve the Master here.
 In the fountain free-ly flowing he hath made our garments white.
 And they praise their great Redeemer who hath said to them, "well done."
 Free-ly pardoned my transgressions, died to set a sin-ner free.

CHORUS.



Ho-ly, ho-ly, is what the an-gels sing, And I ex-pect to

help them make the courts of heaven ring; But when I sing redemption's story

they will fold their wings, For angels never felt the joys that our salvation brings.

Lights for Our Jesus.

HARRIET E. JONES.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

1. "Lights for our Jesus," our motto shall be, Lights for our Jesus tho' youthful are
 2. Lights for our Jesus in loving accord, Learning the lessons contain'd in the Word;
 3. Lights for our Jesus whose name we confess, Who doth the children so lovingly

Bright'ning the pathway by smiles and by song, As we are marching to glory along.
 Lessons to help us the pathway along, Keeping us ever from all that is wrong.
 Lights for our Jesus who suffer'd and died, That we might with him forever abide.

D.S.—"Lights for our Jesus," our motto shall be, Shining for Jesus, how happy are we.

CHORUS.

D.S.

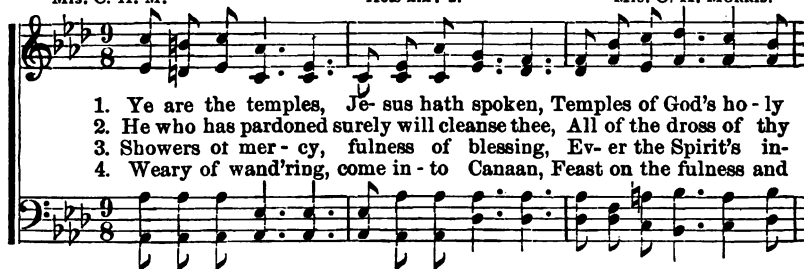
Lights for our Jesus, Lights for our Jesus, Bright'ning the pathway along;

44 Have ye Received the Holy Ghost?

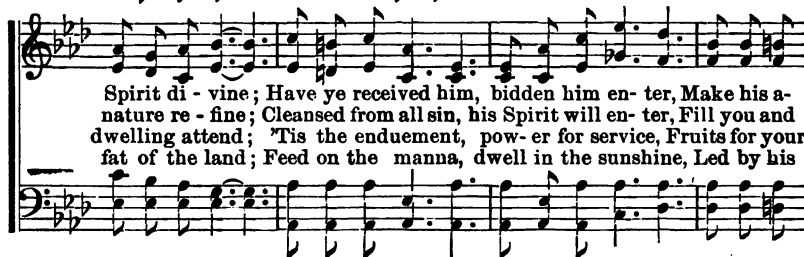
Mrs. C. H. M.

Acts xix: 2.

Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.

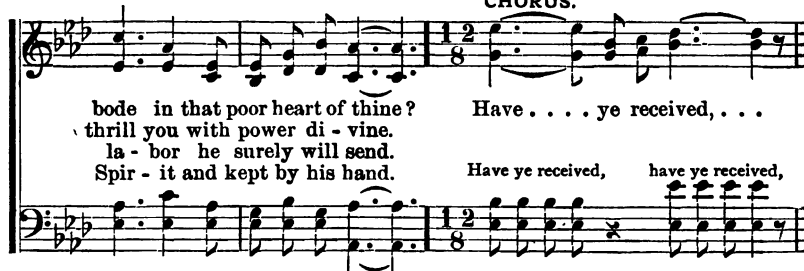


1. Ye are the temples, Je- sus hath spoken, Temples of God's ho- ly
 2. He who has pardoned surely will cleanse thee, All of the dross of thy
 3. Showers of mer- cy, fulness of blessing, Ev- er the Spirit's in-
 4. Weary of wand'ring, come in- to Canaan, Feast on the fulness and

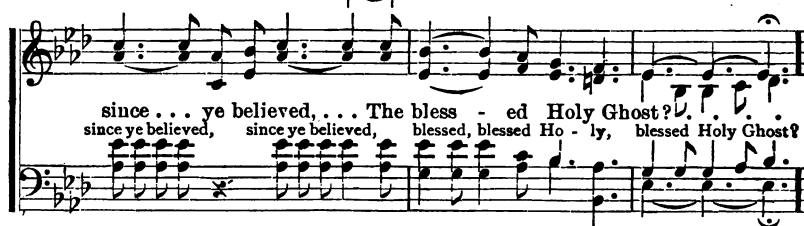


Spirit di- vine; Have ye received him, bidden him en- ter, Make his a-
 nature re- fine; Cleansed from all sin, his Spirit will en- ter, Fill you and
 dwelling attend; 'Tis the enduement, pow- er for service, Fruits for your
 fat of the land; Feed on the manna, dwell in the sunshine, Led by his

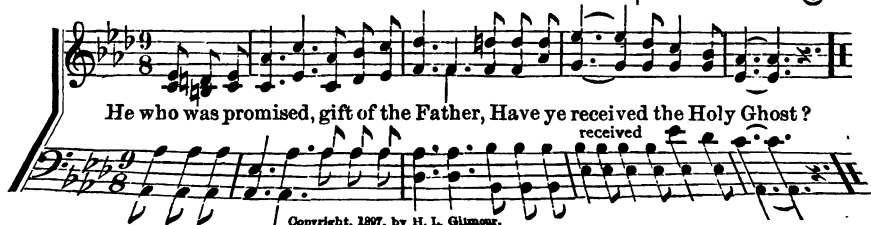
CHORUS.



bode in that poor heart of thine? Have . . . ye received, . . .
 thrill you with power di- vine.
 la- bor he surely will send.
 Spir- it and kept by his hand. Have ye received, have ye received,



since . . . ye believed, . . . The bless - ed Holy Ghost?
 since ye believed, since ye believed, blessed, blessed Ho- ly, blessed Holy Ghost?



He who was promised, gift of the Father, Have ye received the Holy Ghost?
 received

Jesus is Here.

IDA L. REED.

JNO. R. SWENKY.

1. Je- sus is here; is not your heart burning? Lo, in our midst doth the
 2. Je- sus is here; he waits to forgive thee, Heed thou his pleading, and
 3. Je- sus is here; with thee he is pleading, Grieve not his loving heart,

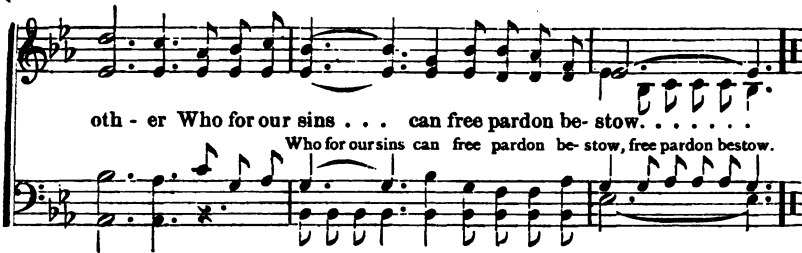
Mas- ter a - wait; Willing to save us, his great heart is yearning,
 kneel at his throne; Turn not away, for no more he may call thee,
 do not de - lay; Death may not leave thee an hour for re - pentance,

CHORUS.

Come to him now, ere it be too late. Je- sus is here; O
 Peace thou wilt find thro' his mercy alone.
 Come to him, brother, he calls thee to-day. Jesus is here;

come to him, broth - - er, Wait not anoth - er day, O come to him
 O come to him, brother, Wait not an - oth - er day, O come to him

now; He is our Sav - - - iour, there is no
 now, come to him now; He is our Sav - iour, he is our Sav - iour,



oth - er Who for our sins . . . can free pardon be - stow.
Who for our sins can free pardon be - stow, free pardon bestow.

* Surrender All.

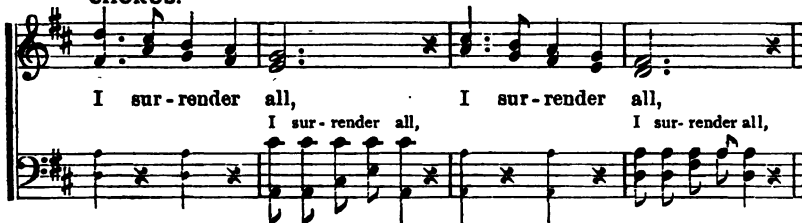
J. W. VAN DE VENTER.
DUET.

W. S. WEEDEN.



1. { All to Je - sus I surren - der, All to him I free - ly give; }
I will ev - er love and trust him, In his presence dai - ly live. }
2. { All to Je - sus I surren - der, Humbly at his feet I bow; }
Worldly pleasures all for - sak - en, Take me, Je - sus, take me now. }
3. { All to Je - sus I surren - der, Make me, Saviour, wholly thine; }
Let me feel the Ho - ly Spir - it, Tru - ly know that thou art mine. }

CHORUS.



I sur - render all, I sur - render all, I sur - render all, I sur - render all,



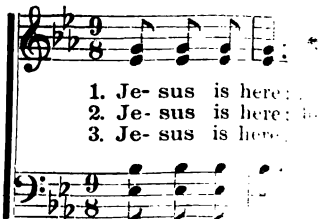
All to thee, my bless - ed Saviour, I sur - ren - der all.

Copyright, 1904, by Weedon & Van De Venter. Used by per.

4 All to Jesus I surrender,
Lord, I give myself to thee;
Fill me with thy love and power,
Let thy blessing fall on me,

5 All to Jesus I surrender,
Now I feel the sacred flame;
Oh the joy of full salvation!
Glory, glory to his name!

IDA L. REED.



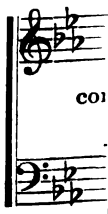
1. Je- sus is here;
2. Je- sus is here;
3. Je- sus is here;



Mas- ter, a
kneel at his
do not



Come
Peace
Come

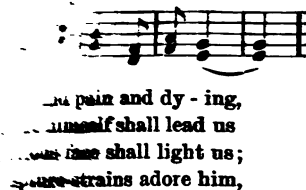


COI



no

Jno. R. Swann.



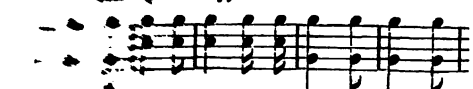
The pair and dy - ing,
himself shall lead us
shall light us;
strains adore him,




pared for you and me.
How for you and me.
times for you and me.
sings for you and me.




way, In the full and perfect
way,




ever, God shall wipe all tears away.



My Heart's Home.

49

Mrs. FRANK A BRECK.

H. L. GILMOUR.



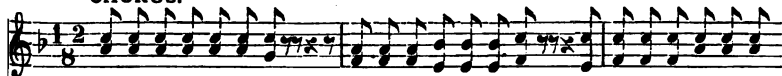
1. Like a wea - ry, homeless dove, To thee, O Lord, I fly;
2. Thou my ref - uge and my strength, The Rock where I may hide;
3. I have found a dwelling-place, No long - er will I roam;



Glad to rest in thy dear love, And feel thy presence nigh.
I have come to thee at length, My heart is sat - is - fied.
Thou hast shown me love and grace, Thou art my heart's dear home.



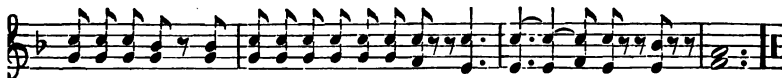
CHORUS.



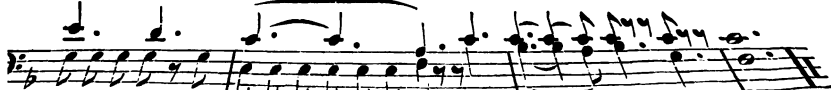
Thou art the home of my heart, Thou art the home of my heart; In thee will I rest and for-
Home, home, In thee



Sweet, sweet home;



ev - er be blest, Dear Saviour, the home of my heart,
will I rest, Dear Sav - iour, my home.



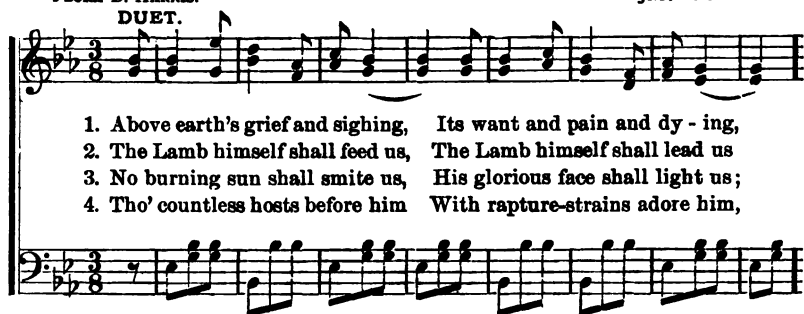
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Love and Praise. 4-D

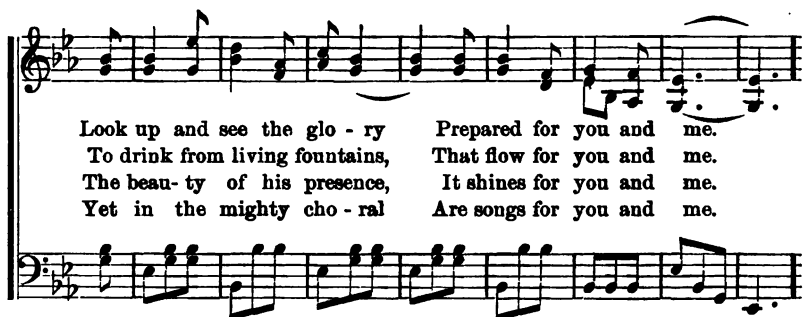
All Tears.

FLORA B. HARRIS.
DUET.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

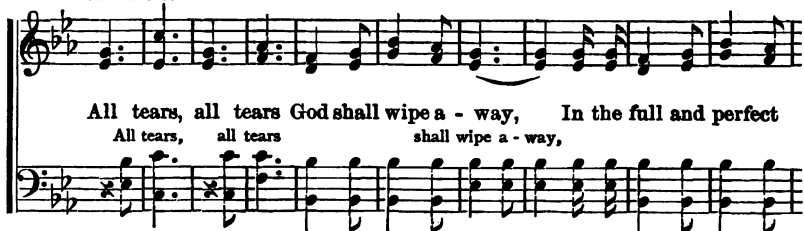


1. Above earth's grief and sighing, Its want and pain and dy - ing,
2. The Lamb himself shall feed us, The Lamb himself shall lead us
3. No burning sun shall smite us, His glorious face shall light us;
4. Tho' countless hosts before him With rapture-strains adore him,



Look up and see the glo - ry Prepared for you and me.
To drink from living fountains, That flow for you and me.
The beau - ty of his presence, It shines for you and me.
Yet in the mighty cho - ral Are songs for you and me.

CHORUS.



All tears, all tears God shall wipe a - way, In the full and perfect
All tears, all tears shall wipe a - way,



day; Once forever, once forever, God shall wipe all tears away.
day, perfect day:

My Heart's Home.

49

Mrs. FRANK A BRECK.

H. L. GILMOUR.



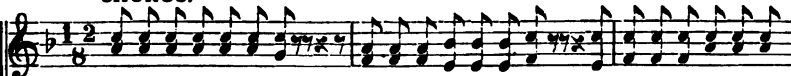
1. Like a wea - ry, homeless dove, To thee, O Lord, I fly;
2. Thou my ref - uge and my strength, The Rock where I may hide;
3. I have found a dwelling - place, No long - er will I roam;



Glad to rest in thy dear love, And feel thy presence nigh.
I have come to thee at length, My heart is sat - is - fied.
Thou hast shown me love and grace, Thou art my heart's dear home.



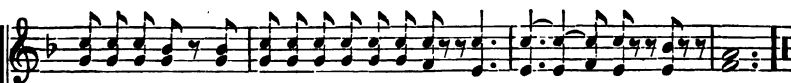
CHORUS.



Thou art the home of my heart, Thou art the home of my heart; In thee will I rest and for-
Home, home, In thee



Sweet, sweet home;



ev - er be blest, Dear Saviour, the home of my heart,
will I rest, Dear Sav - iour, my home.



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Love and Praise. 4—D

Saved from the Wreck.

E. E. HEWITT.

H. L. GILMOUR.

1. Adrift on the waters, so dark and so cold, A- far from the beautiful
 2. Oh, I was the sinner alone on the sea, But love's blessed signals were
 3. I stepp'd in the life-boat, provided for me, And Je - sus my Pi - lot, my
 4. Life's turbulent surges are kiss'd into peace, The beacons are shining, and

cit - y of gold, A ves - sel is sinking, for heav - y the gale, The
 floating for me; Tho' thunders were rolling, and billows at strife, Lo,
 Captain will be; His bos - om my ref - uge, my "haven of rest," I'm
 songs never cease; Fair moonbeams, bright sunshine, illumine the tide, While

CHORUS.

ca - ble is broken, and tatter'd each sail. Poor child of the wreck, see the
 Je - sus was calling, "escape for thy life."
 rescued from shipwreck, so happy and blest.
 onward to glo - ry we'll joyful - ly glide.

life-boat is near, A sweet voice is heard, for the Master is here; He walks ev'ry

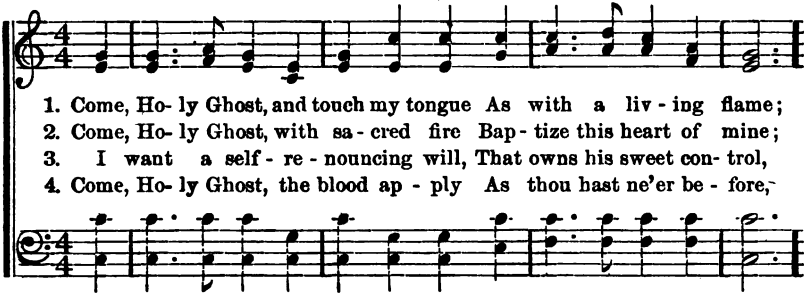
billow, controls ev'ry wave, 'Tis Jesus, King Jesus, "the mighty to save."

Waiting for the Promise.

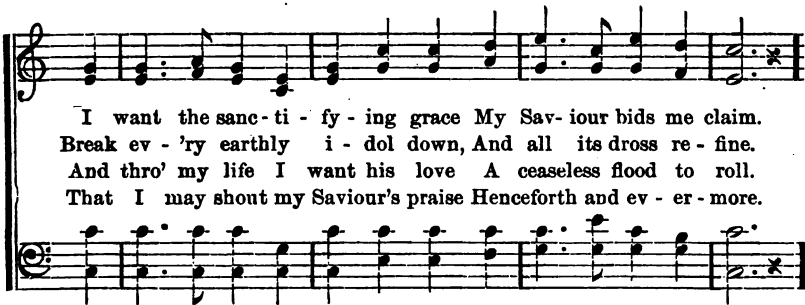
51

FANNY J. CROSBY.

INO. R. SWENEY.

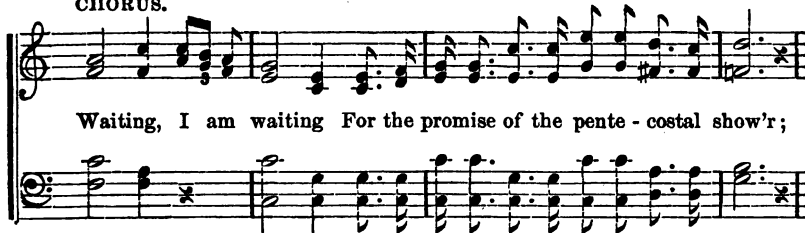


1. Come, Ho-ly Ghost, and touch my tongue As with a liv-ing flame;
 2. Come, Ho-ly Ghost, with sa-cred fire Bap-tize this heart of mine;
 3. I want a self-re-nouncing will, That owns his sweet con-trol,
 4. Come, Ho-ly Ghost, the blood ap-ply As thou hast ne'er be-fore,

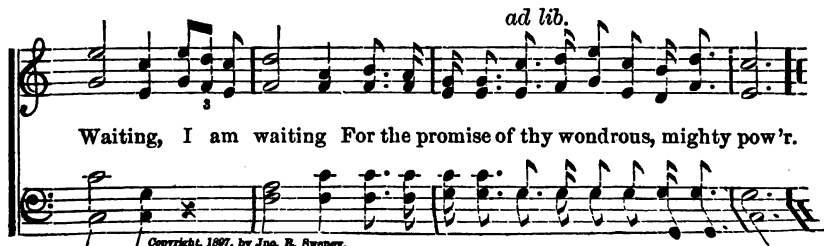


I want the sanc-ti-fy-ing grace My Sav-iour bids me claim.
 Break ev-'ry earthly i-dol down, And all its dross re-fine.
 And thro' my life I want his love A ceaseless flood to roll.
 That I may shout my Saviour's praise Henceforth and ev-er-more.

CHORUS.



Waiting, I am waiting For the promise of the pen-te-costal show'r;

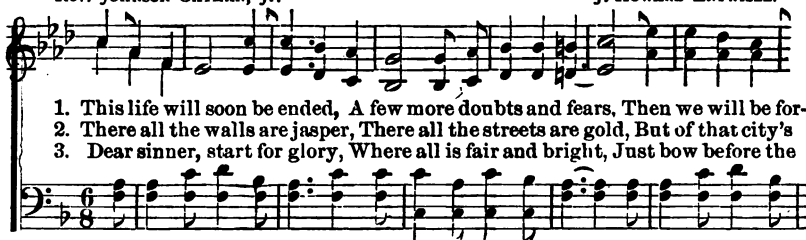


ad lib.
 Waiting, I am waiting For the promise of thy wondrous, mighty pow'r.

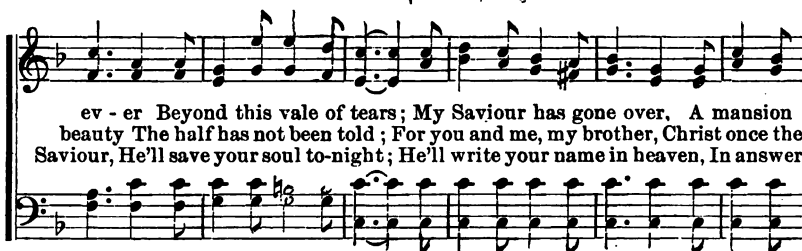
Oh, Won't you Meet me There?

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

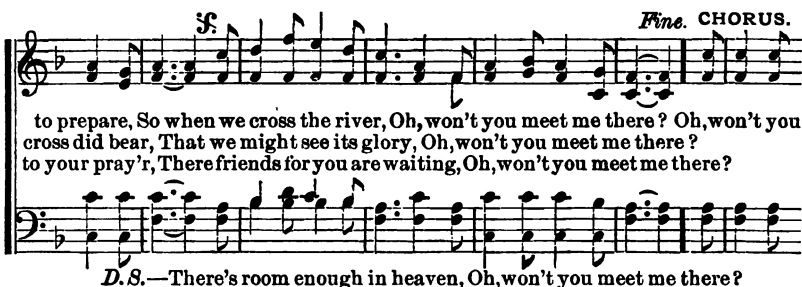
J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.



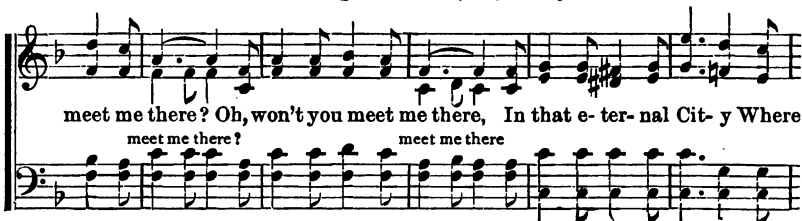
1. This life will soon be ended, A few more doubts and fears, Then we will be for-
 2. There all the walls are jasper, There all the streets are gold, But of that city's
 3. Dear sinner, start for glory, Where all is fair and bright, Just bow before the



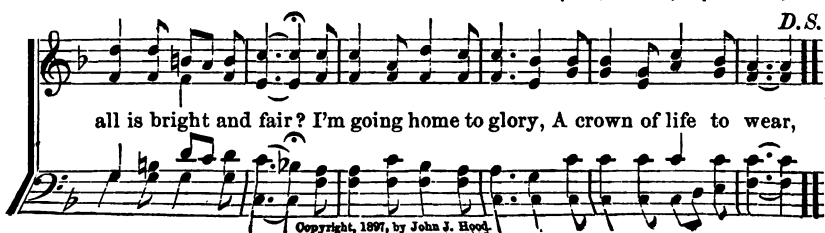
ev - er Beyond this vale of tears; My Saviour has gone over, A mansion
 beauty The half has not been told; For you and me, my brother, Christ once the
 Saviour, He'll save your soul to-night; He'll write your name in heaven, In answer



Fine. CHORUS.
 to prepare, So when we cross the river, Oh, won't you meet me there? Oh, won't you
 cross did bear, That we might see its glory, Oh, won't you meet me there?
 to your pray'r, There friends for you are waiting, Oh, won't you meet me there?
D.S.—There's room enough in heaven, Oh, won't you meet me there?



meet me there? Oh, won't you meet me there, In that e-ter-nal Cit-y Where
 meet me there? meet me there



D.S.
 all is bright and fair? I'm going home to glory, A crown of life to wear,
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He Comes to Seek To-day.

53

C. B.

CHAS. BENTLEY.

1. The blessed Lord, he comes to seek Poor sinners by the way; He brings for
 2. He comes with grace so rich and free To sinners by the way; He gently
 3. He comes to free from stain of sin Poor sinners by the way; He gives to

CHORUS.
 them the finest wheat, He comes to seek to-day. He comes to seek to-
 says, "accept of me," He comes to seek to-day.
 them pure hearts within, He comes to seek to-day.

day poor sinners by the way, The lost ones in the wil- derness He

comes to seek to-day; He comes to seek to-day poor sinners by the way,

The lost ones in the wil - derness He comes to seek to-day.

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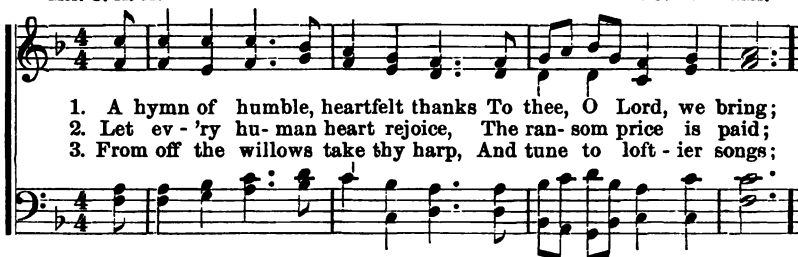
4 He comes with loving heart and hand
 To sinners by the way;
 Oh, won't you live by his command?
He comes to seek to-day.

5 He comes to make your title clear,
 He's coming now this way;
 He'll take you with himself up there,
He comes to seek to-day.

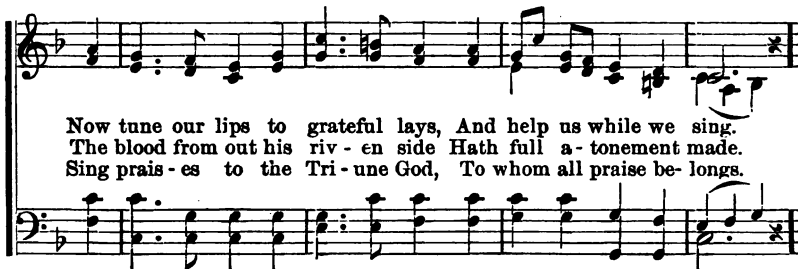
We will Praise Thee.

Mrs. C. H. M.

Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.

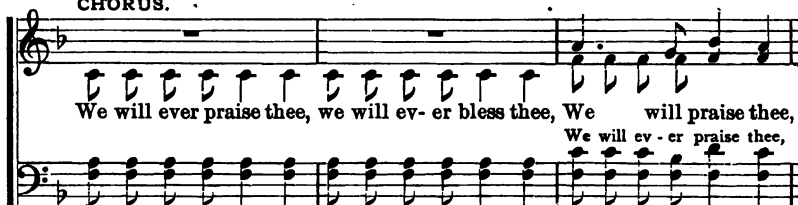


1. A hymn of humble, heartfelt thanks To thee, O Lord, we bring;
 2. Let ev - 'ry hu - man heart rejoice, The ran - som price is paid;
 3. From off the willows take thy harp, And tune to loft - ier songs;



Now tune our lips to grateful lays, And help us while we sing.
 The blood from out his riv - en side Hath full a - tonement made.
 Sing prais - es to the Tri - une God, To whom all praise be - longs.

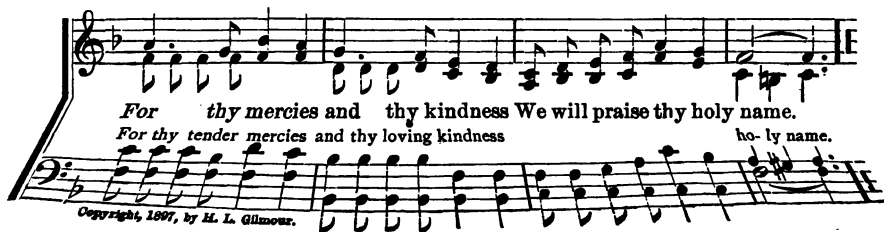
CHORUS.



We will ever praise thee, we will ev - er bless thee, We will praise thee,
 We will ev - er praise thee,



we will bless thee, We will magni - fy thy ho - ly name forevermore;
 we will ev - er bless thee, We will laud and magni - fy



For thy mercies and thy kindness We will praise thy holy name.
 For thy tender mercies and thy loving kindness ho - ly name.

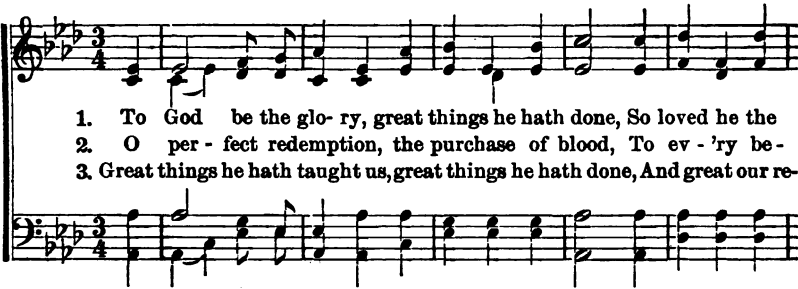
To God Be the Glory.

55

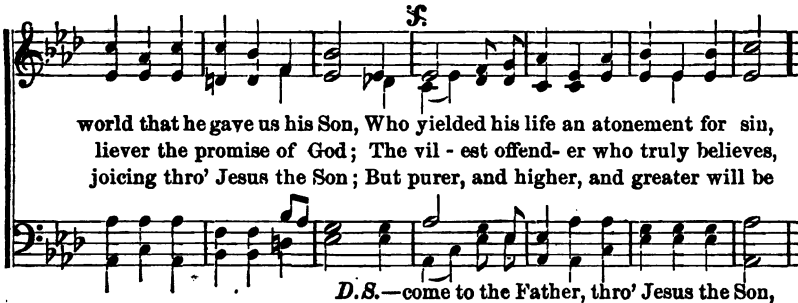
FANNY J. CROSBY.

"Who doeth great things."—JOB v : 9.

W. H. DOANE.

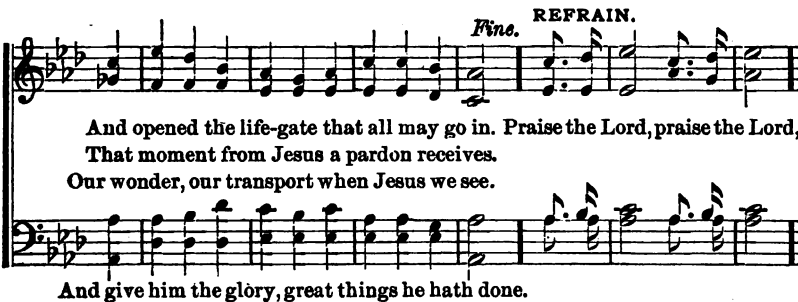


1. To God be the glo-ry, great things he hath done, So loved he the
 2. O per - fect redemption, the purchase of blood, To ev - 'ry be -
 3. Great things he hath taught us, great things he hath done, And great our re-



world that he gave us his Son, Who yielded his life an atonement for sin,
 liever the promise of God; The vil - est offend - er who truly believes,
 joicing thro' Jesus the Son; But purer, and higher, and greater will be

D.S.—come to the Father, thro' Jesus the Son,



Fine. REFRAIN.
 And opened the life-gate that all may go in. Praise the Lord, praise the Lord,
 That moment from Jesus a pardon receives.
 Our wonder, our transport when Jesus we see.

And give him the glory, great things he hath done.



D.S.
 Let the earth hear his voice, Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, Let the people rejoice; O

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Trusting.

J. E. H.

"Trust ye in the Lord forever."—Isa. xxvi: 4.

J. E. HALL.

1. All a - long life's rug - ged jour - ney I am trust - ing thee,
 2. If my feet grow tired and wea - ry, and the way be long,
 3. If the woes of life come o'er me, in that hour be near,
 4. I am trusting, working, wait - ing as the end draws nigh,

O my Sav - iour, bless - ed Sav - iour; Thou wilt keep me safe from
 O my Sav - iour, bless - ed Sav - iour; Thou wilt give me joy and
 O my Sav - iour, bless - ed Sav - iour; Give me faith un - to the
 O my Sav - iour, bless - ed Sav - iour; And by faith I see the

fall - ing, lead me ten - der - ly, Je - sus dear, my lov - ing Sav - iour.
 comfort, and wilt make me strong, Je - sus dear, my lov - ing Sav - iour.
 vict'ry, fill my soul with cheer, Je - sus dear, my lov - ing Sav - iour.
 glories of the home on high, Je - sus dear, my lov - ing Sav - iour.

CHORUS.

I am trust - ing, I am trust - ing, Thou wilt keep me day by day:

I am trust - ing, I am trust - ing, Thou wilt keep me all the way.

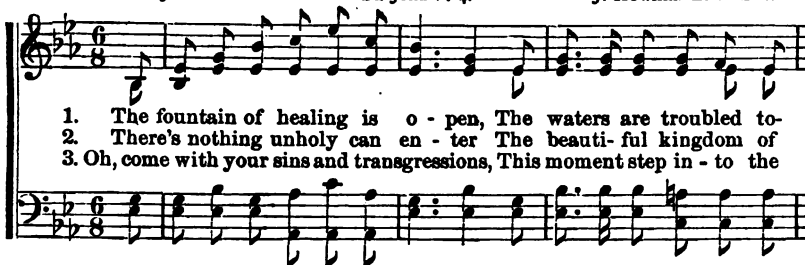
Step Into the Waters of Love.

57

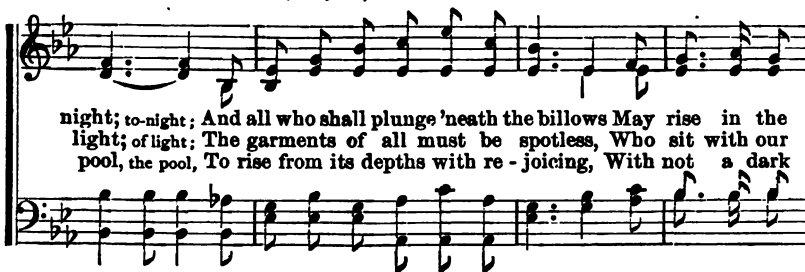
HARRIET E. JONES.

St. John 7: 4.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

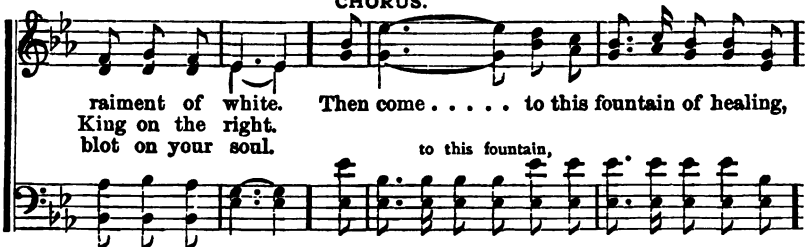


1. The fountain of healing is o - pen, The waters are troubled to -
 2. There's nothing unholy can en - ter The beau - ti - ful kingdom of
 3. Oh, come with your sins and transgressions, This moment step in - to the

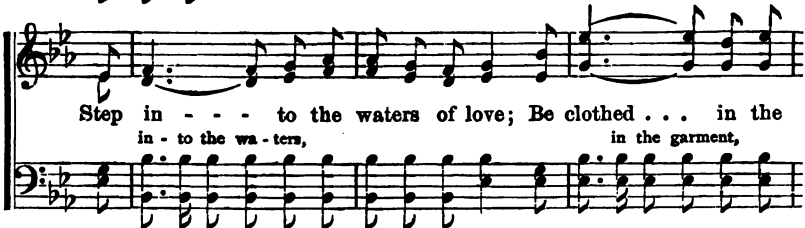


night; to-night; And all who shall plunge 'neath the billows May rise in the
 light; of light; The garments of all must be spotless, Who sit with our
 pool, the pool, To rise from its depths with re - joicing, With not a dark

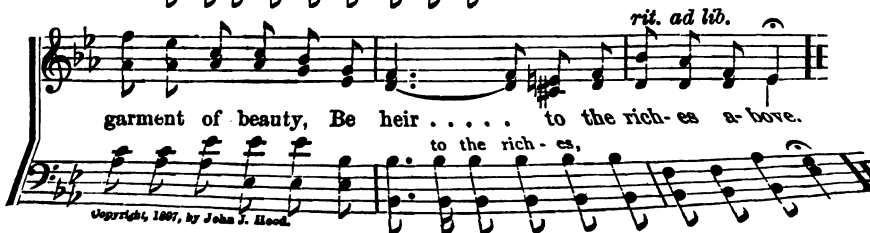
CHORUS.



raiment of white. Then come to this fountain of healing,
 King on the right.
 blot on your soul. to this fountain,



Step in - - - to the waters of love; Be clothed . . . in the
 in - to the wa - ters, in the garment,

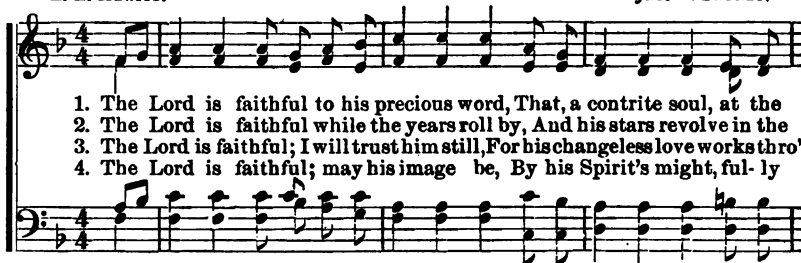


garment of beauty, Be heir to the rich - es a - bove.
 to the rich - es, *rit. ad lib.*

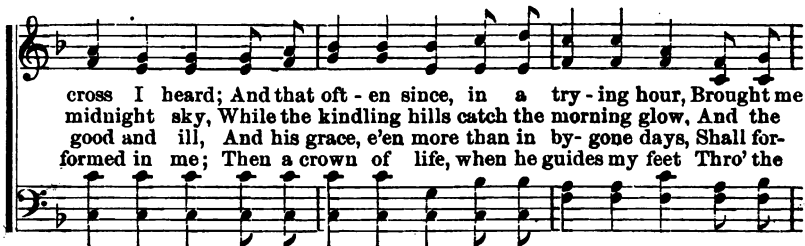
The Lord is Faithful.

E. E. HEWITT.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

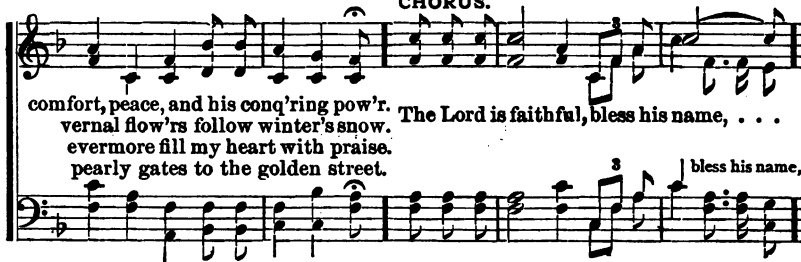


1. The Lord is faithful to his precious word, That, a contrite soul, at the
 2. The Lord is faithful while the years roll by, And his stars revolve in the
 3. The Lord is faithful; I will trust him still, For his changeless love works thro'
 4. The Lord is faithful; may his image be, By his Spirit's might, ful- ly

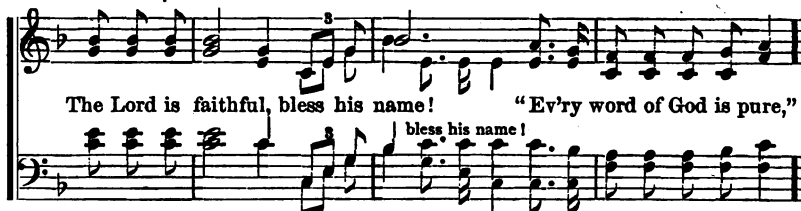


cross I heard; And that oft - en since, in a try - ing hour, Brought me
 midnight sky, While the kindling hills catch the morning glow, And the
 good and ill, And his grace, e'en more than in by - gone days, Shall for-
 formed in me; Then a crown of life, when he guides my feet Thro' the

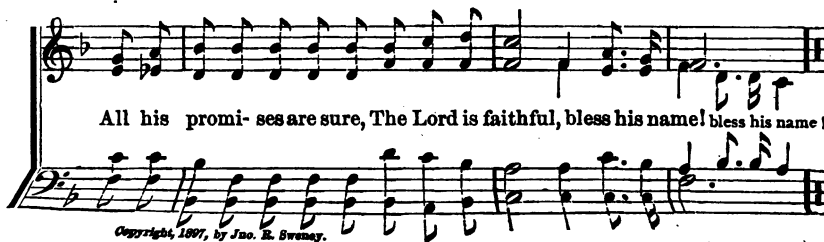
CHORUS.



comfort, peace, and his conq'ring pow'r. The Lord is faithful, bless his name, . . .
 vernal flow'rs follow winter's snow.
 evermore fill my heart with praise.
 pearly gates to the golden street.



The Lord is faithful, bless his name! "Ev'ry word of God is pure,"
 bless his name!




All his promi- ses are sure, The Lord is faithful, bless his name! bless his name!

The Past is Under the Blood.



59

S. M. V.


Rev. S. MONROE VANSANT.




1. When thoughts of sin-ful days gone by Would haunt me with their pain,
2. The promise is for whomso-e'er His mer-cy doth implore;
3. How blest is he whose sin and guilt (He strove in vain to hide)
4. O precious blood! O love divine! What words thy praise can show?





This thought restores my fear-ful soul,—I sing the glad re-frain:—
"Thy ma-ny sins," he says, "will I Re-member nev-er more."
Are covered with the precious stream That flows from Calv'ry's side!
Or speak the rap-ture that is mine, Since this, thro' grace, I know?




CHORUS.



The past is un-der the blood, I'm rec-on-ciled to God.



My sin's forgiv'n! I'm bound for heav'n! All glo-ry be to God!



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All the Way.

E. E. HEWITT.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

SOLO OR DUET.



1. There's a veil that hangs before me, And an unknown pathway hides;
2. At the blood-stain'd cross he met me, Bad me look to him and live;
3. In the time of pain and sadness, His sweet promise I will test;



There's an eye that's watching o'er me, An almighty hand that guides.
 Tho' temptations shall be-set me, Overcoming power he'll give.
 Welcome, sunny hours of gladness, By his smile made doubly blest.



So I need not fear the morrow; Peace is in my heart to-day,
 There's a joy that shines about me, With a pure and heavenly ray,
 Every step that leads to glory Shall his wondrous love display,



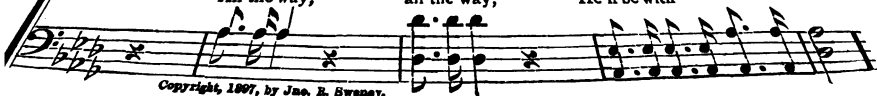
For my blessed Saviour tells me, He'll be with me all the way.



CHORUS.



All the way, all the way, He'll be with me all the way;
 All the way, all the way, He'll be with



All the Way.—CONCLUDED.

61

O my bless - ed Saviour tells me, He'll be with me all the way.
O my blessed He'll be with

More Like my Saviour.

Mrs. FRANK A. BRECK,
Not too fast.

J. E. HALL.

1. I long to be more like my Saviour, I long his sweet presence to know;
2. I long to be more like my Saviour, He ev - er is waiting to bless;
3. I long to be more like my Saviour, To know of his wonderful peace

To walk in the light of his counsel, That daily like him I may grow.
He bindeth up earth's broken-hearted, And comforteth all in distress.
That giveth the calm in the sorrow, From worry it giveth release.

CHORUS.

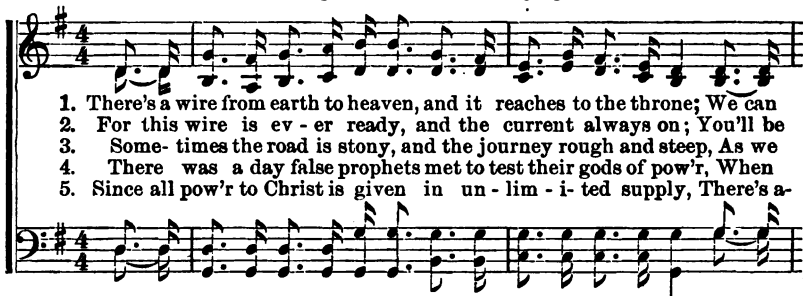
I long to be more like the Saviour, To dwell in his love so di - vine;

And, oh, I may tell him my longing, And know that the blessing is mine.

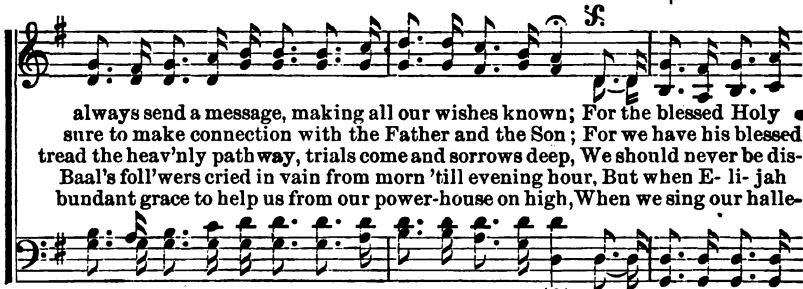
The Heavenly Wire.

H. L.

"I have a message from God unto thee."—Judg. iii: 20. HARRY LOPER.

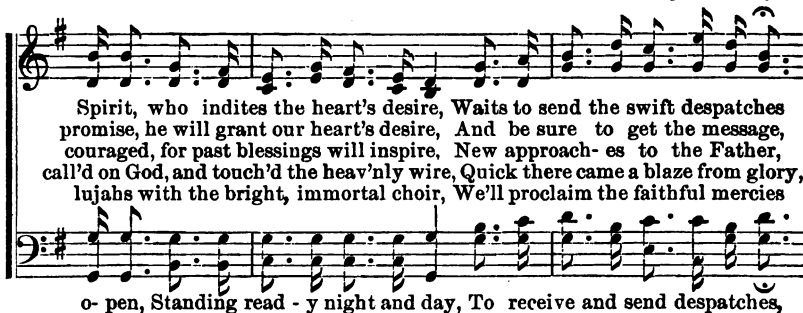


1. There's a wire from earth to heaven, and it reaches to the throne; We can
 2. For this wire is ev - er ready, and the current always on; You'll be
 3. Some- times the road is stony, and the journey rough and steep, As we
 4. There was a day false prophets met to test their gods of pow'r, When
 5. Since all pow'r to Christ is given in un - lim - i - ted supply, There's a-



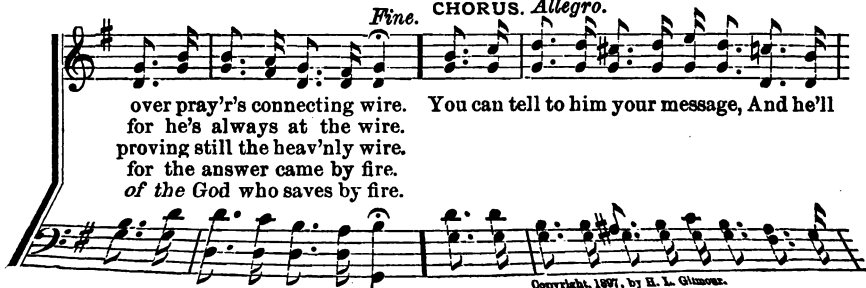
always send a message, making all our wishes known; For the blessed Holy
 sure to make connection with the Father and the Son; For we have his blessed
 tread the heav'nly path way, trials come and sorrows deep, We should never be dis-
 Baal's foll'wers cried in vain from morn 'till evening hour, But when E- li- jah
 abundant grace to help us from our power-house on high, When we sing our halle-

D.S.—The way is always



Spirit, who indites the heart's desire, Waits to send the swift despatches
 promise, he will grant our heart's desire, And be sure to get the message,
 couraged, for past blessings will inspire, New approach-es to the Father,
 call'd on God, and touch'd the heav'nly wire, Quick there came a blaze from glory,
 lujahs with the bright, immortal choir, We'll proclaim the faithful mercies

o- pen, Standing read - y night and day, To receive and send despatches,

Fine. CHORUS. *Allegro.*


over pray'r's connecting wire. You can tell to him your message, And he'll
 for he's always at the wire.
 proving still the heav'nly wire.
 for the answer came by fire.
 of the God who saves by fire.

answered in God's perfect way.

Copyright, 1907, by H. L. Glumens.

Slow and recit. D.S.

flash it o'er the wire, You'll be sure to get a quick reply, He answers still by fire;

I am Saved.

MRS. S. L. OBERHOLTZER.

JNO. R. SWENBY. By per.

1. I am sav'd! the Lord hath sav'd me, Help me shout the glorious news!
 2. Loud I sing my ex-ul-ta-tion, Hoping it will reach the skies,
 3. Free sal-va-tion! glad salva-tion! Let us shout from pole to pole,
 4. When at last the days are gathered In-to thy great judgment one,

I have tast-ed God's sal-va-tion, And 'tis sweet as honeyed dews.
 Keep, dear Lord, my soul forev-er Un-der thy pro-TECT-ing eyes,
 Un-til each dis-eased na-tion Feels that God hath made it whole.
 May I find my name deep written In the re-cords of thy Son.

CHORUS.

Glo-ry, glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah! I re-joice sal-va-tion came;

Glo-ry, glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah! I am saved in Je-sus, name.

On the Mountain with Jesus.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

2 Peter i: 18.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

1. Once I came a poor, pen-i- tent sin- ner, But the Saviour of
 2. Once I bowed in the val- ley of sor- row, But I heard a voice,
 3. Soon I'll walk with my Lord down the valley, And we'll en- ter those

men heard my pray'r; Then I went on the mountain with Je- sus, And his
 "do not despair;" Then I went on the mountain with Je- sus, And his
 portals so fair; Then I'll ~~live~~ on the mountain with Je- sus, And his

CHORUS.

glo- ry did shine 'round me there. Let the winds and the waves sweep a-
 glo- ry did shine 'round me there.
 glo- ry will shine 'round me there.

round me, I have peace which the world cannot share; For I've been on the

mountain with Je- sus, And his glory hath shone 'round me there.
 'round me there.

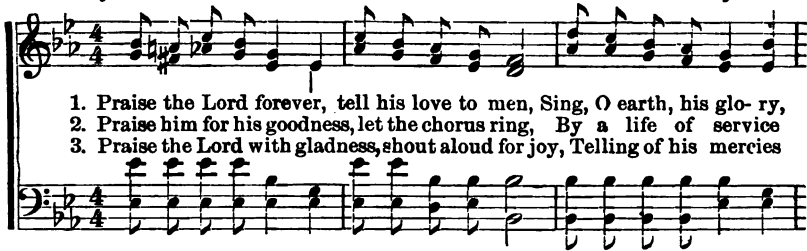
Copyright, 1897, by John J. Hood.

Praise His Holy Name.

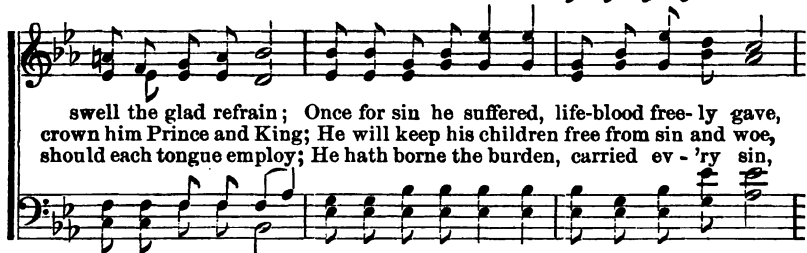
65

L. E. J.

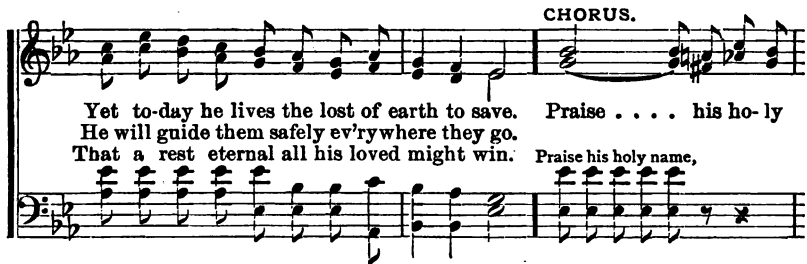
L. E. JONES.



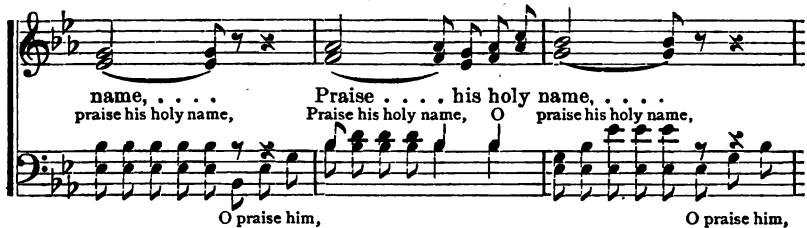
1. Praise the Lord forever, tell his love to men, Sing, O earth, his glo-ry,
 2. Praise him for his goodness, let the chorus ring, By a life of service
 3. Praise the Lord with gladness, shout aloud for joy, Telling of his mercies



swell the glad refrain; Once for sin he suffered, life-blood free-ly gave,
 crown him Prince and King; He will keep his children free from sin and woe,
 should each tongue employ; He hath borne the burden, carried ev-'ry sin,



CHORUS.
 Yet to-day he lives the lost of earth to save. Praise . . . his ho-ly
 He will guide them safely ev'rywhere they go.
 That a rest eternal all his loved might win. Praise his holy name,



name, Praise his holy name,
 praise his holy name, Praise his holy name, O praise his holy name,
 O praise him, O praise him,

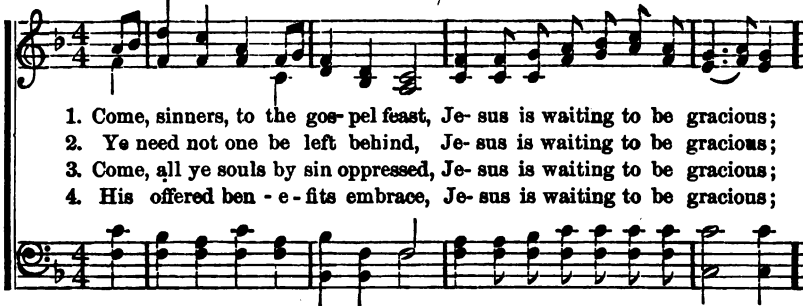


Praise . . . his holy name, Praise . . . the Saviour's name.
 Praise his holy name, praise his holy name, Praise his holy name, O praise the Saviour's name.
 O praise him, . . . Love and Praise, 4-E

Jesus is Waiting to be Gracious.

CHARLES WESLEY. Cho. by L. N. M.

Mrs. L. N. MORRIS.

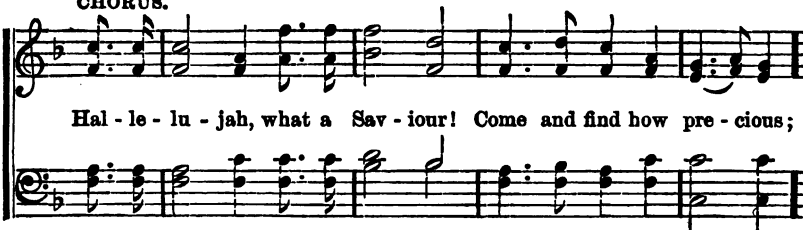


1. Come, sinners, to the gos-pel feast, Je-sus is waiting to be gracious;
 2. Ye need not one be left behind, Je-sus is waiting to be gracious;
 3. Come, all ye souls by sin oppressed, Je-sus is waiting to be gracious;
 4. His offered ben-e-fits embrace, Je-sus is waiting to be gracious;

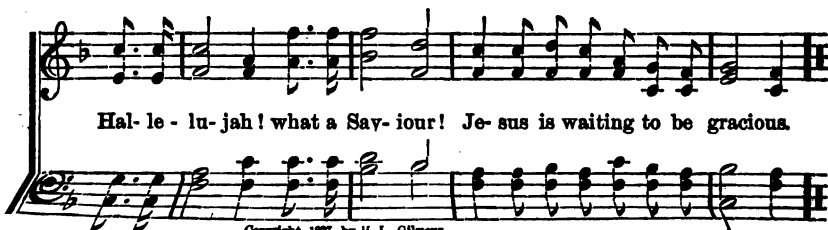


Let ev-'ry soul be Je-sus' guest, Je-sus is waiting to be gracious.
 For Christ has bidden all mankind, Je-sus is waiting to be gracious.
 Ye restless wand'ers af-ter rest, Je-sus is waiting to be gracious.
 And free-ly now be saved by grace, Je-sus is waiting to be gracious.

CHORUS.



Hal-le-lu-jah, what a Sav-iour! Come and find how pre-cious;



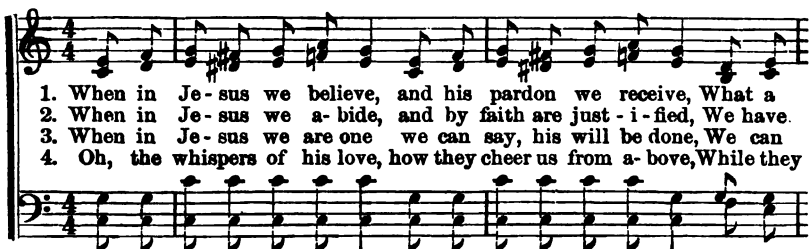
Hal-le-lu-jah! what a Sav-iour! Je-sus is waiting to be gracious.

The Greatness of His Mercy.

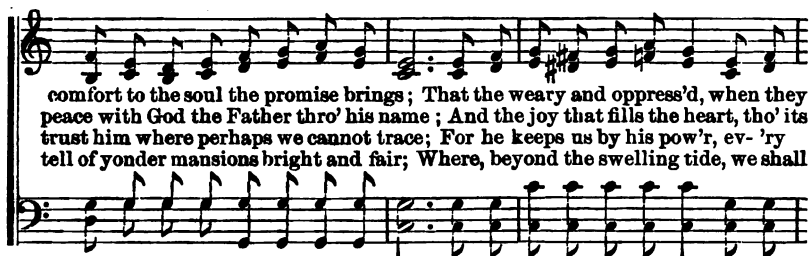
67

FANNY J. CROSBY.

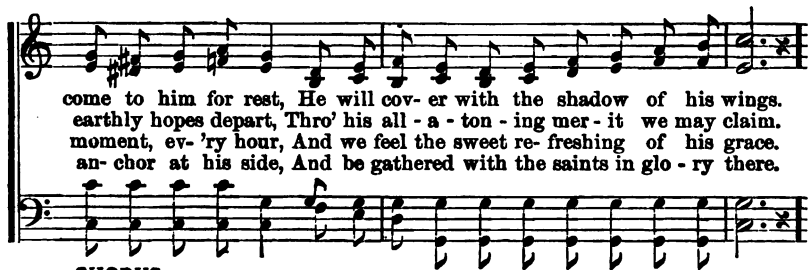
LIZZIE R. CLEMMER.



1. When in Je-sus we believe, and his pardon we receive, What a
2. When in Je-sus we a-bide, and by faith are just-i-fied, We have.
3. When in Je-sus we are one we can say, his will be done, We can
4. Oh, the whispers of his love, how they cheer us from a-bove, While they

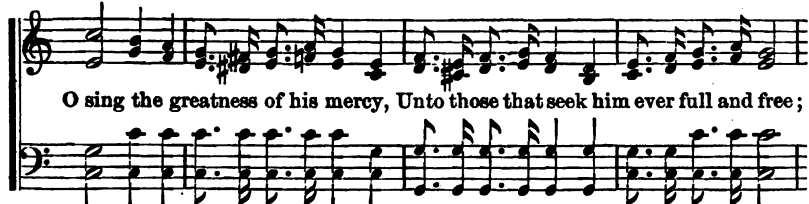


comfort to the soul the promise brings; That the weary and oppress'd, when they
peace with God the Father thro' his name; And the joy that fills the heart, tho' its
trust him where perhaps we cannot trace; For he keeps us by his pow'r, ev-'ry
tell of yonder mansions bright and fair; Where, beyond the swelling tide, we shall

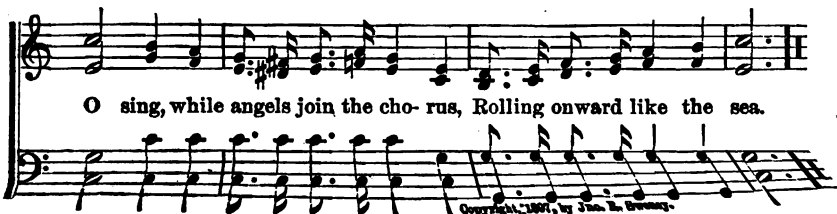


come to him for rest, He will cov-er with the shadow of his wings.
earthly hopes depart, Thro' his all-a-ton-ing mer-it we may claim.
moment, ev-'ry hour, And we feel the sweet re-freshing of his grace.
an-chor at his side, And be gathered with the saints in glo-ry there.

CHORUS.



O sing the greatness of his mercy, Unto those that seek him ever full and free;




O sing, while angels join the cho-rus, Rolling onward like the sea.

68 There's a Rustling in the Tree-Tops.

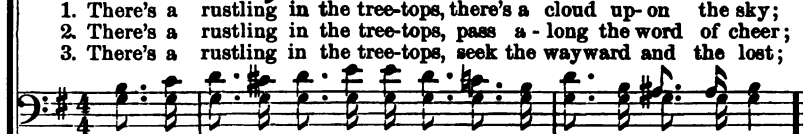

"When thou shalt hear a sound of going in the tops of the mulberry-trees, that then thou shalt go out to battle; for God is gone forth before thee."—1 CHRON. xiv: 15.

E. E. HEWITT.

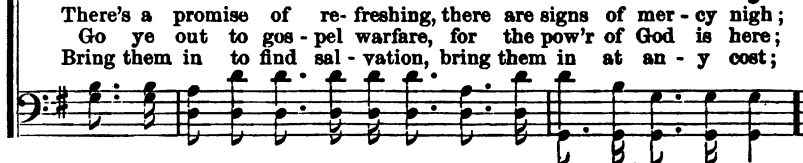
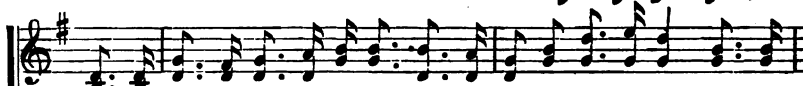
JNO. R. SWENEY.



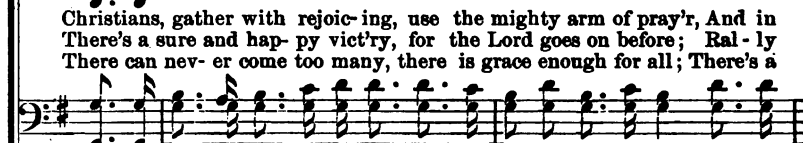
1. There's a rustling in the tree-tops, there's a cloud up-on the sky;
2. There's a rustling in the tree-tops, pass a-long the word of cheer;
3. There's a rustling in the tree-tops, seek the wayward and the lost;


There's a promise of re-freshing, there are signs of mer-cy nigh;
Go ye out to gos-pel warfare, for the pow'r of God is here;
Bring them in to find sal-vation, bring them in at an-y cost;

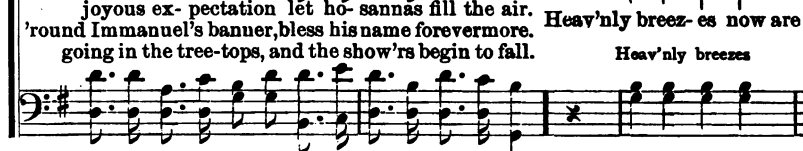

Christians, gather with rejoic-ing, use the mighty arm of pray'r, And in
There's a sure and hap-py vict'ry, for the Lord goes on before; Ral-ly
There can nev-er come too many, there is grace enough for all; There's a



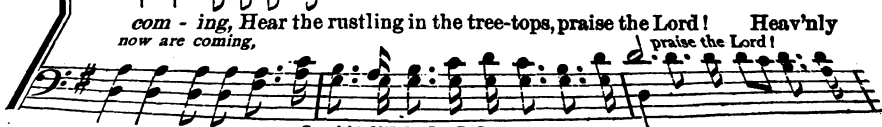
CHORUS.



joyous ex-pectation let ho-sannas fill the air.
'round Immanuel's ban-ner, bless his name forevermore. Heav'nly breez-es now are
going in the tree-tops, and the show'rs begin to fall. Heav'nly breezes

com-ing, Hear the rustling in the tree-tops, praise the Lord! Heav'nly
now are coming, praise the Lord!



There's a Rustling, etc.—CONCLUDED: 69

breez - es now are coming, Hear the rustling in the tree-tops, praise the Lord!
breezes now are com - ing, praise the Lord!

Praise to the Trinity.

"Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty."—REV. iv: 8.

IDA SCOTT TAYLOR.

W. H. DOANE.

1. Now to the Fa-ther, God of earth and heaven, Blessing and hon - or
2. Praise ye the Son, e - ternal King of glo - ry, Laud him, ye peo - ple,
3. Now to the Spir - it lift your hearts and voices, While from the skies the

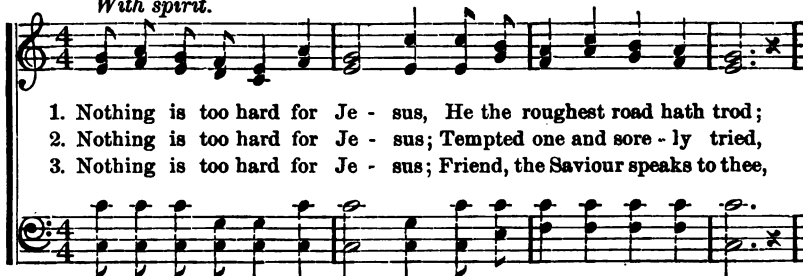
ev - ermore be giv - en; Worship be - fore him, Joy - ful - ly a -
tell his wondrous sto - ry; Let all cre - a - tion Join the proc - la -
an - gel - host re - joic - es; Fa - ther most ho - ly, Son, and Spir - it

dore him, Praise ye, praise ye the Father, God most high!
ma - tion, Praise ye, praise ye for - ev - er Christ the Lord!
low - ly Praise we, world without end, a - men, a - men! A - men!

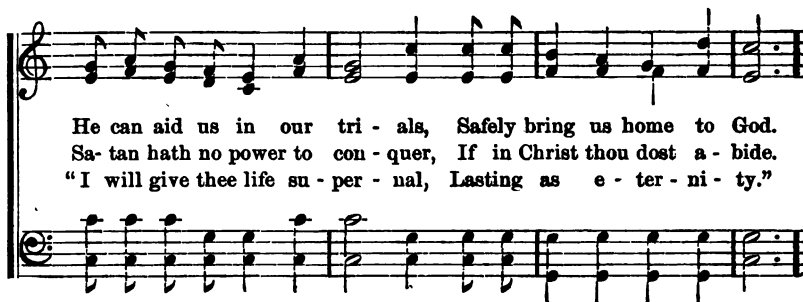
Nothing is too Hard for Jesus.

C. W. McCROSSAN.

F. S. SHEPARD.

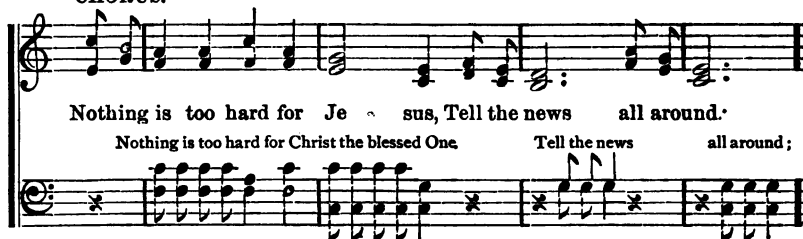
With spirit.


1. Nothing is too hard for Je - sus, He the roughest road hath trod;
 2. Nothing is too hard for Je - sus; Tempted one and sore - ly tried,
 3. Nothing is too hard for Je - sus; Friend, the Saviour speaks to thee,



He can aid us in our tri - als, Safely bring us home to God.
 Sa - tan hath no power to con - quer, If in Christ thou dost a - bide.
 "I will give thee life su - per - nal, Lasting as e - ter - ni - ty."

CHORUS.



Nothing is too hard for Je - sus, Tell the news all around.
 Nothing is too hard for Christ the blessed One. Tell the news all around;



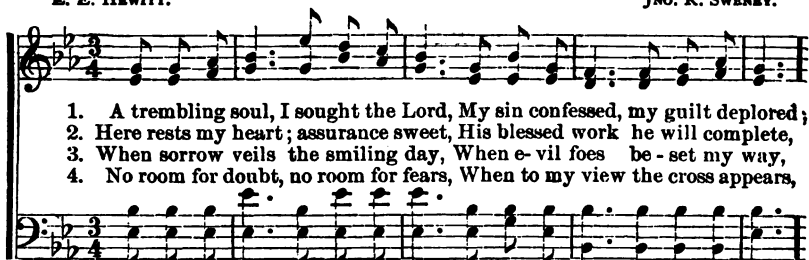
Quickly spread the joy - ful mes - sage Wheresoev - er man is found.
 Quickly spread the joyful message all around,

The Took My Place.

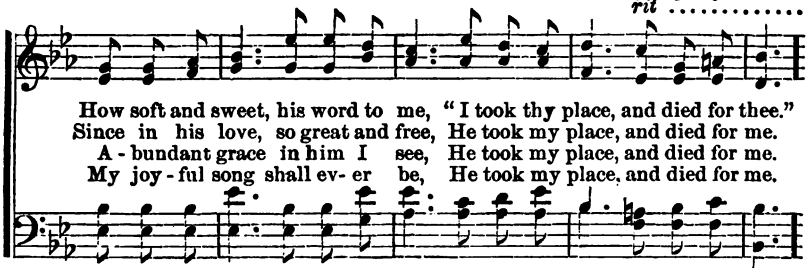
71

L. E. HEWITT.

JNO. R. SWENEY.



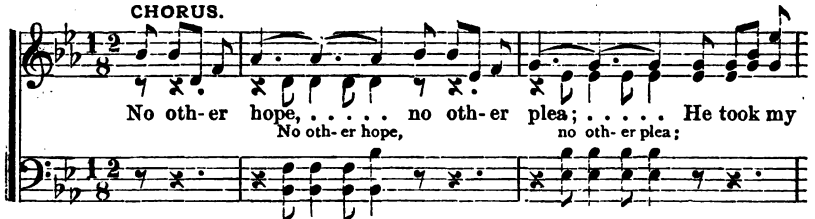
1. A trembling soul, I sought the Lord, My sin confessed, my guilt deplored;
 2. Here rests my heart; assurance sweet, His blessed work he will complete,
 3. When sorrow veils the smiling day, When e-vil foes be-set my way,
 4. No room for doubt, no room for fears, When to my view the cross appears,



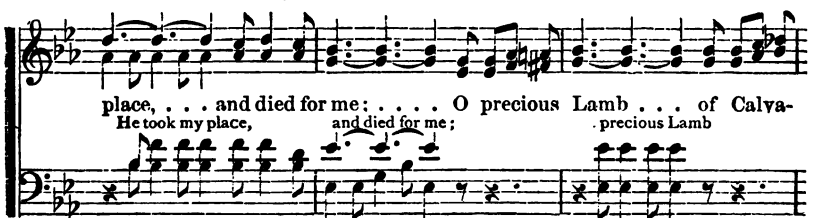
rit

How soft and sweet, his word to me, "I took thy place, and died for thee."
 Since in his love, so great and free, He took my place, and died for me.
 A-bundant grace in him I see, He took my place, and died for me.
 My joy-ful song shall ev-er be, He took my place, and died for me.

CHORUS.



No oth-er hope, no oth-er plea; He took my
 No oth-er hope, no oth-er plea;



place, . . . and died for me: . . . O precious Lamb . . . of Calva-
 He took my place, and died for me; precious Lamb



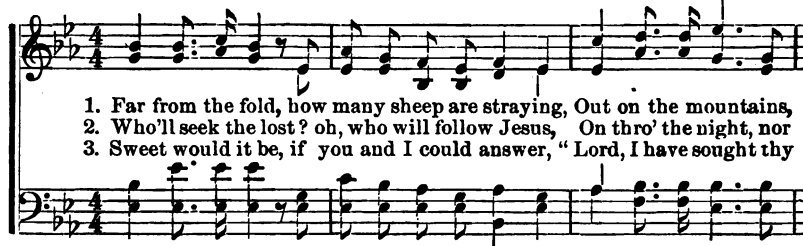
rit

ry! He took my place, and died for me.
 of Cal-va-ry! He took my place, and died for me.

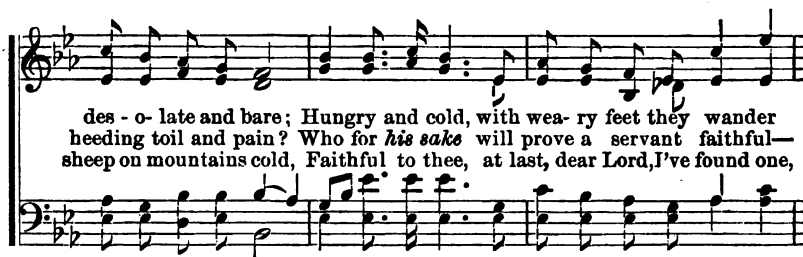
Far from the Fold.

J. H. E.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

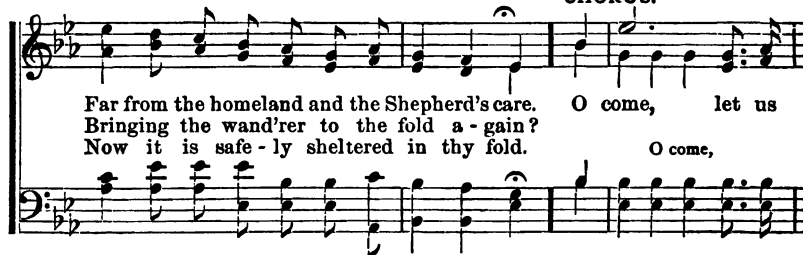


1. Far from the fold, how many sheep are straying, Out on the mountains,
 2. Who'll seek the lost? oh, who will follow Jesus, On thro' the night, nor
 3. Sweet would it be, if you and I could answer, "Lord, I have sought thy

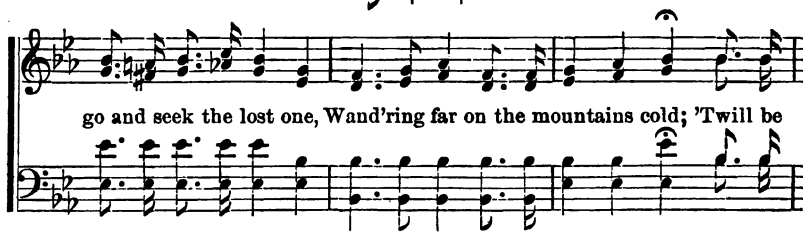


des - o - late and bare; Hungry and cold, with wea - ry feet they wander
 heeding toil and pain? Who for *his sake* will prove a servant faithful—
 sheep on mountains cold, Faithful to thee, at last, dear Lord, I've found one,

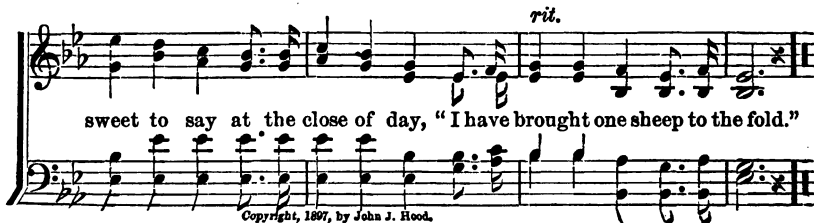
CHORUS.



Far from the homeland and the Shepherd's care. O come, let us
 Bringing the wand'rer to the fold a - gain?
 Now it is safe - ly sheltered in thy fold. O come,



go and seek the lost one, Wand'ring far on the mountains cold; 'Twill be



rit.
 sweet to say at the close of day, "I have brought one sheep to the fold."

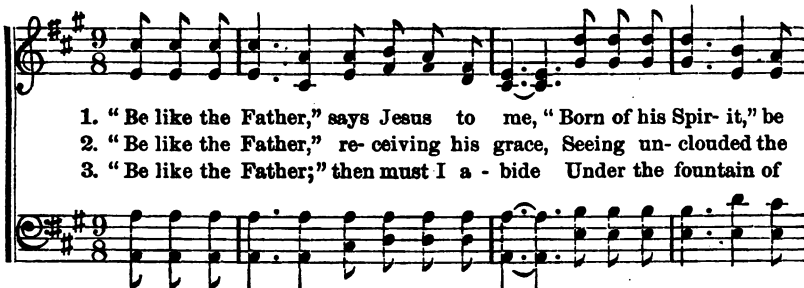
Showering and Shining.

73

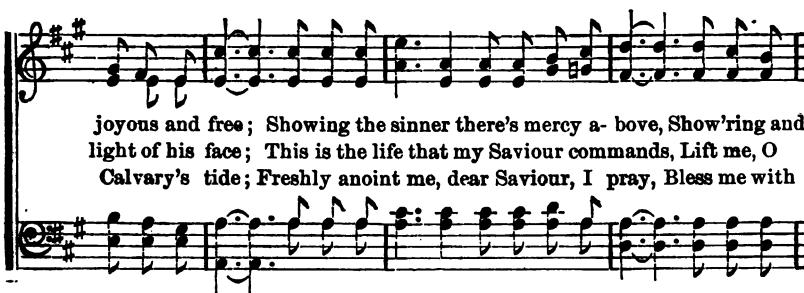
E. E. HEWITT.

"He maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good,"

H. L. GILMORE.

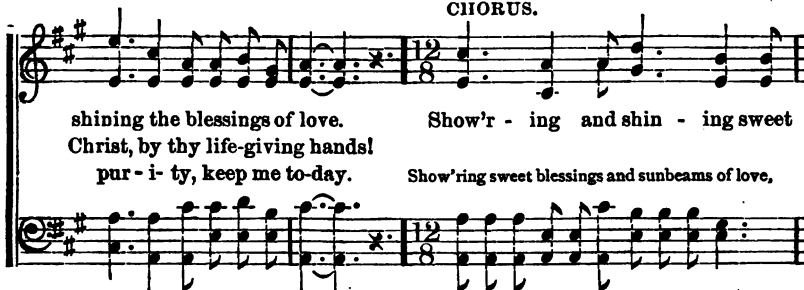


1. "Be like the Father," says Jesus to me, "Born of his Spir- it," be
 2. "Be like the Father," re- ceiving his grace, Seeing un- clouded the
 3. "Be like the Father;" then must I a - bide Under the fountain of

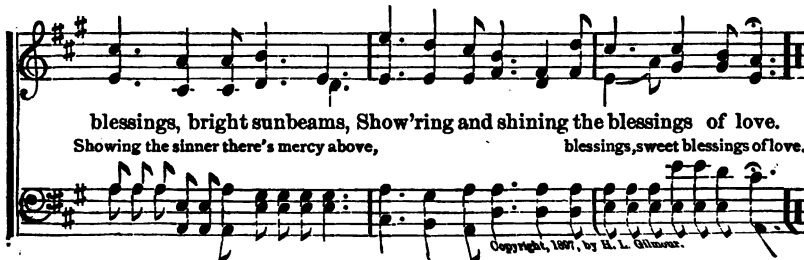


joyous and free; Showing the sinner there's mercy a- bove, Show'ring and
 light of his face; This is the life that my Saviour commands, Lift me, O
 Calvary's tide; Freshly anoint me, dear Saviour, I pray, Bless me with

CHORUS.



shining the blessings of love. Show'r - ing and shin - ing sweet
 Christ, by thy life-giving hands!
 pur - i - ty, keep me to-day. Show'ring sweet blessings and sunbeams of love,

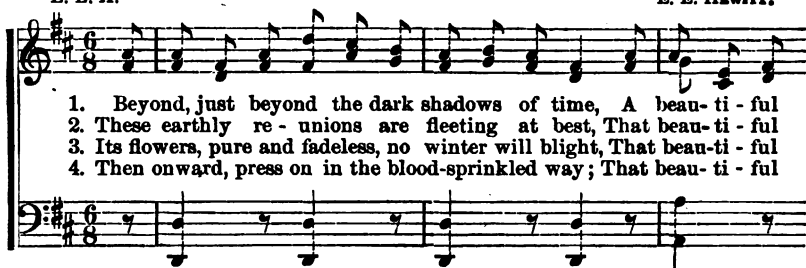


blessings, bright sunbeams, Show'ring and shining the blessings of love.
 Showing the sinner there's mercy above, blessings, sweet blessings of love.

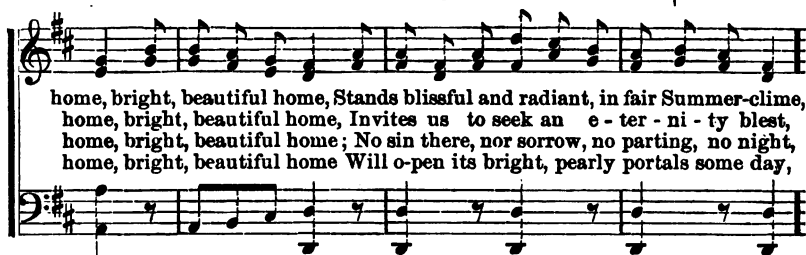
Multitudes, Multitudes.

E. E. H.

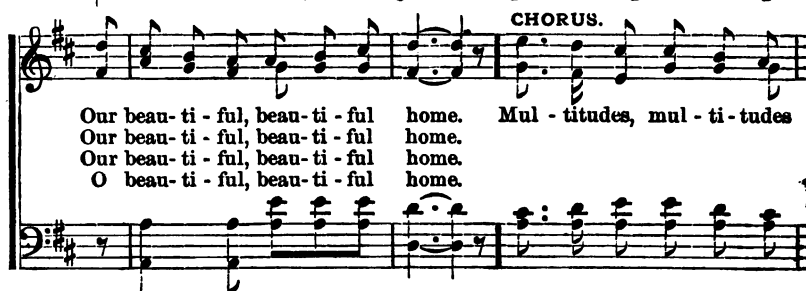
E. E. Hawitt.



1. Beyond, just beyond the dark shadows of time, A beau-ti-ful
 2. These earthly re-unions are fleeting at best, That beau-ti-ful
 3. Its flowers, pure and fadeless, no winter will blight, That beau-ti-ful
 4. Then onward, press on in the blood-sprinkled way; That beau-ti-ful

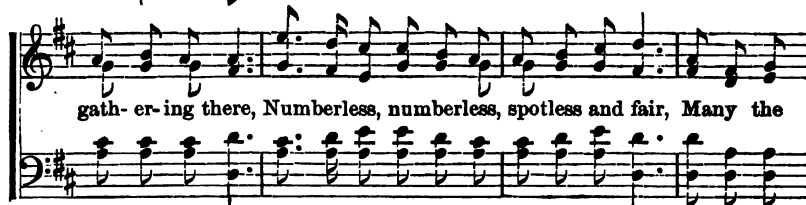


home, bright, beautiful home, Stands blissful and radiant, in fair Summer-clime,
 home, bright, beautiful home, Invites us to seek an e-ter-ni-ty blest,
 home, bright, beautiful home; No sin there, nor sorrow, no parting, no night,
 home, bright, beautiful home Will o-pen its bright, pearly portals some day,

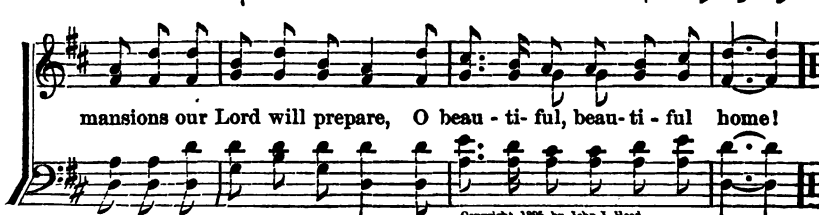


CHORUS.

Our beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful home. Mul-titudes, mul-ti-tudes
 Our beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful home.
 Our beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful home.
 O beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful home.



gath-er-ing there, Numberless, numberless, spotless and fair, Many the



mansions our Lord will prepare, O beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful home!

Sweet Rest There.

75

"There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God."—Heb. iv: 9.

F. A. B.

F. A. BLACKMER.

1. How precious the tho't, when with sorrows we meet, There'll be sweet rest there;
 2. Tho' bowed 'neath the burdens that here so oppress, There'll be sweet rest there;
 3. Look up, soul bereft, and remem-ber ere long There'll be sweet rest there;
 4. On that quiet shore, past the mad breakers' foam, There'll be sweet rest there;
 5. Earth's weariness soon shall forev - er be past, There'll be sweet rest there.

Tho' oft faints the spir-it, and fal-ter the feet, There'll be sweet rest there;
 Our Saviour on earth felt the same weariness, There'll be sweet rest there;
 The sigh of the mourner shall merge into song, There'll be sweet rest there;
 No sorrow of earth shall be felt in that home, There'll be sweet rest there.
 The rest that "remaineth" we'll enter at last, There'll be sweet rest there.

m CHORUS. *p*

There'll be rest, there'll be rest, Rest for all who a - wea - ry roam;

m *p*

There'll be rest, there'll be rest, In that e - ter - nal home.

Copyright, 1901, by John J. Hood.

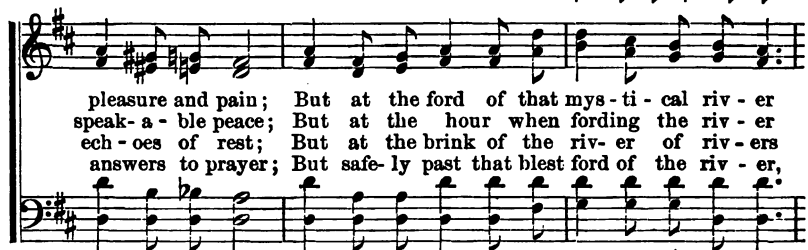
At the Ford of the River.

R. HORATIO HARDIN.

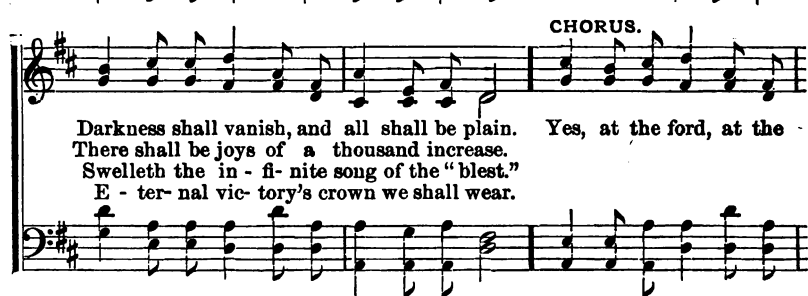
JNO. R. SWENEY.



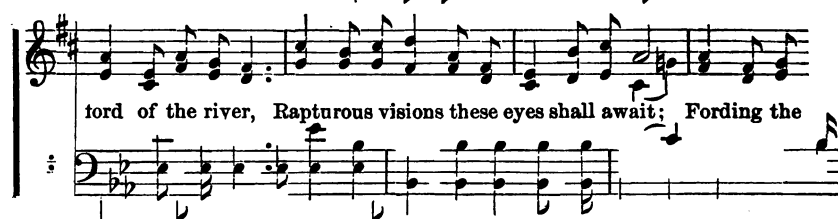
1. Earth has its sorrows, its heartaches, its anguish; Fraught are life's moments with
 2. Earth has its pleasures, its lessons of gladness; Fill'd is joy's cup with un-
 3. Earth has its songs of a tri-umphal measure, Songs of rejoic-ing and
 4. Earth has its vic-tories, praise the Redeemer! Glo-ri-fied vis-ions and



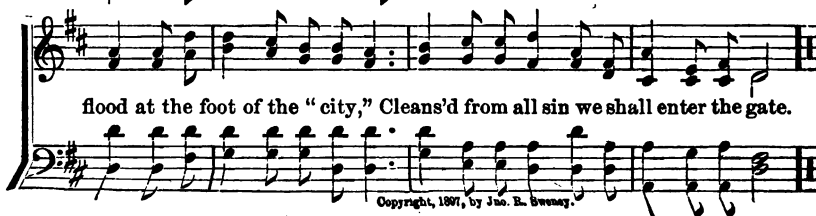
pleasure and pain; But at the ford of that mys-ti-cal riv-er
 speak-a-ble peace; But at the hour when fording the riv-er
 ech-oes of rest; But at the brink of the riv-er of riv-ers
 answers to prayer; But safe-ly past that blest ford of the riv-er,



CHORUS.
 Darkness shall vanish, and all shall be plain. Yes, at the ford, at the
 There shall be joys of a thousand increase.
 Swelleth the in-fi-nite song of the "blest."
 E-ter-nal vic-tory's crown we shall wear.



tord of the river, Rapturous visions these eyes shall await; Fording the



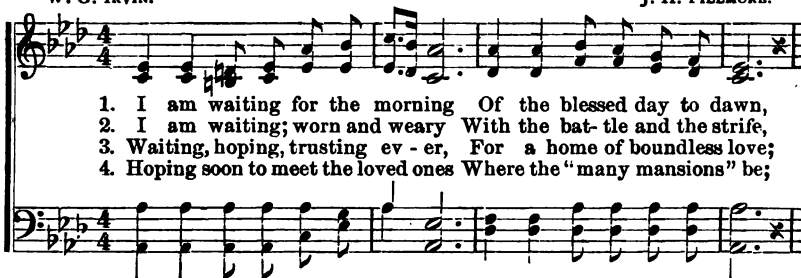
flood at the foot of the "city," Cleans'd from all sin we shall enter the gate.

Only Waiting.

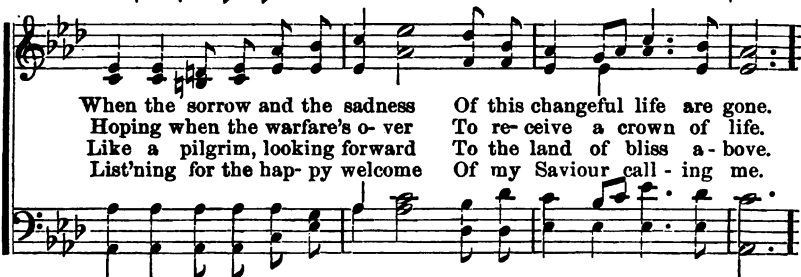
77

W. G. IRVIN.

J. H. FILLMORE.

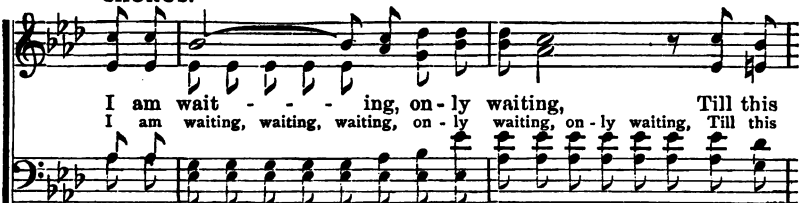


1. I am waiting for the morning Of the blessed day to dawn,
 2. I am waiting; worn and weary With the bat-tle and the strife,
 3. Waiting, hoping, trusting ev - er, For a home of boundless love;
 4. Hoping soon to meet the loved ones Where the "many mansions" be;

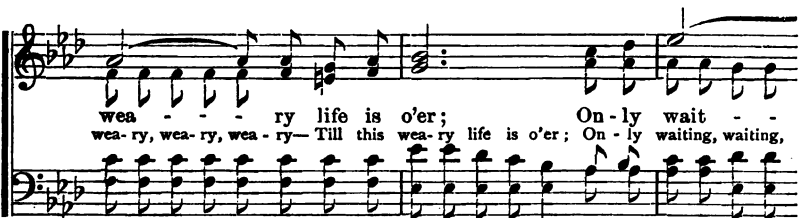


When the sorrow and the sadness Of this changeful life are gone.
 Hoping when the warfare's o-ver To re-ceive a crown of life.
 Like a pilgrim, looking forward To the land of bliss a-bove.
 List'ning for the hap-py welcome Of my Saviour call-ing me.

CHORUS.



I am wait - - - ing, on - ly waiting, Till this
 I am waiting, waiting, waiting, on - ly waiting, on - ly waiting, Till this



wea - - - ry life is o'er; On - ly wait - -
 wea-ry, wea-ry, wea-ry—Till this wea-ry life is o'er; On - ly waiting, waiting,



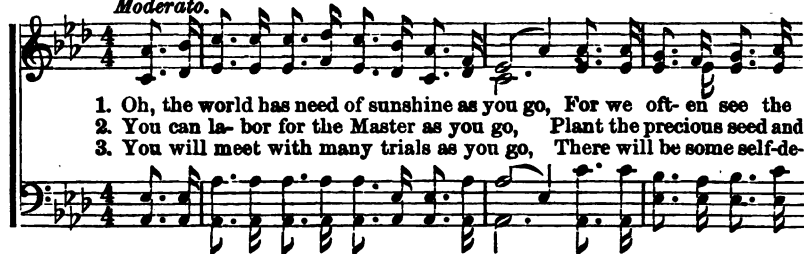
- - ing for my welcome, From my Saviour on the other shore.
 waiting for my welcome, for my welcome,

By permission of Fillmore Bros.

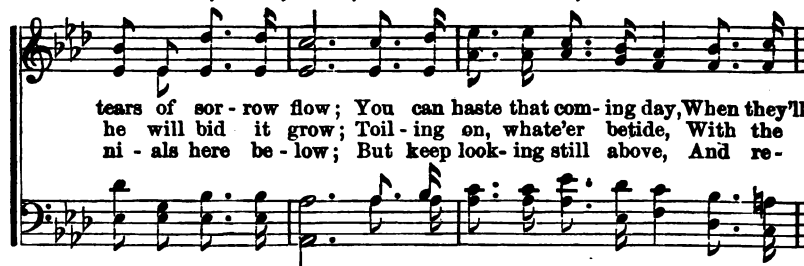
Sunshine as You Go.

JOHN M. BAKER.

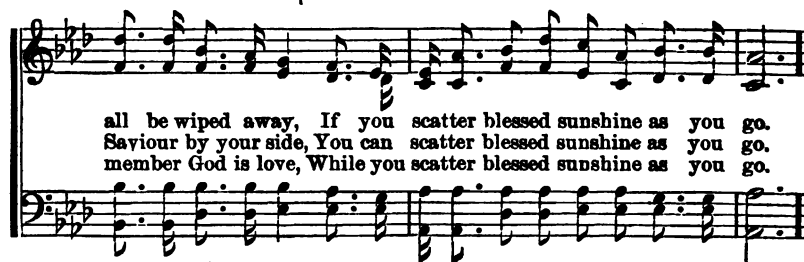
JNO. R. SWENEY.

Moderato.


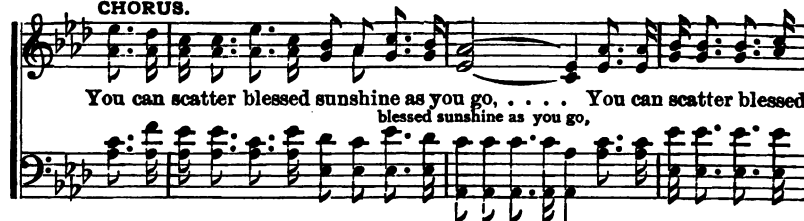
1. Oh, the world has need of sunshine as you go, For we oft-en see the
2. You can la- bor for the Master as you go, Plant the precious seed and
3. You will meet with many trials as you go, There will be some self-de-



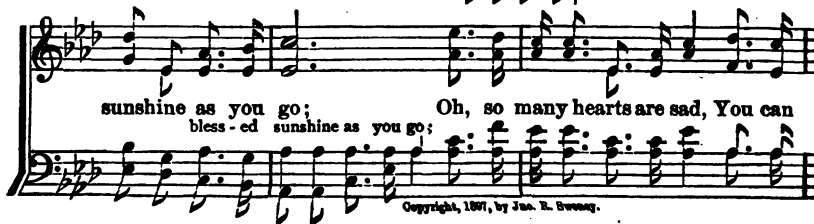
tears of sor- row flow; You can haste that com- ing day, When they'll
he will bid it grow; Toil- ing on, whate'er betide, With the
ni- als here be- low; But keep look- ing still above, And re-



all be wiped away, If you scatter blessed sunshine as you go.
Saviour by your side, You can scatter blessed sunshine as you go.
member God is love, While you scatter blessed sunshine as you go.

CHORUS.


You can scatter blessed sunshine as you go, You can scatter blessed
blessed sunshine as you go,



sunshine as you go; Oh, so many hearts are sad, You can
bless- ed sunshine as you go;

help to make them glad, If you scatter blessed sunshine as you go.

Send it Now.

Mrs. C. H. M.

Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.

1. Send salvation, Lord, send thy full salvation, Lord, Send it now,
2. Send thy pardon, Lord, send thy gracious pardon, Lord, Send it now,
3. Send, oh, send the fire, send the all-re - fining fire, Send it now,

Send it now,

send it now; Come in saving grace, sweep these altars, fill this place,
 send it now; Lost without thy grace, show thy recon - cil - ed face,
 send it now; Oh, consume our sin, sancti - fy and make us clean,
 send it now;

Send sal - va - tion, send it now, send sal - va - tion, send it now.
 Send thy par - don, send it now, send thy par - don, send it now.
 Send the fire, oh, send it now, send the fire, oh, send it now.

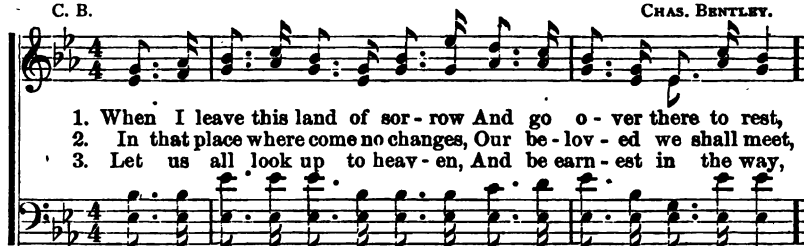
Copyright, 1897, by H. L. Gilmour.

- 4 Send, oh, send the power, send the Pentocostal power,
 Send it now, send it now;
 Blessed Holy Ghost, breathe upon this waiting host,
 Send the power, oh, send it now, send the power, oh, send it now.
- 5 For he comes, he comes, lo, the blessed Spirit comes,
 Fills me now, fills me now;
 Fully saved I am, glory, glory to the Lamb,
 For he comes and fills me now, for he comes and fills me now.

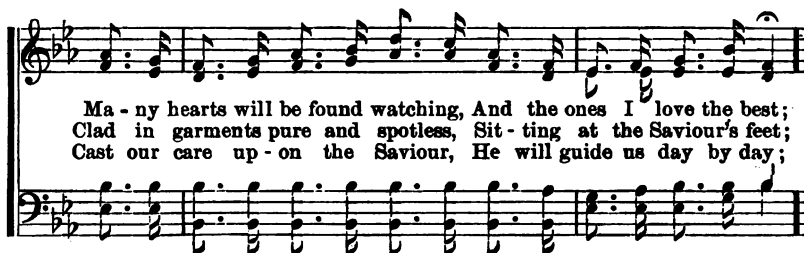
80 When I Reach the Gates of Glory.

C. B.

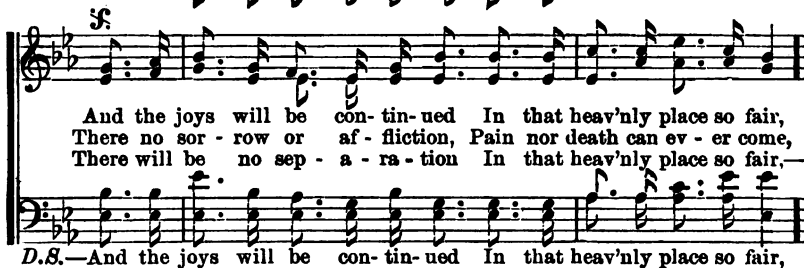
CHAS. BENTLEY.



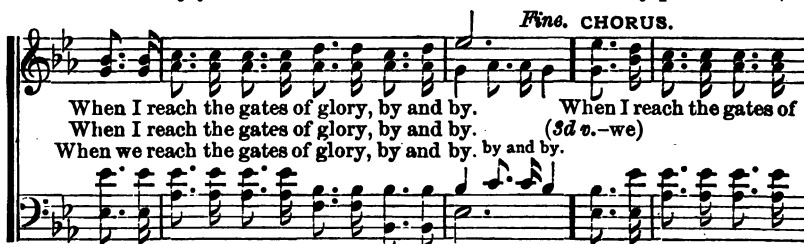
1. When I leave this land of sor - row And go o - ver there to rest,
 2. In that place where come no changes, Our be - lov - ed we shall meet,
 3. Let us all look up to heav - en, And be earn - est in the way,



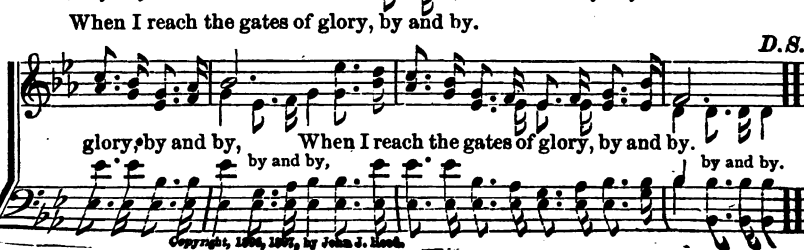
Ma - ny hearts will be found watching, And the ones I love the best;
 Clad in garments pure and spotless, Sit - ting at the Saviour's feet;
 Cast our care up - on the Saviour, He will guide us day by day;



And the joys will be con - tin - ued In that heav'nly place so fair,
 There no sor - row or af - fliction, Pain nor death can ev - er come,
 There will be no sep - a - ra - tion In that heav'nly place so fair, -
D.S.—And the joys will be con - tin - ued In that heav'nly place so fair,



Fine. CHORUS.
 When I reach the gates of glory, by and by. When I reach the gates of
 When I reach the gates of glory, by and by. (*3d v.-we*)
 When we reach the gates of glory, by and by. by and by.



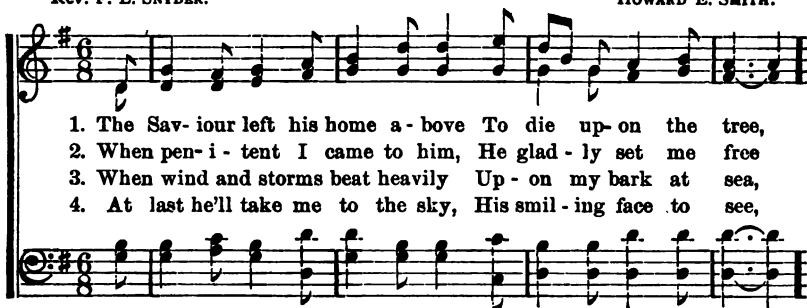
D.S.
 When I reach the gates of glory, by and by.
 glory, by and by, When I reach the gates of glory, by and by.
 by and by, by and by.

That's what He Did for Me.

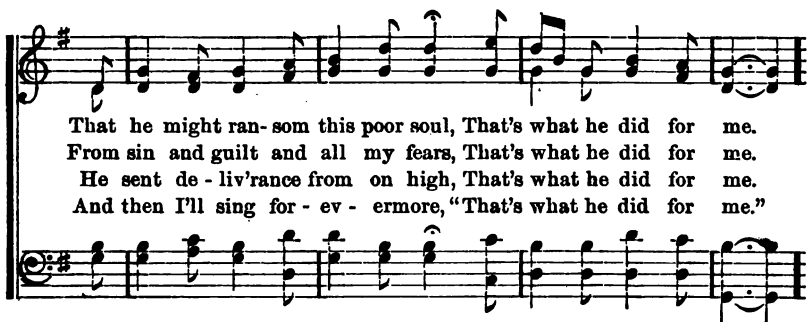
81

Rev. F. L. SNYDER.

HOWARD E. SMITH.



1. The Sav- iour left his home a - bove To die up - on the tree,
 2. When pen - i - tent I came to him, He glad - ly set me free
 3. When wind and storms beat heavily Up - on my bark at sea,
 4. At last he'll take me to the sky, His smil - ing face to see,

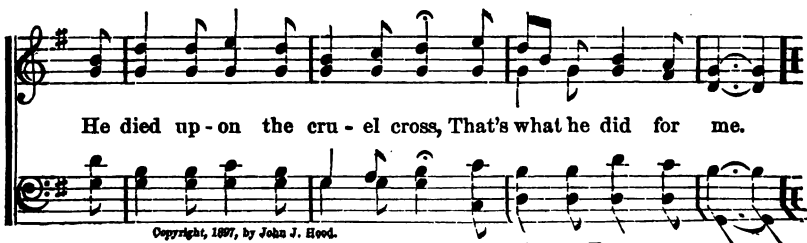


That he might ran - som this poor soul, That's what he did for me.
 From sin and guilt and all my fears, That's what he did for me.
 He sent de - liv'rance from on high, That's what he did for me.
 And then I'll sing for - ev - ermore, "That's what he did for me."

CHORUS.



That's what he did for me, . . . That's what he did for me; . . .
 for me, for me;



He died up - on the cru - el cross, That's what he did for me.

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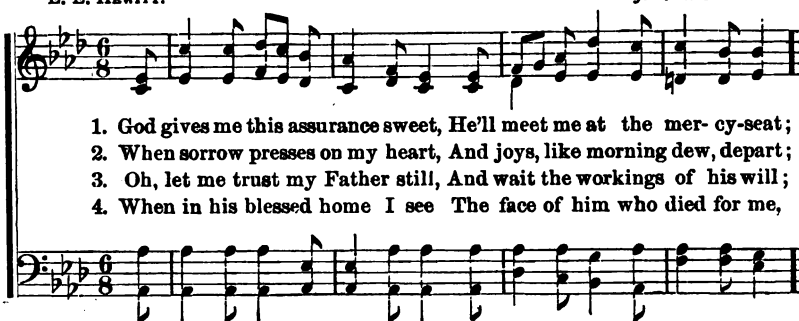
Love and Praise, 4—F

God Answers Prayer.

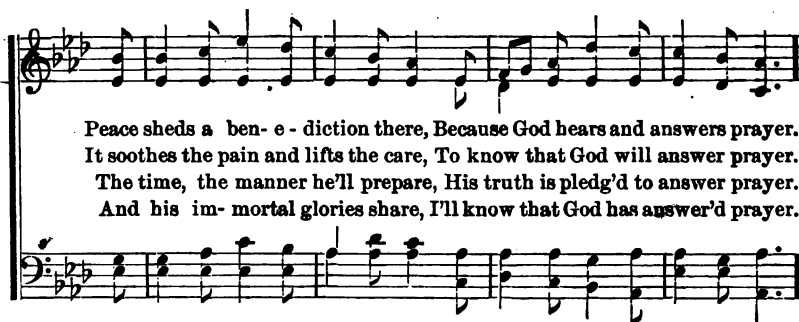
"He shall call upon me, and I will answer him Ps. xci: 15.

E. E. HEWITT.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

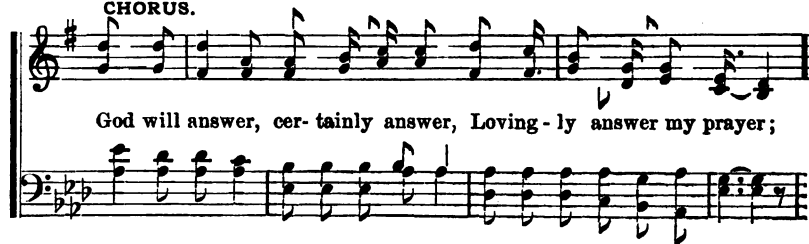


1. God gives me this assurance sweet, He'll meet me at the mer-cy-seat;
 2. When sorrow presses on my heart, And joys, like morning dew, depart;
 3. Oh, let me trust my Father still, And wait the workings of his will;
 4. When in his blessed home I see The face of him who died for me,

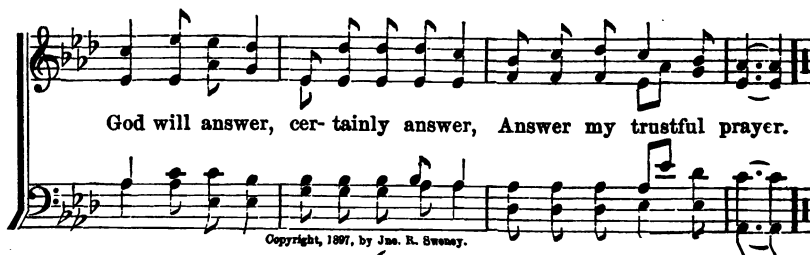


Peace sheds a ben-e-diction there, Because God hears and answers prayer.
 It soothes the pain and lifts the care, To know that God will answer prayer.
 The time, the manner he'll prepare, His truth is pledg'd to answer prayer.
 And his im-mortal glories share, I'll know that God has answer'd prayer.

CHORUS.



God will answer, cer-tainly answer, Loving-ly answer my prayer;



God will answer, cer-tainly answer, Answer my trustful prayer.


Holy Spirit, Bless me Now.

83


M. WENDELL HUBBARD.

H. L. GILMOUR.

Prayerfully.



1. Ho - ly Spir - it, bless me now! At thy feet I hum - bly bow;
 2. Whit - er than the driv - en snow, Pure as is the lil - y's glow;
 3. Let thy will in me be done, May thy will and mine be one;




Look up - on my bit - ter pain, Cleanse my soul from ev - 'ry stain.
 May my heart thy tem - ple be Con - se - cra - ted, Lord, to thee.
 Lost in Christ, oh, reign a - lone, Make a sin - ners heart thy throne.

CHORUS.



Ho - ly Spir - it, come, oh, come, Make in ev - 'ry heart thy home;



Ev - er stay enthroned with-in, Break the power of canceled sin.

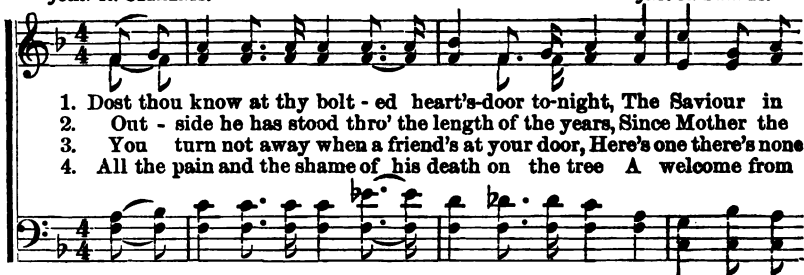
4 Now I made thy ways my choice,
 Let me hear thy gentle voice;
 Shed abroad the peace divine,
 Bind my heart in love to thine.

5 Cleanse, oh, cleanse my sin-sick soul,
 Speak the word, and make me whole;
 From the altar send the fire,
 Lord, with love my soul inspire.

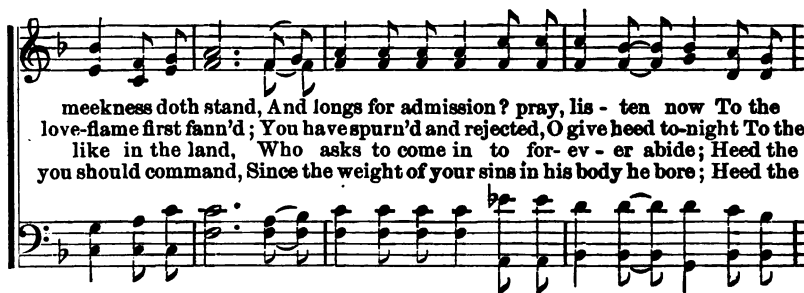
84 The Knock of the Nail-Pierced Hand.

JOHN R. CLEMENTS.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

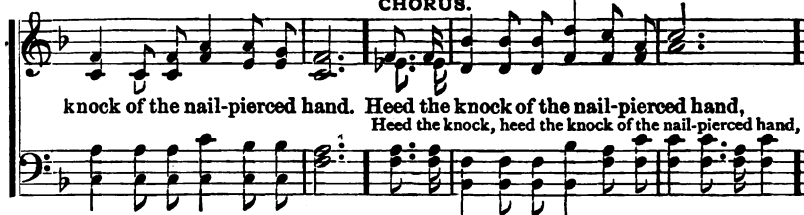


1. Dost thou know at thy bolt - ed heart's-door-to-night, The Saviour in
 2. Out - side he has stood thro' the length of the years, Since Mother the
 3. You turn not away when a friend's at your door, Here's one there's none
 4. All the pain and the shame of his death on the tree A welcome from

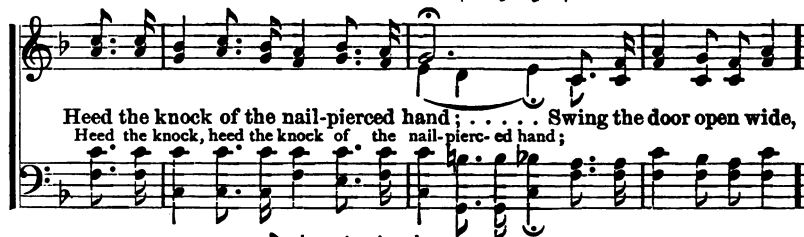


meekness doth stand, And longs for admission? pray, lis - ten now To the
 love-flame first fann'd; You have spurn'd and rejected, O give heed to-night To the
 like in the land, Who asks to come in to for - ev - er abide; Heed the
 you should command, Since the weight of your sins in his body he bore; Heed the

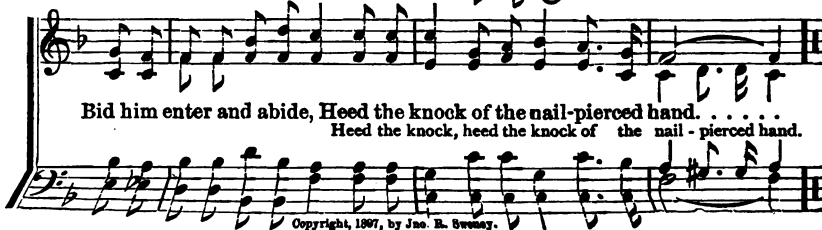
CHORUS.



knock of the nail-pierced hand. Heed the knock of the nail-pierced hand,
 Heed the knock, heed the knock of the nail-pierced hand,



Heed the knock of the nail-pierced hand; Swing the door open wide,
 Heed the knock, heed the knock of the nail-pierced hand;



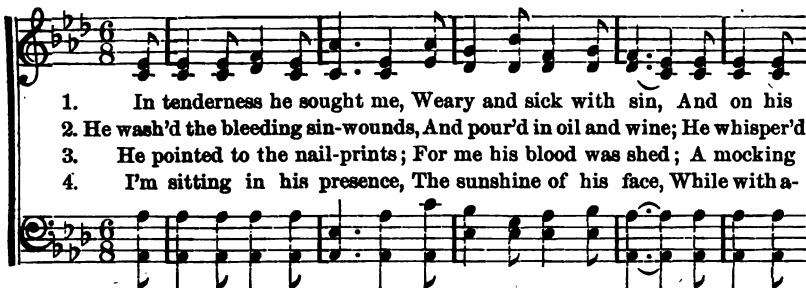
Bid him enter and abide, Heed the knock of the nail-pierced hand.
 Heed the knock, heed the knock of the nail - pierced hand.

the Love that Sought Me!

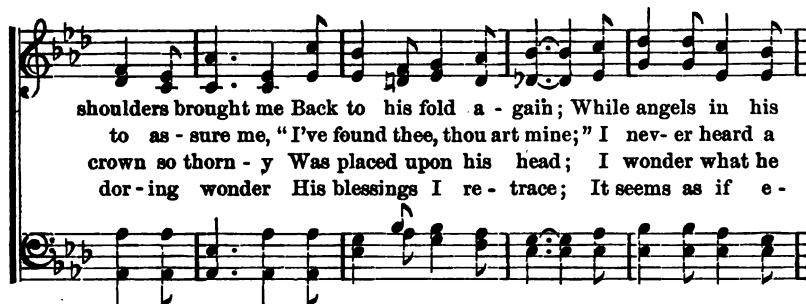
85

Dr. A. J. GORDON.

H. L. GILMOUR.

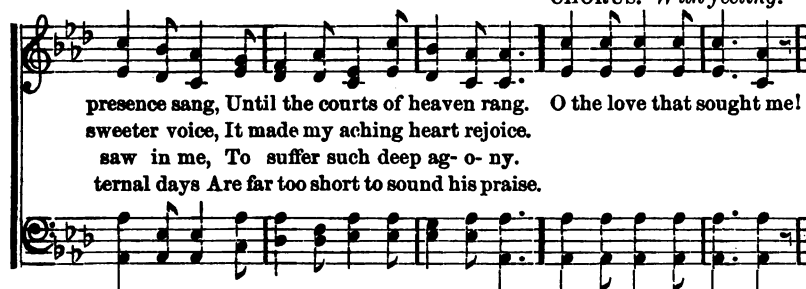


1. In tenderness he sought me, Weary and sick with sin, And on his
2. He wash'd the bleeding sin-wounds, And pour'd in oil and wine; He whisper'd
3. He pointed to the nail-prints; For me his blood was shed; A mocking
4. I'm sitting in his presence, The sunshine of his face, While with a-

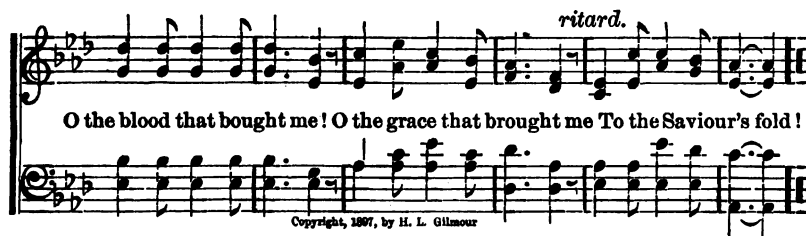


shoulders brought me Back to his fold a - gain; While angels in his
to as - sure me, "I've found thee, thou art mine;" I nev - er heard a
crown so thorn - y Was placed upon his head; I wonder what he
dor - ing wonder His blessings I re - trace; It seems as if e -

CHORUS. *With feeling.*



presence sang, Until the courts of heaven rang. O the love that sought me!
sweeter voice, It made my aching heart rejoice.
saw in me, To suffer such deep ag - o - ny.
ternal days Are far too short to sound his praise.



ritard.
O the blood that bought me! O the grace that brought me To the Saviour's fold!

Copyright, 1897, by H. L. Gilmour

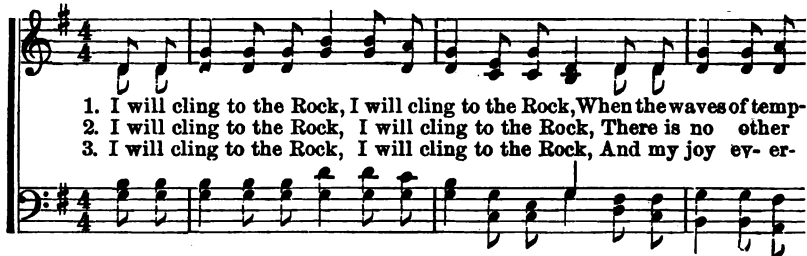
5 So while the hours are passing,
All now is perfect rest;
I'm waiting for the morning,

The brightest and the best;
When he will call us to his side,
To be with him, his spotless bride.

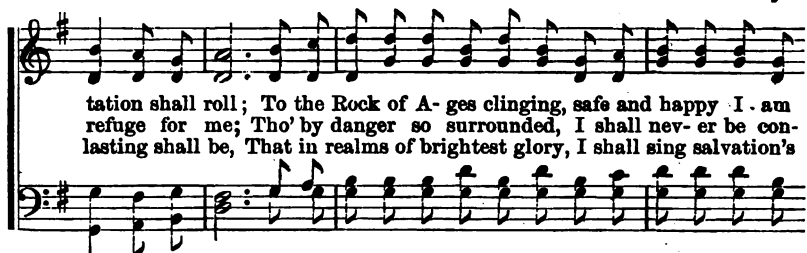
I will Cling to the Rock.

Mrs. FRANK A. BRECK.

H. L. GILMOUR.

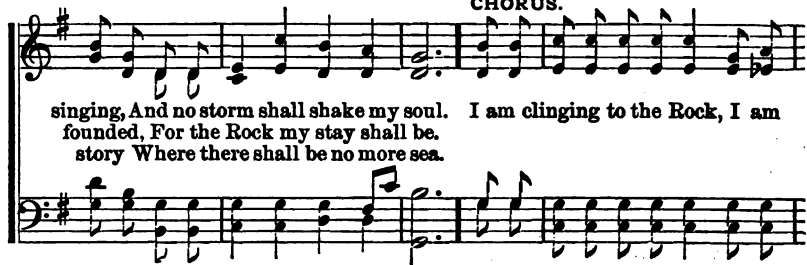


1. I will cling to the Rock, I will cling to the Rock, When the waves of temp-
 2. I will cling to the Rock, I will cling to the Rock, There is no other
 3. I will cling to the Rock, I will cling to the Rock, And my joy ev-er-

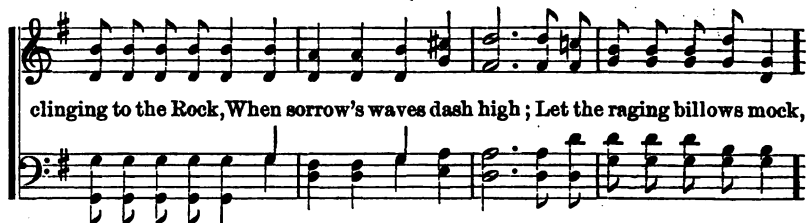


tation shall roll; To the Rock of Ages clinging, safe and happy I am
 refuge for me; Tho' by danger so surrounded, I shall nev-er be con-
 lasting shall be, That in realms of brightest glory, I shall sing salvation's

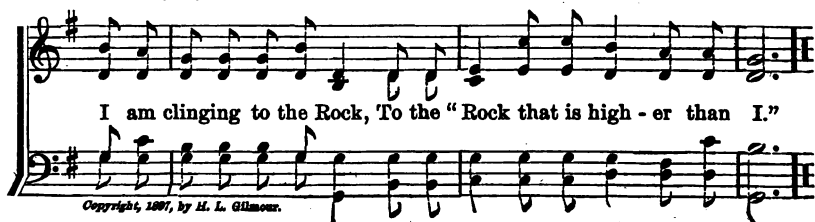
CHORUS.



singing, And no storm shall shake my soul. I am clinging to the Rock, I am
 founded, For the Rock my stay shall be.
 story Where there shall be no more sea.



clinging to the Rock, When sorrow's waves dash high; Let the raging billows mock,



I am clinging to the Rock, To the "Rock that is high - er than I."

See! They are Drifting.

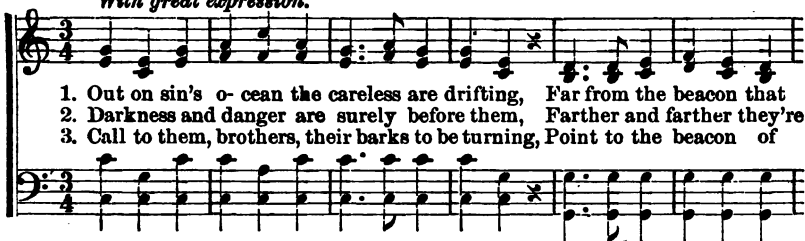
87

"Cry aloud! . . . lift up thy voice like a trumpet!"—Isa. lviii: 1.

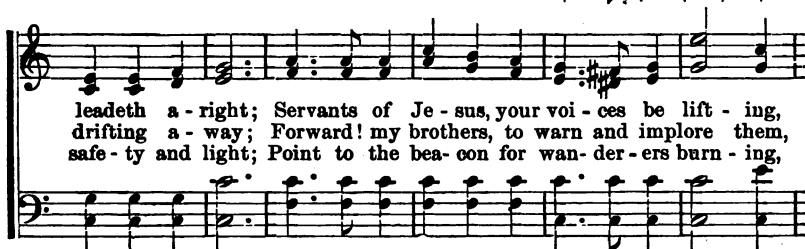
Mrs. HARRIET E. JONES.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

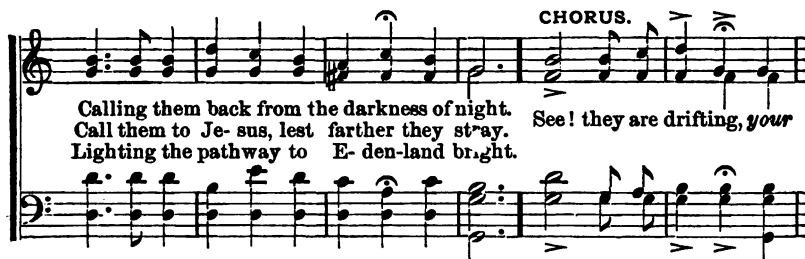
With great expression.



1. Out on sin's o-cean the careless are drifting, Far from the beacon that
2. Darkness and danger are surely before them, Farther and farther they're
3. Call to them, brothers, their barks to be turning, Point to the beacon of

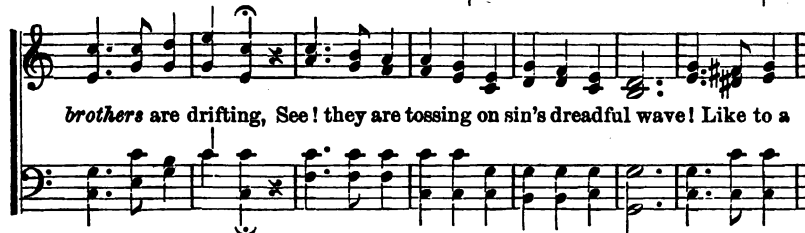


leadeth a - right; Servants of Je - sus, your voi - ces be lift - ing,
drifting a - way; Forward! my brothers, to warn and implore them,
safe - ty and light; Point to the bea - con for wan - der - ers burn - ing,

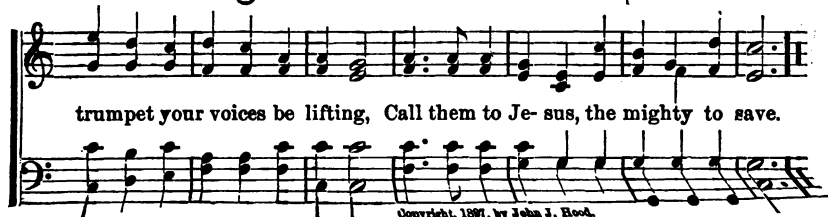


CHORUS.

Calling them back from the darkness of night.
Call them to Je - sus, lest farther they stray. See! they are drifting, *your*
Lighting the pathway to E - den-land bright.



brothers are drifting, See! they are tossing on sin's dreadful wave! Like to a



trumpet your voices be lifting, Call them to Je - sus, the mighty to save.

Lead me Gently Home, Father.

W. L. T.

WILL L. THOMPSON.

SOLO OR DUET.

1. Lead me gently home, Father, Lead me gently home, When life's toils are
2. Lead me gently home, Father, Lead me gently home, In life's darkest

end - ed, and parting days have come; Sin no more shall tempt me,
hours, Father, When life's troubles come, Keep my feet from wand'ring,

rit. p
Ne'er from thee I'll roam, If thou'lt only lead me, Father, Lead me gently home.
Lest from thee I roam; Lest I fall upon the wayside, Lead me gently home.

CHORUS.

Lead me gently home, Father, Lead me gently,
Lead me gen - tly home, Fa - ther, Lead me gen - tly home, Fa - ther,

Lest I fall up - on the wayside, Lead me gen - tly home.
gen - tly home.

The Story of Wonderful Love.

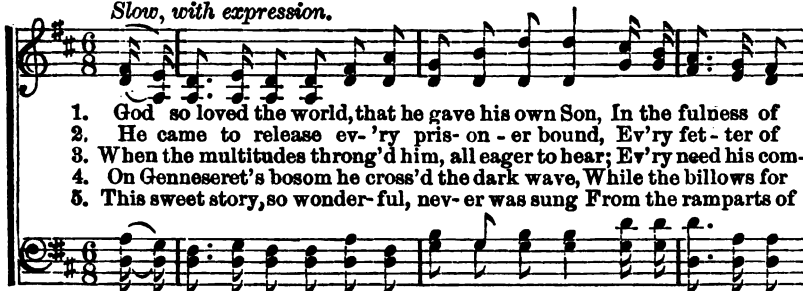
89

H. L. GILMOUR.

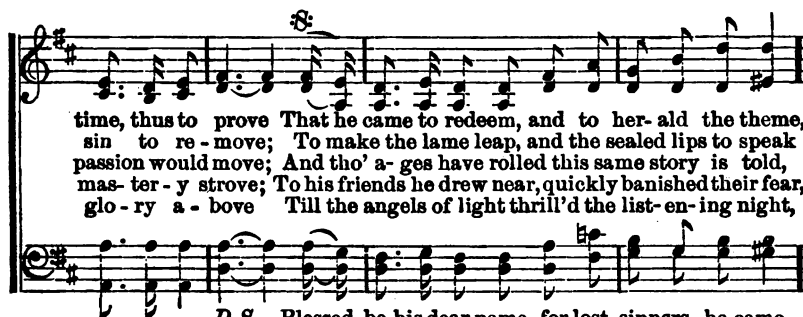
John 3: 16.

Arr. by H. L. G.

Slow, with expression.



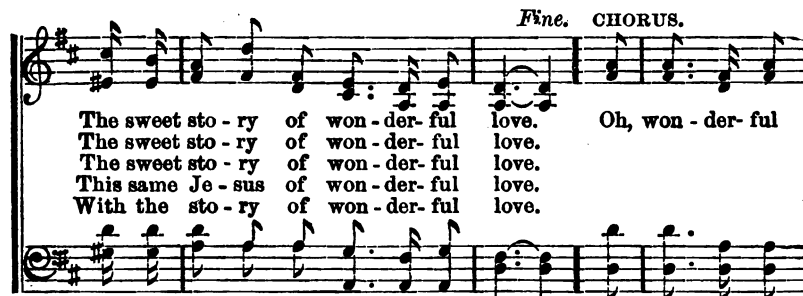
1. God so loved the world, that he gave his own Son, In the fulness of
2. He came to release ev-'ry pris-on-er bound, Ev'ry fet-ter of
3. When the multitudes throng'd him, all eager to hear; Ev'ry need his com-
4. On Gennesseret's bosom he cross'd the dark wave, While the billows for
5. This sweet story, so wonder-ful, nev-er was sung From the ramparts of



time, thus to prove That he came to redeem, and to her-ald the theme,
sin to re-move; To make the lame leap, and the sealed lips to speak
passion would move; And tho' a-ges have rolled this same story is told,
mas-ter-y strove; To his friends he drew near, quickly banished their fear,
glo-ry a-bove Till the angels of light thrill'd the list-en-ing night,

D.S.—Blessed be his dear name, for lost sinners he came,

Fine. CHORUS.



The sweet sto-ry	of won-der-ful	love.	Oh, won-der-ful
The sweet sto-ry	of won-der-ful	love.	
The sweet sto-ry	of won-der-ful	love.	
This same Je-sus	of won-der-ful	love.	
With the sto-ry	of won-der-ful	love.	

With the sto-ry of won-der-ful love.

D.S.

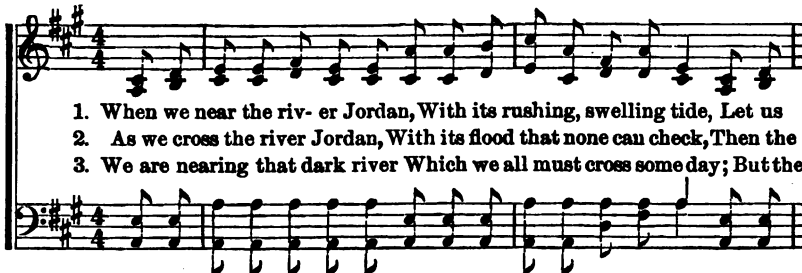


love! such won-der-ful love! Far surpassing our thoughts to conceive;

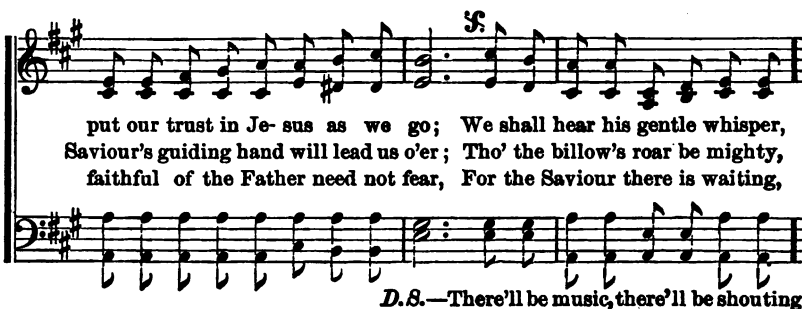
At the Crossing Over Jordan.

C. B.

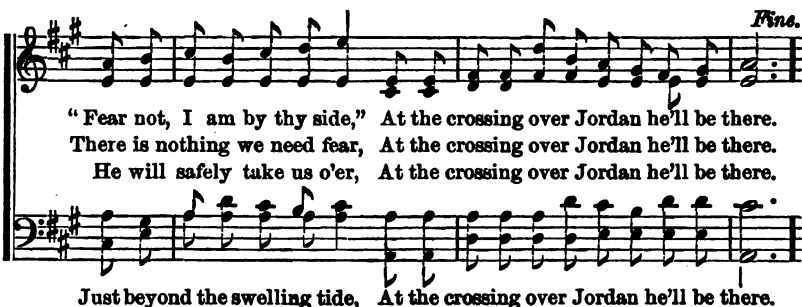
CHAS. BENTLEY.



1. When we near the riv- er Jordan, With its rushing, swelling tide, Let us
 2. As we cross the river Jordan, With its flood that none can check, Then the
 3. We are nearing that dark river Which we all must cross some day; But the

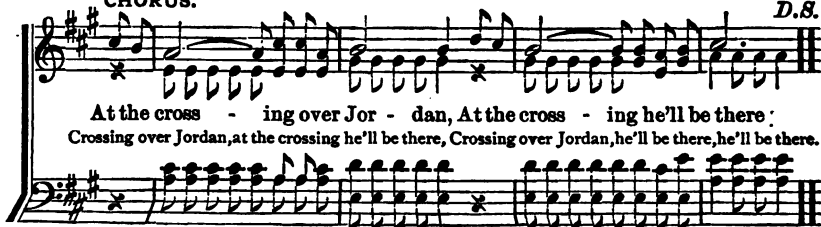


put our trust in Je- sus as we go; We shall hear his gentle whisper,
 Saviour's guiding hand will lead us o'er; Tho' the billow's roar be mighty,
 faithful of the Father need not fear, For the Saviour there is waiting,
D.S.—There'll be music, there'll be shouting



Fin.
 "Fear not, I am by thy side," At the crossing over Jordan he'll be there.
 There is nothing we need fear, At the crossing over Jordan he'll be there.
 He will safely take us o'er, At the crossing over Jordan he'll be there.
 Just beyond the swelling tide, At the crossing over Jordan he'll be there.

CHORUS.

D.S.


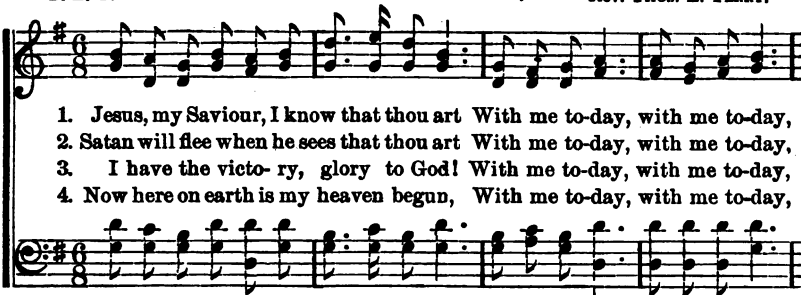
At the cross - ing over Jor - dan, At the cross - ing he'll be there.
 Crossing over Jordan, at the crossing he'll be there, Crossing over Jordan, he'll be there, he'll be there.

My Saviour is with Me.

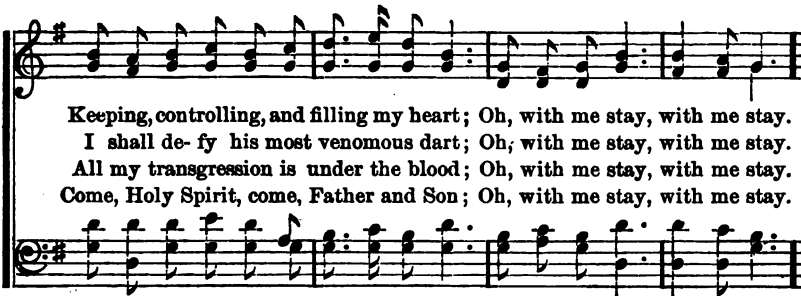
91

T. E. T.

REV. THOS. E. TERRY.

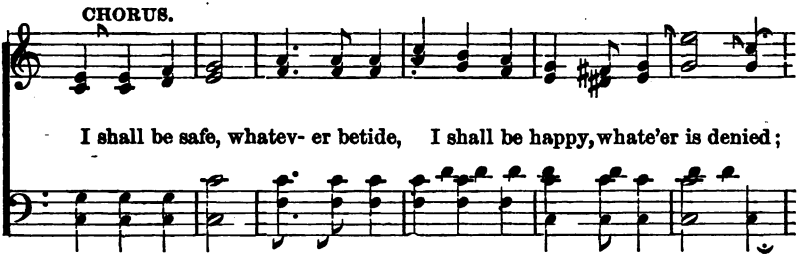


1. Jesus, my Saviour, I know that thou art With me to-day, with me to-day,
 2. Satan will flee when he sees that thou art With me to-day, with me to-day,
 3. I have the victo- ry, glory to God! With me to-day, with me to-day,
 4. Now here on earth is my heaven begun, With me to-day, with me to-day,

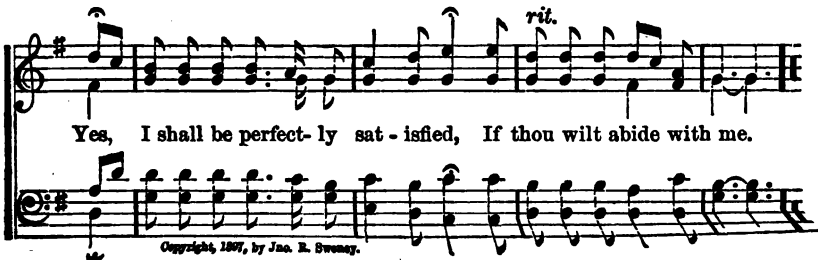


Keeping, controlling, and filling my heart; Oh, with me stay, with me stay.
 I shall de- fy his most venomous dart; Oh, with me stay, with me stay.
 All my transgression is under the blood; Oh, with me stay, with me stay.
 Come, Holy Spirit, come, Father and Son; Oh, with me stay, with me stay.

CHORUS.



I shall be safe, whatev- er betide, I shall be happy, whate'er is denied;



Yes, I shall be perfect- ly sat - isfied, If thou wilt abide with me.

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On for Jesus!

J. H. E.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

Tempo di marche.

1. On for Je-sus! stead-y be your arm and brave; Onward, onward,
 2. On for Je-sus! tiresome tho' the conflict be, Tho' the hosts of
 3. On for Je-sus, till the sound of strife is o'er! When the great Com-

D. C.—"On for Je-sus!" this shall be the bat-tle-cry, Ne'er retreat-ing,

take the shield and sword; On for Je-sus! standard of your
 sin are press-ing hard; On for Je-sus! striving for the
 mand-er calls for thee Thou shalt wear a crown of life for-
 ev-er press-ing on; On for Je-sus! marching on to

Fine.
 Cap-tain wave, Press-ing on-ward, trust-ing in his word.
 vic-to-ry, End-less life will soon be your re-ward.
 ev-ermore, And with Je-sus reign e-ter-nal-ly.
 vic-to-ry, As we shout the glad re-demption song.

CHORUS.

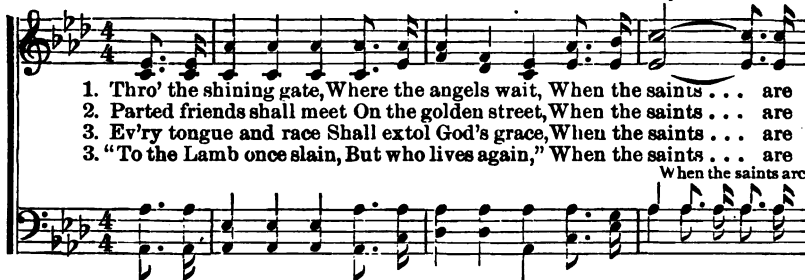
March-ing, marching on, . . . We're marching onward still for Je-sus;
 Marching on, marching on,

D. C.
 March-ing, marching on, . . . Beneath the banner of the free.
 Marching on, marching on,

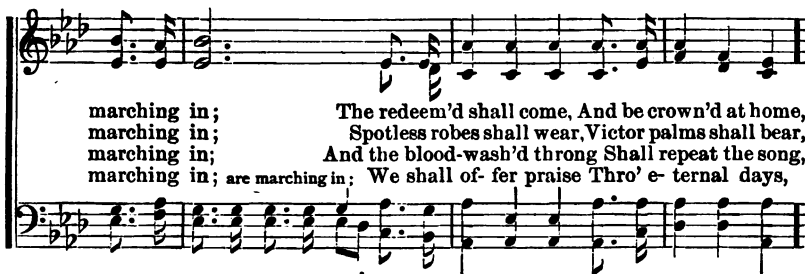
When the Saints are Marching in. 93

KATHARINE E. PURVIS.

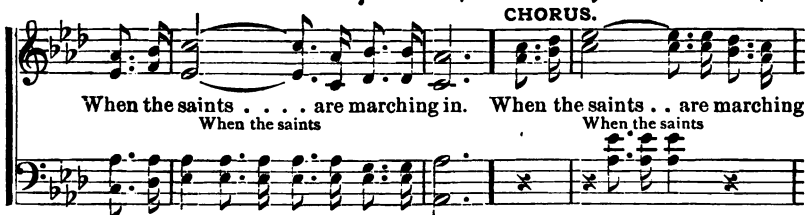
J. M. BLACK.



1. Thro' the shining gate, Where the angels wait, When the saints . . . are
 2. Parted friends shall meet On the golden street, When the saints . . . are
 3. Ev'ry tongue and race Shall extol God's grace, When the saints . . . are
 3. "To the Lamb once slain, But who lives again," When the saints . . . are

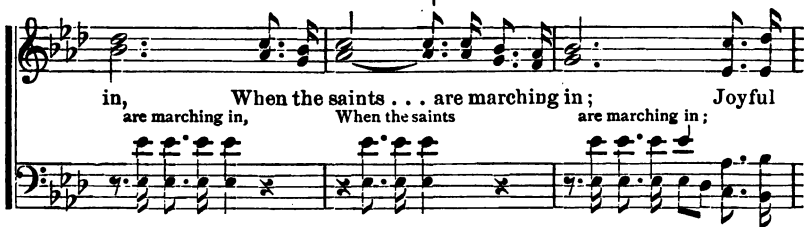


marching in; The redeem'd shall come, And be crown'd at home,
 marching in; Spotless robes shall wear, Victor palms shall bear,
 marching in; And the blood-wash'd throng Shall repeat the song,
 marching in; are marching in; We shall of-fer praise Thro' e-ternal days,



CHORUS.

When the saints . . . are marching in. When the saints . . . are marching
 When the saints When the saints



in, When the saints . . . are marching in; Joyful
 are marching in, When the saints are marching in;



songs of salvation thro' the sky shall ring, When the saints are marching in.
 When the saints marching in.

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The Lord Knoweth the Way.

E. E. HEWITT.

Psalm i: 6.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. The mountain-path is rough and steep, The Lord knoweth the way;
 2. Thro' sunshine bright or shadows dim, The Lord knoweth the way;
 3. I'll follow still the blood-stain'd track, The Lord knoweth the way;

His mighty arm my steps will keep, The Lord knoweth the way:
 I'll leave the planning all to him, The Lord knoweth the way:
 And "no good thing" my soul shall lack, The Lord knoweth the way:

And while I in his love abide, And ev-'ry need to him confide,
 A - mid the windings of the road He'll choose the course, he'll lift the load,
 Then up and on, from vale to hill, Surrendered to my Saviour's will,

He says my feet shall nev - er slide, The Lord knoweth the way.
 And lead me to his bless - ed side, The Lord knoweth the way.
 His bless - ed purpose he'll fulfill, The Lord knoweth the way.

CHORUS.

He'll walk be - side me, He'll gently guide me, My Saviour knoweth, he

The Lord Knoweth, etc.—CONCLUDED. 95

knoweth the way; Oh, let me to his hand cling fast Till earthly ills are

o-verpast, And I shall reach his home at last, The Lord knoweth the way.

Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me.

Rev. EDWARD HOPPER.

J. E. GOULD.

1. Je - sus, Saviour, pi - lot me, O - ver life's tempestuous sea;
2. As a moth-er stills her child, Thou canst hush the o - cean wild;
3. When at last I near the shore, And the fear-ful breakers roar

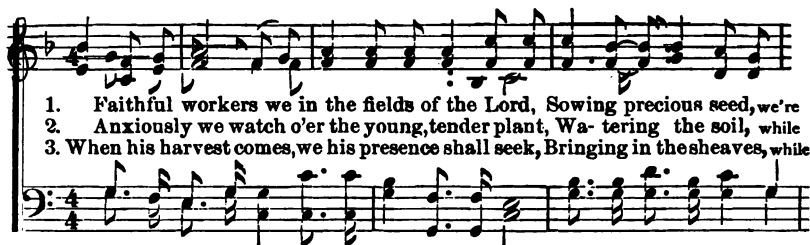
Unknown waves be-fore me roll, Hid-ing rock and treach'rous shoal;
Boist'rous waves o - bey thy will, When thou say'st to them "Be still!"
Twixt me and the peaceful rest, Then, while leaning an thy breast,

Chart and compass come from thee: Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.
Wondrous Sov'reign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.
May I hear thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee!"

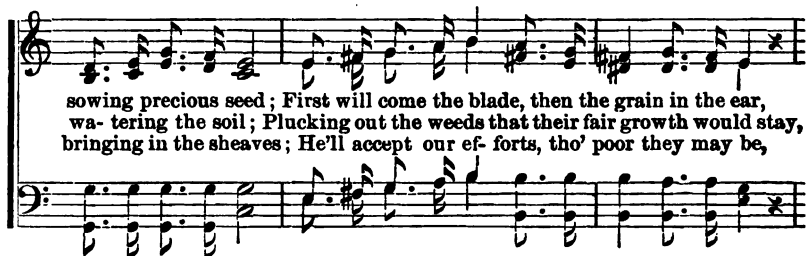
Faithful Workers.

R. H.

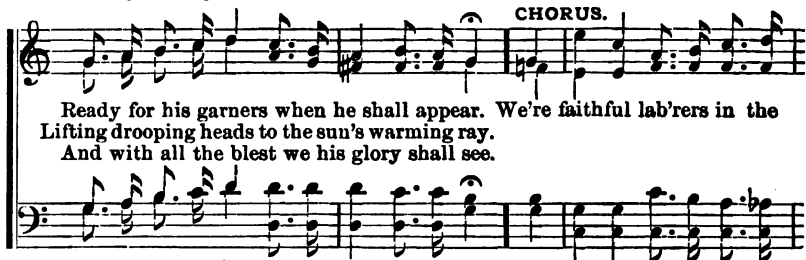
RICHARD HARDING.



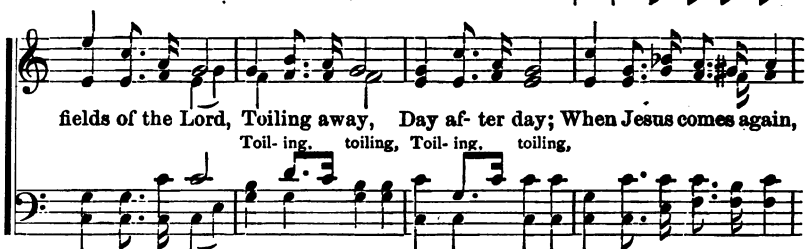
1. Faithful workers we in the fields of the Lord, Sowing precious seed, we're
 2. Anxiously we watch o'er the young, tender plant, Wa- tering the soil, while
 3. When his harvest comes, we his presence shall seek, Bringing in the sheaves, while



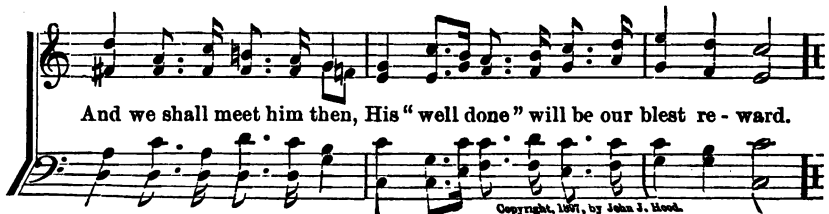
sowing precious seed; First will come the blade, then the grain in the ear,
 wa- tering the soil; Plucking out the weeds that their fair growth would stay,
 bringing in the sheaves; He'll accept our ef- forts, tho' poor they may be,



CHORUS.
 Ready for his garner's when he shall appear. We're faithful lab'ers in the
 Lifting drooping heads to the sun's warming ray.
 And with all the blest we his glory shall see.



fields of the Lord, Toiling away, Day af- ter day; When Jesus comes again,
 Toil- ing, toiling, Toil- ing, toiling,



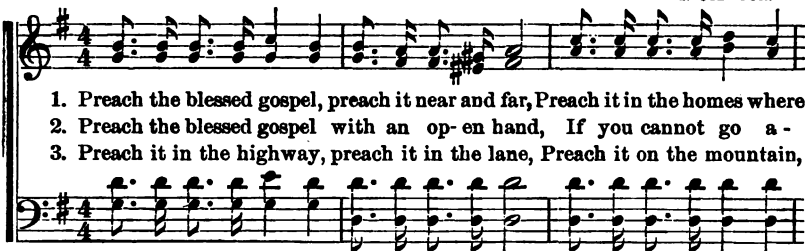
And we shall meet him then, His "well done" will be our blest re - ward.

Preach the Blessed Gospel.

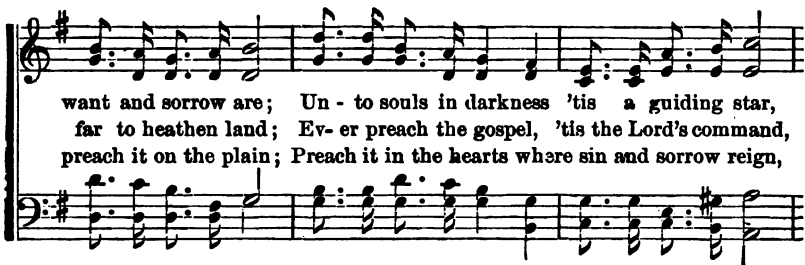
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Mrs. FRANK A. BRACK.

H. L. GILMOUR.

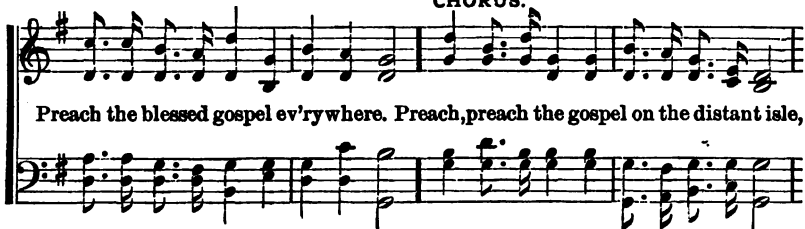


1. Preach the blessed gospel, preach it near and far, Preach it in the homes where
2. Preach the blessed gospel with an op-en hand, If you cannot go a-
3. Preach it in the highway, preach it in the lane, Preach it on the mountain,

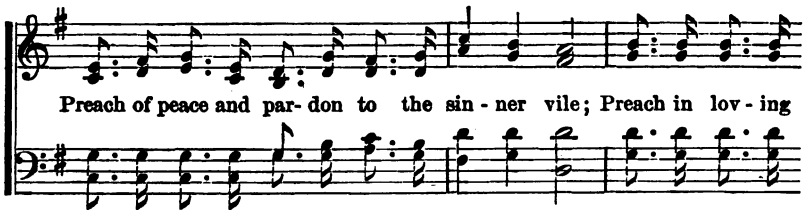


want and sorrow are; Un - to souls in darkness 'tis a guiding star,
far to heathen land; Ev- er preach the gospel, 'tis the Lord's command,
preach it on the plain; Preach it in the hearts where sin and sorrow reign,

CHORUS.



Preach the blessed gospel ev'ry where. Preach, preach the gospel on the distant isle,



Preach of peace and par-don to the sin - ner vile; Preach in lov - ing



word, in loving deed and smile, Preach the blessed gos-pel ev- 'rywhere.

Copyright, 1891, by H. L. Gilmour.

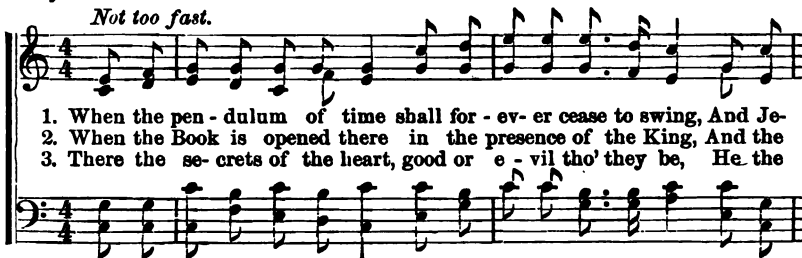
Love and Praise, 4-G

98 On which Side will You be Found?

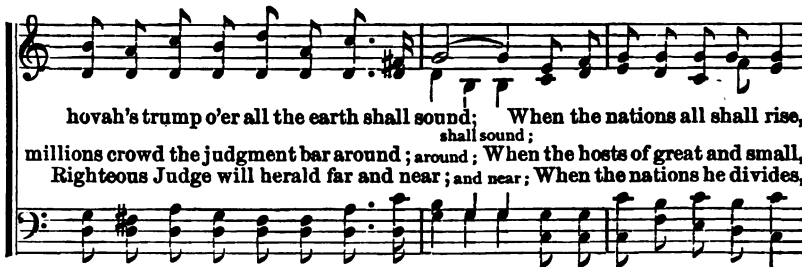
J. H. ALLEMAN.

CHAS. K. LANGLEY.

Not too fast.



1. When the pen - dulum of time shall for - ev - er cease to swing, And Je-
 2. When the Book is opened there in the presence of the King, And the
 3. There the se - crets of the heart, good or e - vil tho' they be, He the

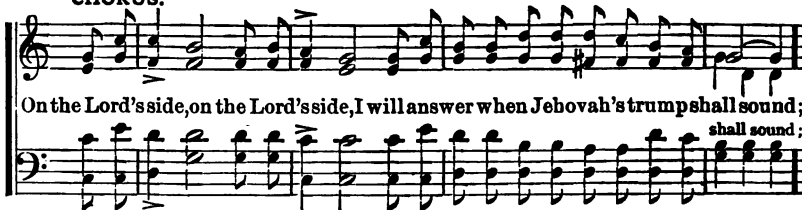


hovah's trump o'er all the earth shall sound; When the nations all shall rise,
 millions crowd the judgment bar around; around; When the hosts of great and small,
 Righteous Judge will herald far and near; and near; When the nations he divides,

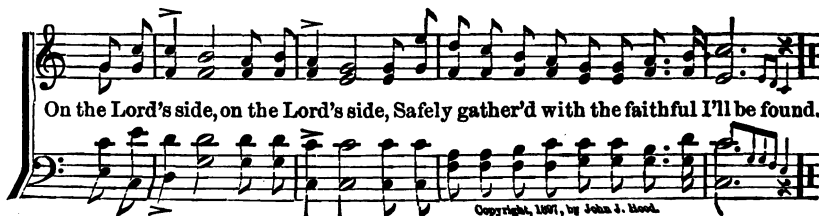


marching forth in solemn tread, Tell, oh, tell me, on which side will you be found?
 over there before him stand, With the *just* up - on the *right* will you be found?
 as the shepherd doth his sheep, Tell, oh, tell me, on which side will you appear?

CHORUS.



On the Lord's side, on the Lord's side, I will answer when Jehovah's trump shall sound;
 shall sound;




On the Lord's side, on the Lord's side, Safely gather'd with the faithful I'll be found.

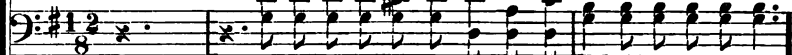
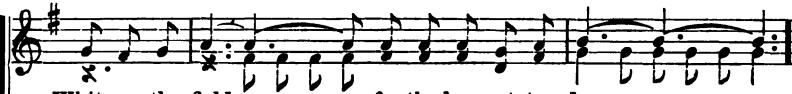
Work in the Light.

FANNY J. CROSBY.



JNO. R. SWENEY.





1. Cheerily on, * O Endeav'ers, a - way,
 2. Cheerily on, O Endeav'ers, to win
 3. Cheerily on, O Endeav'ers, be strong,
 4. Cheerily on for the Master we love,
 1. Cheeri - ly on, O Endeav'ers, a - way, Endeav'ers away,


White are the fields for the harvest to - day;
 Perish - ing souls from the desert of sin;
 God and the Church is our watchword and song;
 Gathering sheaves for his garner a - bove;
 White are the fields for the harvest to - day, the harvest to-day;

Cheeri - ly on, while the summer is bright,
 Hopefully on, while the morning is bright,
 Pray'rfully on, while the noontide is bright,
 Trustfully on, with our mansion in sight,
 Cheeri - ly on, while the summer is bright, the summer is bright,

Faithfully still our du - ty fulfill, go, work in the light.
 Patiently still our mission fulfill, go, work in the light.
 Fervently still our calling fulfill, go, work in the light.
 Joyful-ly still the message fulfill, go, work in the light.
 go, work in the light.



Copyright, 1897, by Jno. R. Sweeney.

* The words Christian workers, or Epworth Leaguers may be used instead of O Endeav'ers.

Work in the Night.—CONCLUDED.

101

CHORUS.

Work in the light, be firm and true, Keeping our pledge forever in view; Eager to
learn and ready to do our Lord's command; Lifting the soul oppress'd into the
calm of rest, Heeding the call that speaks to all, go, work to-day. . . .

My Country! 'Tis of Thee.

S. F. SMITH.

Tune, AMERICA. 6, 4.

1. My country! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of liberty, Of thee I sing; Land where my
2. My native country, thee, Land of the noble, free, Thy name I love; I love thy
3. Let music swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees
4. Our Father's God, to thee, Author of liberty, To thee we sing; Long may our
[Sweet freedom's song; Let mortal
father's died! Land of the pilgrim's pride! From ev'ry mountainside Let freedom ring.
rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills;
tongues awake, [My heart with rapture thrills, Like that above.
[Let all that breathe partake, Let rocks their silence break, The sound prolong.
land be bright With freedom's holy light; Protect us by thy might, Great God, our
[King.

The Marriage Supper.

"Blessed are they which are called unto the marriage supper of the Lamb." REV. 19: 9.
 Mrs. FRANK A. BEEOK. H. L. GILMOUR.

1. In the souls bright home, be - yond the sky, In a land where the
 2. Oh, the bride shall shine in bright ar - ray With her tears all for -
 3. From all sin for - ev - er - more re - leased, They will come from the
 4. We shall praise him by the crys - tal tide When the Lamb that was

ransomed never die, There will be a roy - al ban - quet by and by,
 ev - er wiped a - way— There will be a great re - joic - ing on that day—
 west and from the east, For all na - tions will be gathered at the feast
 slain is glo - ri - fied— And the ransomed church of God shall be the bride,

Slow and recitative. CHORUS.

'Tis the great marriage supper of the Lamb.
 At the great marriage supper of the Lamb. } Are you go - ing to be there
 Of the great marriage supper of the Lamb.
 At the great marriage supper of the Lamb.

Are you go - ing to be there, At the great marriage supper of the Lamb?

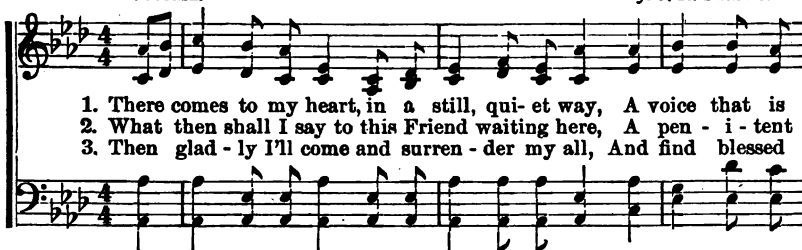
ritard.

With your wedding garment on. } At the great marriage supper of the Lamb?
 Will you meet the lov'd ones gone.

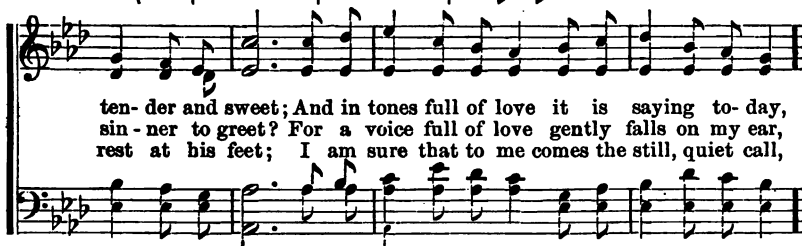
Oh, Come and a Dear Saviour Meet. 103

MYRON W. MORSE.

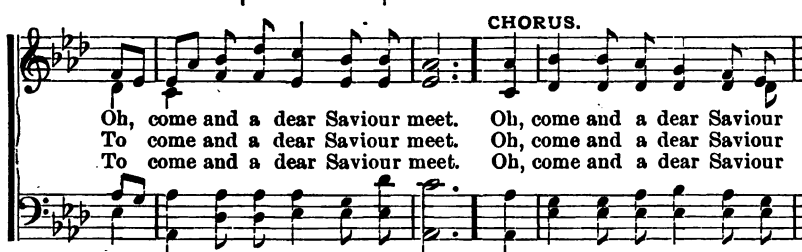
JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. There comes to my heart, in a still, quiet way, A voice that is
 2. What then shall I say to this Friend waiting here, A pen - i - tent
 3. Then glad - ly I'll come and surren - der my all, And find blessed

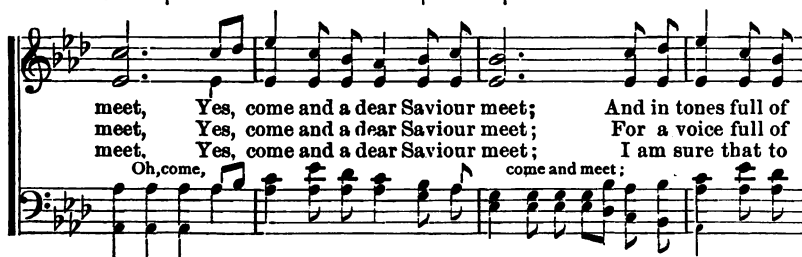


ten - der and sweet; And in tones full of love it is saying to-day,
 sin - ner to greet? For a voice full of love gently falls on my ear,
 rest at his feet; I am sure that to me comes the still, quiet call,

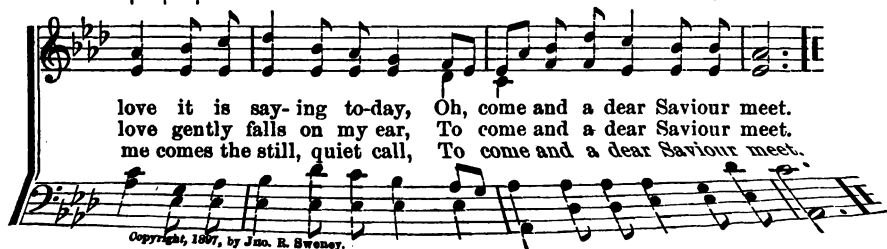


CHORUS.

Oh, come and a dear Saviour meet. Oh, come and a dear Saviour
 To come and a dear Saviour meet. Oh, come and a dear Saviour
 To come and a dear Saviour meet. Oh, come and a dear Saviour



meet, Yes, come and a dear Saviour meet; And in tones full of
 meet, Yes, come and a dear Saviour meet; For a voice full of
 meet, Yes, come and a dear Saviour meet; I am sure that to
 Oh, come, come and meet;



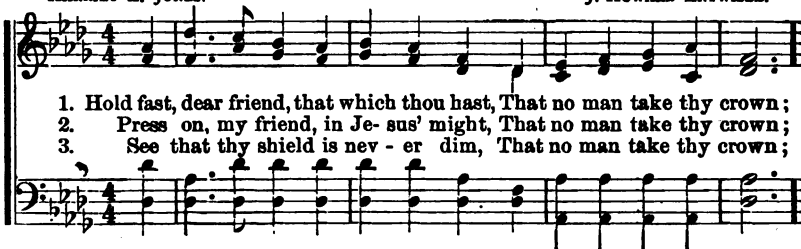
love it is say - ing to-day, Oh, come and a dear Saviour meet.
 love gently falls on my ear, To come and a dear Saviour meet.
 me comes the still, quiet call, To come and a dear Saviour meet.

Let no Man Take thy Crown.

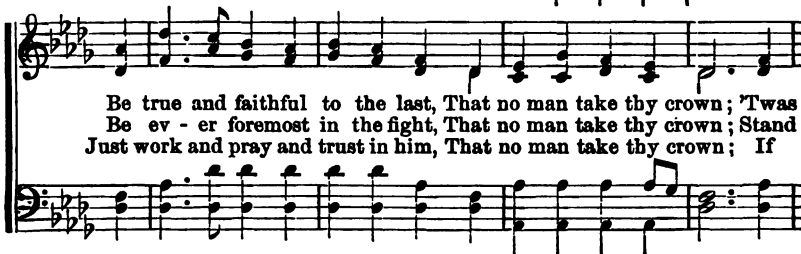
"Hold that fast which thou hast, that no man take thy crown."—Rev. iii: xi.

HARRIET E. JONES.

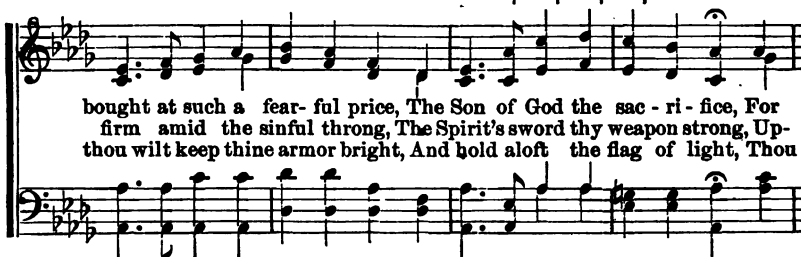
J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.



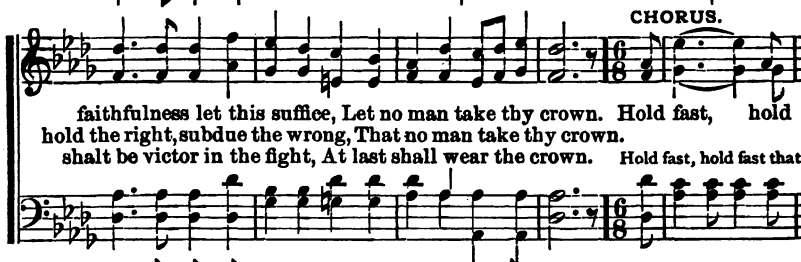
1. Hold fast, dear friend, that which thou hast, That no man take thy crown;
 2. Press on, my friend, in Je- sus' might, That no man take thy crown;
 3. See that thy shield is nev - er dim, That no man take thy crown;



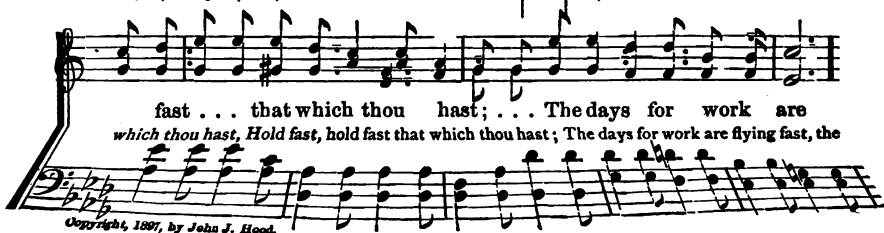
Be true and faithful to the last, That no man take thy crown; 'Twas
 Be ev - er foremost in the fight, That no man take thy crown; Stand
 Just work and pray and trust in him, That no man take thy crown; If



bought at such a fear-ful price, The Son of God the sac - ri - fice, For
 firm amid the sinful throng, The Spirit's sword thy weapon strong, Up-
 thou wilt keep thine armor bright, And hold aloft the flag of light, Thou



CHORUS.
 faithfulness let this suffice, Let no man take thy crown. Hold fast, hold
 hold the right, subdue the wrong, That no man take thy crown.
 shalt be victor in the fight, At last shall wear the crown. Hold fast, hold fast that



fast . . . that which thou hast; . . . The days for work are
 which thou hast, Hold fast, hold fast that which thou hast; The days for work are flying fast, the

Let no Man Take, etc.—CONCLUDED. 105

fly - ing fast, . . . Be firm . . . and stead - fast to the
 days are fly - ing fast, be firm, Be firm and steadfast to the last, Be firm and steadfast

last, Then claim thy crown, thy jewel'd crown That Christ hath bought for thee.
 to the last,

rit.

Our Best Friend.

J. L. R.

J. L. REMSEN.

1. Je - sus is a loving Saviour, He will peace and pardon give; If you
 2. Earthly friends may oft forsake you In your time of greatest need, But there's
 3. When your path seems dark and dreary, And your lot so hard to bear; Only
 4. When our warfare here is ended, When we reach that peaceful shore, Then we'll

Fine. CHORUS.

long for free sal - vation, On - ly look to him and live. He will save you,
 One who'll never leave you, One who is a friend indeed.
 trust your loving Saviour, He will ev - 'ry burden share.
 praise our dear Redeemer, Praise him there fore - ermore.

D.S.—He is willing, doubt no more.

D.S.

he will save you, Save you by his love and pow'r; He is waiting to receive you,

Copyright, 1897, by John J. Hood.

Tell the Blessed Story.

WILLIAM HENRY GARDNER.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Our Redeem- er died to save us On the cross of Cal- va- ry, Suffered
 2. Tell of Jesus on the mountain, Speaking to the multitude, Preaching
 3. Tell them all the words of comfort Spoken by his loving voice, Of his

there that he might purchase Endless life for you and me; Tell to all the
 there the blessed gospel, While he gave them earthly food; Tell how winds and
 ten- der con- so - lation, Bidding troubled hearts rejoice; Tell them of the

world the sto- ry Of his wondrous sacri- fice, Tell them of his ris- en
 waves obeyed him, Owing thus his majes- ty, When he still'd the an- gry
 living waters, Flowing to refresh the soul, And the golden crown that

CHORUS.

glo- ry, King of earth and Para- dise. Tell . . . the blessed sto- ry
 tempest, On the Sea of Gal- i- lee.
 waits us When at last we reach the goal. Tell, oh, tell

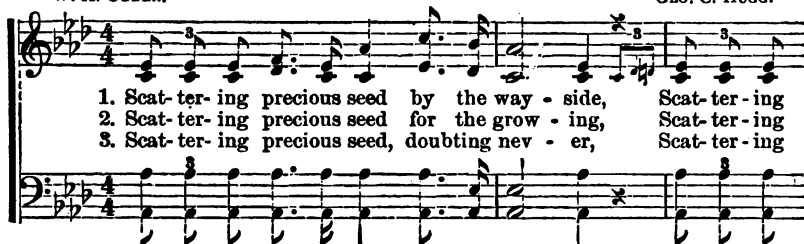
To . . . the sons of men; Tell . . . the blessed sto- ry O'er and o'er again.
 Tell it to Tell, oh, tell

Scattering Precious Seed.

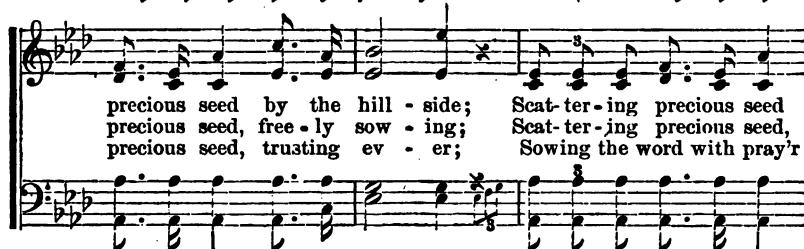
107

W. A. OGDEN.

GEO. C. HUGG.



1. Scat-ter-ing precious seed by the way - side, Scat-ter-ing
 2. Scat-ter-ing precious seed for the grow - ing, Scat-ter-ing
 3. Scat-ter-ing precious seed, doubting nev - er, Scat-ter-ing

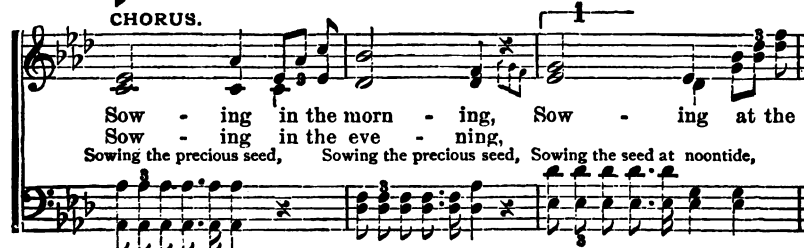


precious seed by the hill - side; Scat-ter-ing precious seed
 precious seed, free - ly sow - ing; Scat-ter-ing precious seed,
 precious seed, trusting ev - er; Sowing the word with pray'r

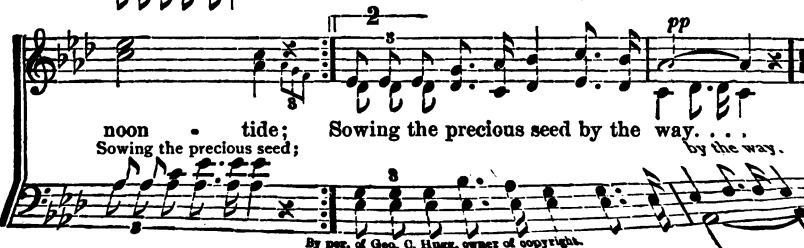


o'er the field, wide, Scat-ter-ing precious seed by the way.
 trusting, know - ing, Sure-ly the Lord will send it the rain.
 and en-deav - or, Trusting the Lord for growth and for yield.

CHORUS.



Sow - ing in the morn - ing, Sow - ing at the
 Sow - ing in the eve - ning,
 Sowing the precious seed, Sowing the precious seed, Sowing the seed at noontide,

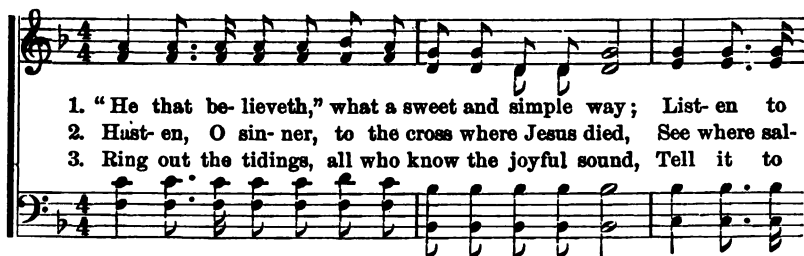


noon - tide; Sowing the precious seed by the way. . . .
 Sowing the precious seed; by the way.

He that Believeth.

E. E. HEWITT.

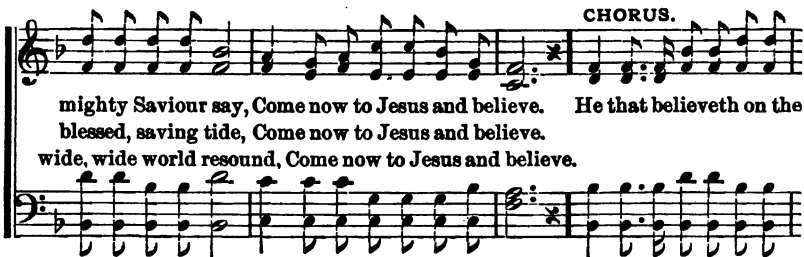
JNO. R. SWENNY.



1. "He that be- lieveth," what a sweet and simple way; List- en to
 2. Hust- en, O sin- ner, to the cross where Jesus died, See where sal-
 3. Ring out the tidings, all who know the joyful sound, Tell it to

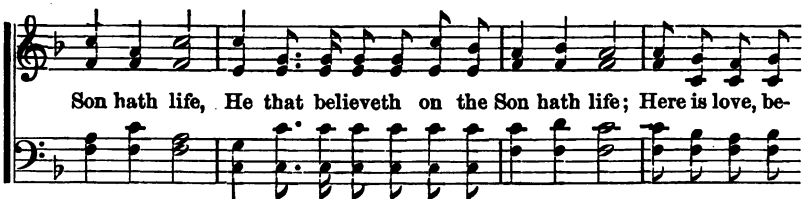


Je- sus, for he's call- ing you to- day; Come, all ye weary, hear the
 vation flows, a fountain deep and wide; Come and find cleansing in the
 others, how the priceless pearl you found; Let the glad message thro' the

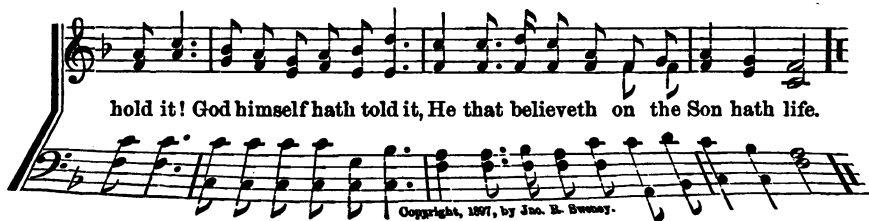


CHORUS.

mighty Saviour say, Come now to Jesus and believe. He that believeth on the
 blessed, saving tide, Come now to Jesus and believe.
 wide, wide world resound, Come now to Jesus and believe.



Son hath life, He that believeth on the Son hath life; Here is love, be-



hold it! God himself hath told it, He that believeth on the Son hath life.

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The Promise is to You.

109

E. E. HEWITT.

Acts ii: 39.

H. L. GILMOUR.

1. Come, longing Christian, lose your fear, The promise is to you;
2. Your all up - on the al - tar lay, The promise is to you;
3. Be this your pen - te - cos - tal hour, The promise is to you;
4. His fire shall all your dross consume, The promise is to you;

The first system of musical notation for the song. It consists of a treble and bass staff in G major (one sharp) and 6/8 time. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff, aligned with the notes.

The Mas - ter bids you be of cheer, The promise is to you.
A - liv - ing sac - ri - fice to - day, The promise is to you.
Re - ceive the Ho - ly Ghost and power, The promise is to you.
His light your ev - 'ry step illume, The promise is to you.

The second system of musical notation. It continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

CHORUS.

The promise is to you, The promise is to you; . . .
and me, and me;

The chorus section of the song. It begins with the word 'CHORUS.' in all caps. The musical notation continues with the same treble and bass staves. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

Don't you need it? Won't you plead it? The promise is to you.

The final system of musical notation. It concludes the song with a final chord. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

Copyright, 1897, by H. L. Gilmour.

Go, Work To-day.

Mrs. J. C. YULE.

ADAM GRIBEL.

1. Forth in the dawn-light cool, and sweet, and tender, While yet the
 2. Forth while the sun rides high - er still in heav - en, Forth while the
 3. Lord, we have heard thee in our youth's glad morning; Lord, we still

dew-drops trem-ble on the flowers, Seek - ing for lab - 'rers,
 noon-tide's fer - vid ra-diance glows, Forth while the sha - dows
 hear thee in our noon-day prime,— Hear thee, and glad - ly,

one doth meekly wander, Call - ing, still calling thro' the qui - et hours;—
 lengthen t'ward the ev - en, Call - ing for lab'rers, still the Master goes;—
 ease and pleasure scorning, Gird us for ser - vice low - ly yet sub - lime;—

"Go, work to - day, the flush of ear - ly morning Brightens the east, and
 "Go, work to - day!— oh, wherefore yet delaying, Stand ye still i - dle
 Take us, ourselves to thee we now surren - der, Take us, and use us

day is com - ing on; Go in the fresh - ness of the day's a -
 as the hours glide on? Go, for the morn - ing waits not for your
 till the day is done, Gath - er us then in thy embrac - es

Go, Work To-day.—CONCLUDED. 111

dorn - ing, Sure shall your hire be at the set of sun!"
 stay - ing, Sure shall your hire be at the set of sun!"
 ten - der, Such let our hire be at the set of sun!"

No Home.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. No home! no home! O hapless one, Lift up thine eyes and see; The door of
2. No home! no home! and yet that voice Has call'd thee o'er and o'er; His Spirit
3. No home! no home! how could'st thou thus Amidst the desert roam, When beckon-
4. No home! ah, yes, 'tis thine at last, Thine eyes its portals see; Thy Father's

CHORUS.

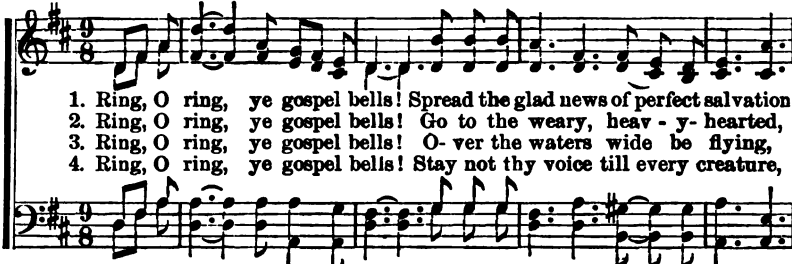
hope is open wide, The bread of life is free. O quickly haste, . . . and linger
 pleaded with thy soul To give its wand'ring o'er.
 ing angels from the sky In pity call'd, come home.
 love receives, forgives, And joyful welcomes thee.

not, Thy lamp may cease to burn;
 Obey the warning voice of him Who bids thee now return.

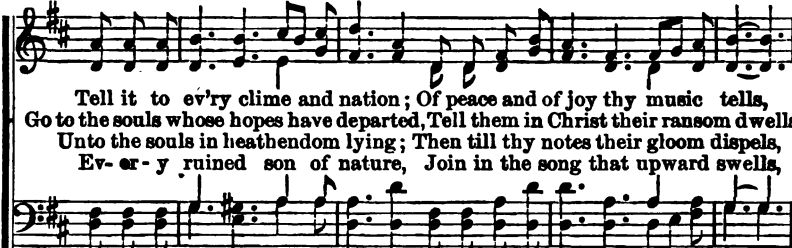
Gospel Bells.

-Mrs. C. H. M.

Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.

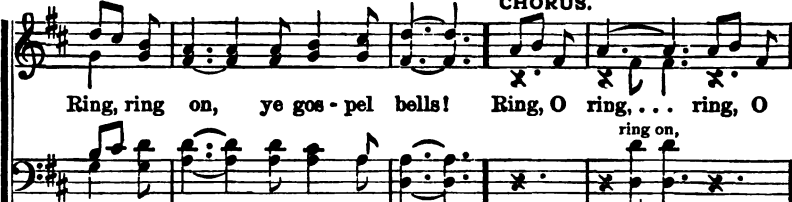


1. Ring, O ring, ye gospel bells! Spread the glad news of perfect salvation,
 2. Ring, O ring, ye gospel bells! Go to the weary, heav-y-hearted,
 3. Ring, O ring, ye gospel bells! O-ver the waters wide be flying,
 4. Ring, O ring, ye gospel bells! Stay not thy voice till every creature,



Tell it to ev'ry clime and nation; Of peace and of joy thy music tells,
 Go to the souls whose hopes have departed, Tell them in Christ their ransom dwells,
 Unto the souls in heathendom lying; Then till thy notes their gloom dispels,
 Ev-er-y ruined son of nature, Join in the song that upward swells,


CHORUS.



Ring, ring on, ye gos-pel bells! Ring, O ring, ... ring, O
 ring on,



ring, ... Ring, O ring, ... ye gos-pel bells! Of peace and
 ring on, O ring,



joy ... thy music tells, ... Ring, O ring, ... ye gospel bells! Of peace and joy thy mu-sic tells, Ring, O ring,

Asking for More.

113

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

Jno. R. SWENEY.

1. { The Lord sends me blessings again and again, My cup he doth fill o'er and o'er,
But tho' he doth give more than I can contain, Yet, still I am asking for more; }
2. { Like the air that we breathe, these blessings so sweet Were not for the future to store,
For present demands they are only to meet, So, still I am asking for more; }
3. { "Hitherto ye have asked for naught in my name, Ask now from my bountiful store,
That your joy may be full, ask largely again," So, still I am asking for more; }

For more of his love shed abroad in my heart, For more of his blood sprinkled
I pray him by day and I pray him by night, For grace to be kept on the
As long as I live I will ask o'er and o'er, Un - til I am called to that

o'er ev - 'ry part, And while it doth please him these gifts to impart, Yet,
side of the right, But while he is fill - ing my soul with delight, Yet,
beau - ti - ful shore, Un - til I am filled with his joy ev - ermore, I

Fine. CHORUS.
still I am asking for more. Asking for more, ask - ing for more, Oh.
still I am asking for more.
still will keep asking for more. Asking for more and more, asking for more and more,

D.S. - still will keep asking for more.

D.S.

fill me, dear Lord, from thy bountiful store; Yet, while thou art filling, I still will implore, I

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Love and Praise, 4-H

Bring On your Men.

In the late war, a color-bearer was seen advancing to plant his colors where certain destruction awaited him. When called back he replied, "I will never go back; bring on your men!"

Mrs. FRANK A. BRECK.

H. L. GILMOUR.

1. Bring on your men to meet the foe, Yea, come in strength divine;
 2. Bring on your men to heights untrod, As - sail the hosts of sin;
 3. Bring on your men, the truth proclaim, With faith in God your shield,
 4. Bring on your men, and trust the Lord To break all barriers 'down,

For if ye in his strength will go The triumph shall be thine.
 Bring on your men, O church of God, And you the fight shall win.
 And sure - ly in Immanuel's name The bat - tlements shall yield.
 To give your faith a great reward, The vic - tor's glorious crown.

CHORUS.

Bring on your men, bring on your men, Sal - vation's ban - ner wave;

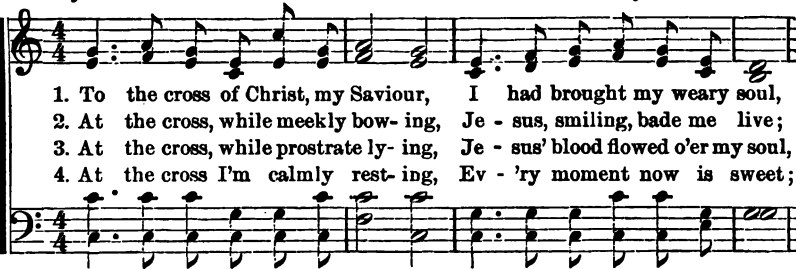
Je - hovah is our strength and shield, He will the vic - t'ry give.

Resting at the Cross.

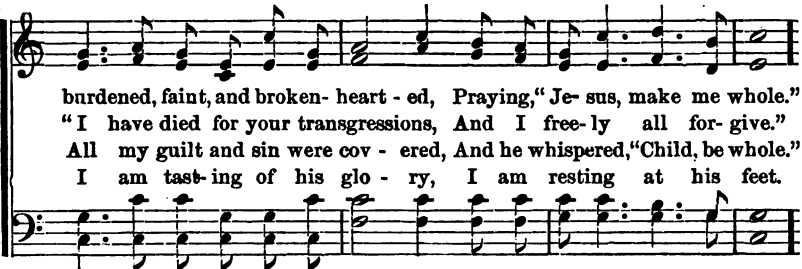
115

W. J. K.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. To the cross of Christ, my Saviour, I had brought my weary soul,
 2. At the cross, while meekly bow- ing, Je - sus, smiling, bade me live;
 3. At the cross, while prostrate ly- ing, Je - sus' blood flowed o'er my soul,
 4. At the cross I'm calmly rest- ing, Ev - 'ry moment now is sweet;

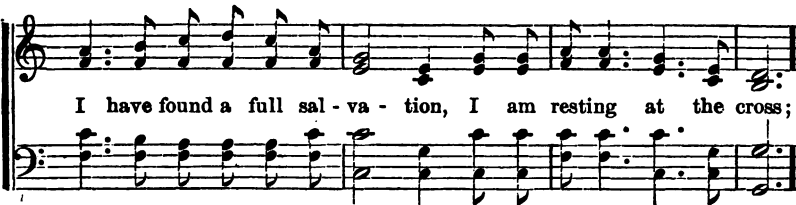


burdened, faint, and broken- heart - ed, Praying, "Je- sus, make me whole."
 "I have died for your transgressions, And I free- ly all for- give."
 All my guilt and sin were cov - ered, And he whispered, "Child, be whole."
 I am tast- ing of his glo - ry, I am resting at his feet.

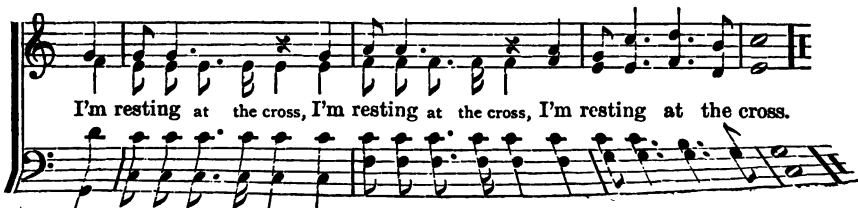
CHORUS.



Glo - ry, glo - ry be to Je - sus, I am counting all but dross,



I have found a full sal - va - tion, I am resting at the cross;

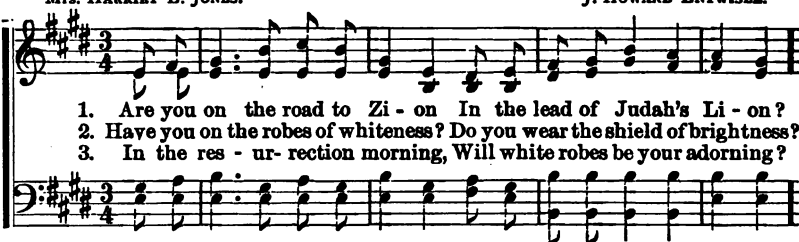


I'm resting at the cross, I'm resting at the cross, I'm resting at the cross.

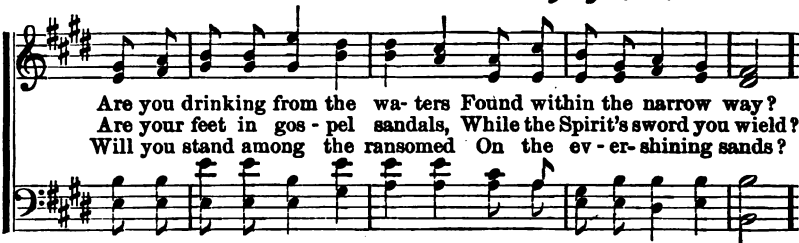
116 Have You Never Been to Jesus?

Mrs. HARRIET E. JONES.

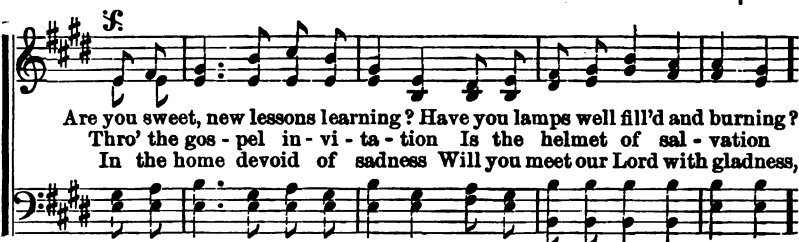
J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.



1. Are you on the road to Zi - on In the lead of Judah's Li - on ?
 2. Have you on the robes of whiteness? Do you wear the shield of brightness?
 3. In the res - ur - rection morning, Will white robes be your adorning?

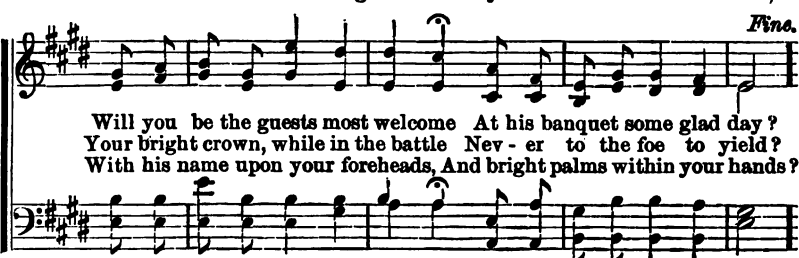


Are you drinking from the wa - ters Found within the narrow way?
 Are your feet in gos - pel sandals, While the Spirit's sword you wield?
 Will you stand among the ransomed On the ev - er - shining sands?



Are you sweet, new lessons learning? Have you lamps well fill'd and burning?
 Thro' the gos - pel in - vi - ta - tion Is the helmet of sal - vation
 In the home devoid of sadness Will you meet our Lord with gladness,

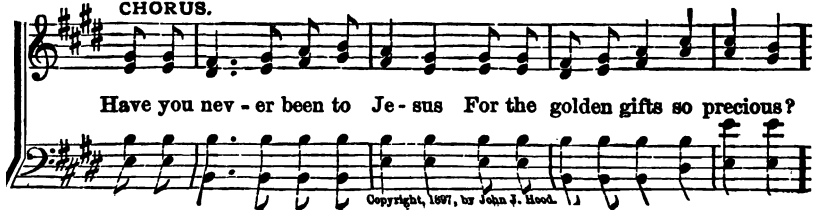
D.S.—Ask at once and be for - giv - en— Get your name enrolled in heaven,



Will you be the guests most welcome At his banquet some glad day?
 Your bright crown, while in the battle Nev - er to the foe to yield?
 With his name upon your foreheads, And bright palms within your hands?

You must surely be con - verted If you'd stand among his own.

CHORUS.



Have you nev - er been to Je - sus For the golden gifts so precious?

Have You Never, etc.—CONCLUDED.

117

D.S.

Then, my brother, come this moment—Kneel before the mer- cy- throne;

Take Hold of the Promise.

IDA L. REED.

W. S. WERDEN.

1. Take hold of the promise of Je- sus, The promise so blessed and true;
2. Take hold of the promise of Je- sus, List now to his "come unto me,"
3. Take hold of the promise of Je- sus, And come to him, brother, to-day;

The word that was never yet broken, O sinner, he meant it for you.
 All ye who are weary, o'erla - den, And lighter each burden shall be.
 Believe him, he's able to save thee, Tho' far you have wander'd away.

CHORUS.

Take hold of the promise of Je- sus; Just now he doth wait to ful - fill

The promise of life ev - er - lasting, He saves "whoso ev - er will."

I will Not Let Thee Go.

Mrs. J. C. Yule.

Gen. xxii : 26.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

1. Nay, I will not let thee go, Tho' the midnight glideth slow,
2. Nay, I will not let thee go, Tho' the morn's enkindling glow
3. Nay, I will not let thee go, Tho' the days no shadows know;
4. Let thee go? my Saviour, nay; Thou my night's unfailing day,
Saviour, nay;

Tho' the darkness deep and long and long Dim the eye and hush the song;
 Flame along the mountain height, Flooding all the hills with light.
 Tho', the sky's serene to dim, to dim, Come no storm-clouds dark and grim.
 Thou my dawning's tend'rest gleam, Thou my noonday's richest beam;
 tend'rest gleam,

On thy tender, faithful breast thy breast Find I still my perfect rest, sweet rest,
 What can morning bring to me, to me, Tender Shepherd, wanting thee? just thee?
 Whom have I in heav'n but thee? but thee? What besides hath earth for me? for me?
 Night is day if thou art near, art near, Day, without thee, joyless, drear, so drear,

Soothing sweet for keenest woe, And I will not let thee go.
What her songs but sobs of woe? Nay, I will not let thee go.
Thou the on-ly trust I know, Nay, I will not let thee go.
Wanting thee—all bliss were woe, Nay, I will not let thee go.

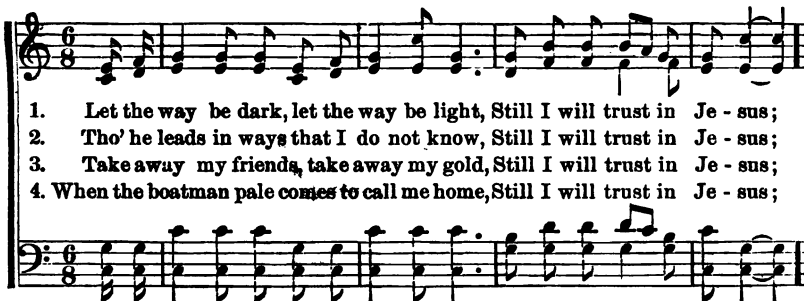
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Still I will Trust.

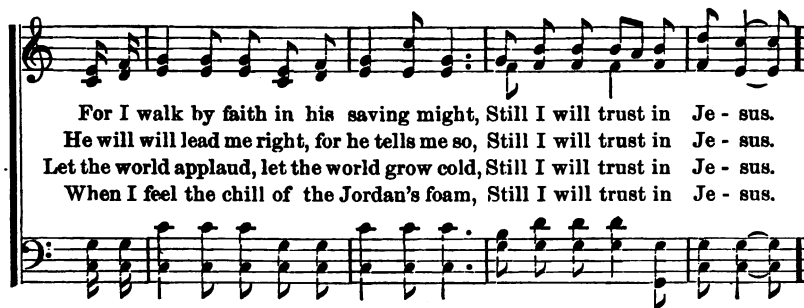
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Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

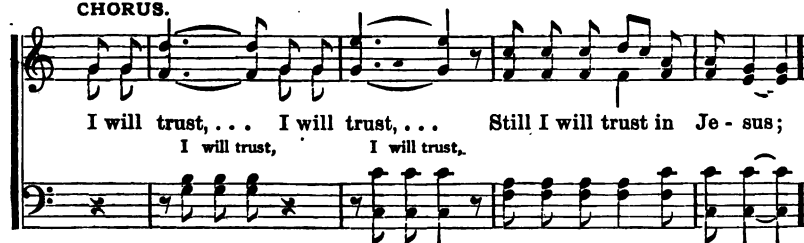


1. Let the way be dark, let the way be light, Still I will trust in Je - sus;
 2. Tho' he leads in ways that I do not know, Still I will trust in Je - sus;
 3. Take away my friends, take away my gold, Still I will trust in Je - sus;
 4. When the boatman pale comes to call me home, Still I will trust in Je - sus;

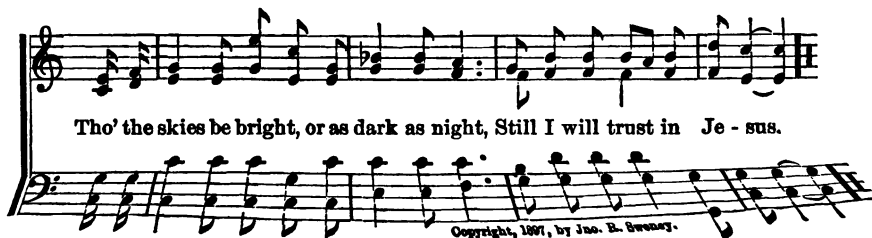


For I walk by faith in his saving might, Still I will trust in Je - sus.
 He will lead me right, for he tells me so, Still I will trust in Je - sus.
 Let the world applaud, let the world grow cold, Still I will trust in Je - sus.
 When I feel the chill of the Jordan's foam, Still I will trust in Je - sus.

CHORUS.



I will trust, . . . I will trust, . . . Still I will trust in Je - sus;
 I will trust, I will trust,



Tho' the skies be bright, or as dark as night, Still I will trust in Je - sus.

We'll Do Better for You.

E. E. HEWITT.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

Con espress.

1. Come away to Jesus; he is willing to forgive, His love will shine a-
 2. Come away to Jesus; let il-lusive tri-fles go, For ev-er-lasting
 3. Come away to Jesus; from your earthly idols part, And take his great sal-

round you ev'ry moment that you live; You'll find him good and true, The
 blessing he is a-ble to bestow; He'll answer when you pray, He'll
 vation, for it sat-isfies the heart; He'll o-pen to your view His

f. *Fine.*
 pilgrim journey thro', He'll do bet-ter for you than this world can do.
 take your sins away, Lead you up and onward to his perfect day.
 treasures, ev-er new, He'll do bet-ter for you than this world can do.

D.S.—til you see his face, He'll do bet-ter for you than this world can do.

CHORUS. *With life.*

He'll do bet-ter for you than this world can do, He's a mighty

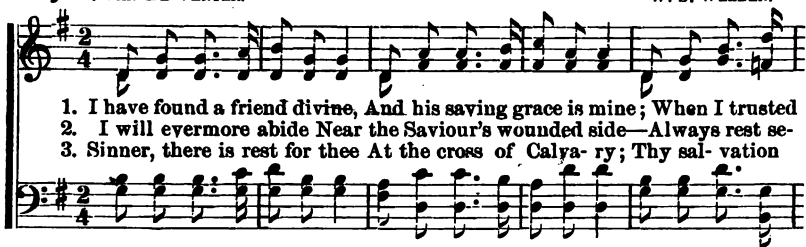
D.S.
 Saviour, he is good and true; He'll save you by his grace, Un-

Oh, What a Resting Place!

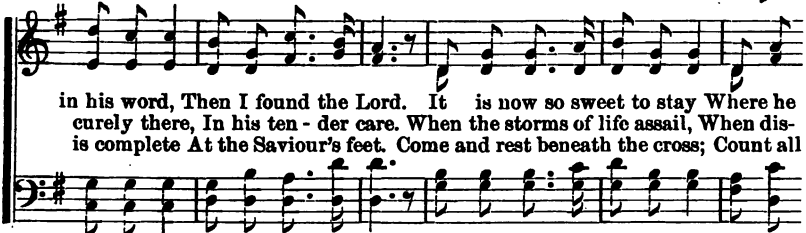
121

J. W. VAN DE VENTER.

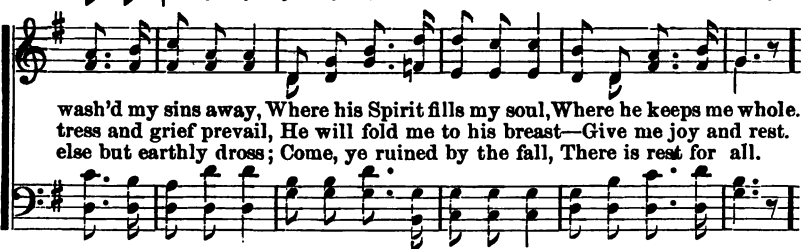
W. S. WERDEN.



1. I have found a friend divine, And his saving grace is mine; When I trusted
 2. I will evermore abide Near the Saviour's wounded side—Always rest se-
 3. Sinner, there is rest for thee At the cross of Calya-ry; Thy sal- vation

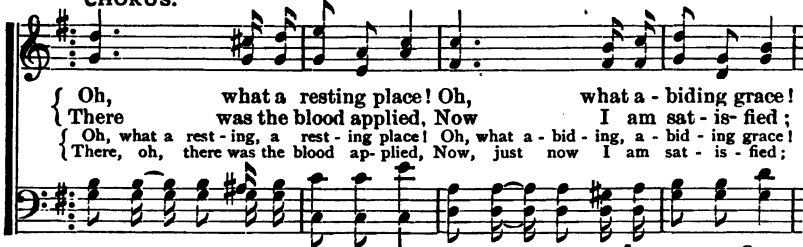


in his word, Then I found the Lord. It is now so sweet to stay Where he
 cures there, In his ten - der care. When the storms of life assail, When dis-
 is complete At the Saviour's feet. Come and rest beneath the cross; Count all

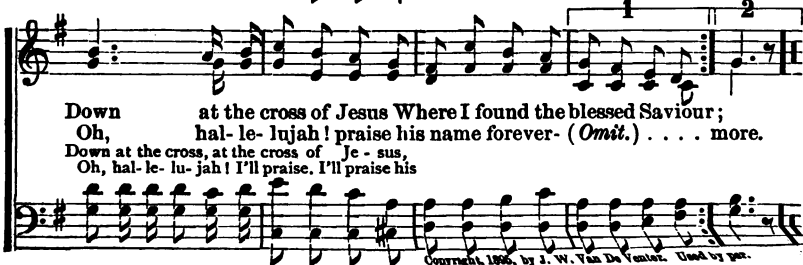


wash'd my sins away, Where his Spirit fills my soul, Where he keeps me whole.
 tress and grief prevail, He will fold me to his breast—Give me joy and rest.
 else but earthly dross; Come, ye ruined by the fall, There is rest for all.

CHORUS.



{ Oh, what a resting place! Oh, what a - bidding grace!
 { There was the blood applied, Now I am sat - is - fied;
 { Oh, what a rest - ing, a rest - ing place! Oh, what a - bid - ing, a - bid - ing grace!
 { There, oh, there was the blood ap - plied, Now, just now I am sat - is - fied;



Down at the cross of Jesus Where I found the blessed Saviour;
 Oh, hal - le - lujah! praise his name forever- (*Omit.*) . . . more.
 Down at the cross, at the cross of Je - sus,
 Oh, hal - le - lu - jah! I'll praise, I'll praise his

I am Glad I've been Set Free.

HARRY STEPHENS.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. I am glad I've been set free, By the blood Christ shed for me On the
 2. When the storms of life are o'er, I shall land upon the shore, And sing
 3. I shall see the warriors bold, Who were slain in days of old, For the

cross of Calva-ry, Hal-le-lu-jah! For my sins are wash'd away, And I'm
 praises evermore, Hal-le-lu-jah! I shall wear a crown of gold, And I
 sto-ry having told Of my Saviour; I shall wear a robe of white, And shall

CHORUS.

happy all the day, As I trust him all the way, Hal-le-lujah! Hal-le-
 shall my Lord behold, When the pearly gates unfold, Hal-le-lujah!
 walk the streets of light, Always in my Saviour's sight, Halle-lujah! (Paster.)

lujah! hallelujah! I am glad I've been set free, By the blood Christ shed for me;


Hal-le-lu-jah! halle-lu-jah! I am glad I've been set free, Hallelujah!

Copyright, 1897, by John J. Hood.


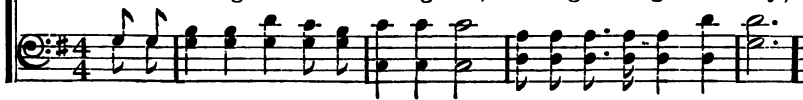
Walking in the Good Old Way. 123

FANNY J. CROSBY.


JNO. R. SWENEY.




1. We are trav'ling on with our staff in hand, Walking in the good old way ;
2. We are trav'ling on thro' a world of sin, Walking in the good old way ;
3. We are trav'ling on in the Master's name, Walking in the good old way ;
4. We are trav'ling on to the rolling tide, Walking in the good old way ;



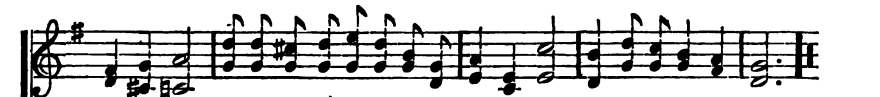

We are pilgrims bound for the heav'nly land, Walking in the good old way.
Tho' our foes are strong we have peace within, Walking in the good old way.
And we sing his praise with a loud acclaim, Walking in the good old way.
But we trust in him who is still our guide, Walking in the good old way.




CHORUS.



Walking in the blessedness of love un - told, Trav'ling to a country that will



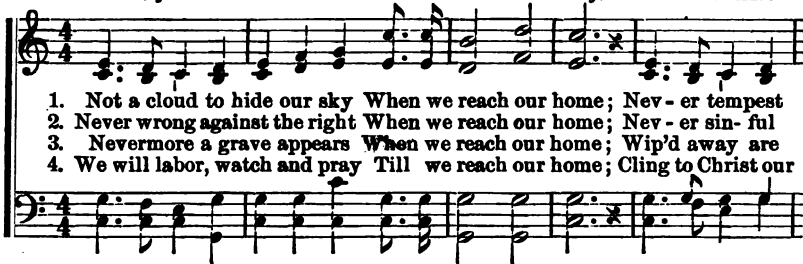
ne'er grow old, Jesus our Redeemer we shall there behold, Home in the realms of day.



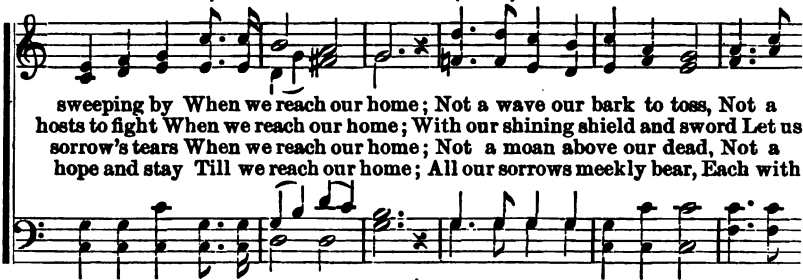
When we Reach our Home.

HARRIET E. JONES.

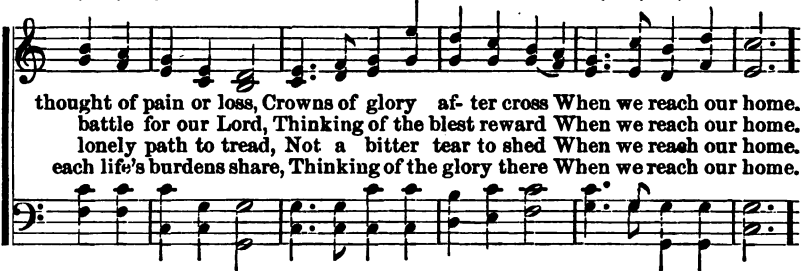
J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.



1. Not a cloud to hide our sky When we reach our home; Nev - er tempest
2. Never wrong against the right When we reach our home; Nev - er sin - ful
3. Nevermore a grave appears When we reach our home; Wip'd away are
4. We will labor, watch and pray Till we reach our home; Cling to Christ our



sweeping by When we reach our home; Not a wave our bark to toss, Not a
 hosts to fight When we reach our home; With our shining shield and sword Let us
 sorrow's tears When we reach our home; Not a moan above our dead, Not a
 hope and stay Till we reach our home; All our sorrows meekly bear, Each with

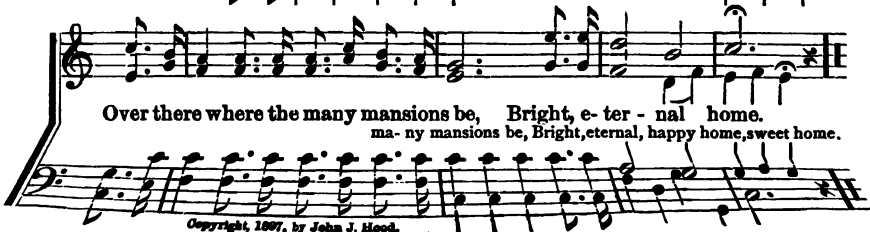


thought of pain or loss, Crowns of glory af - ter cross When we reach our home.
 battle for our Lord, Thinking of the blest reward When we reach our home.
 lonely path to tread, Not a bitter tear to shed When we reach our home.
 each life's burdens share, Thinking of the glory there When we reach our home.

CHORUS.



When we reach our home, Restful, hap - - py home,
 When we reach our home, sweet home, Restful, happy home, sweet home,



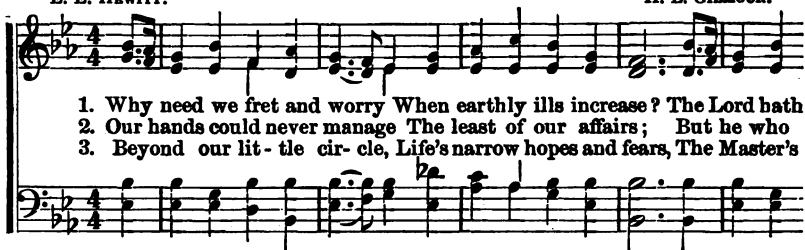
Over there where the many mansions be, Bright, e - ter - nal home.
 ma - ny mansions be, Bright, eternal, happy home, sweet home.

Our Father's on the Throne.

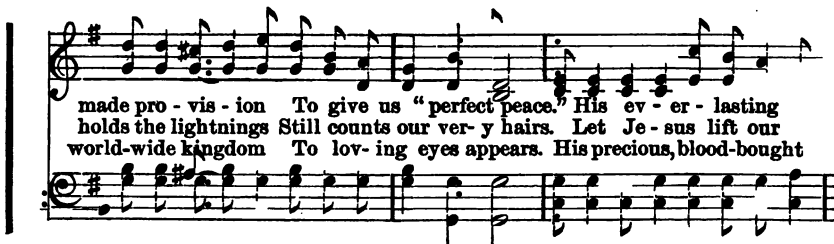
125

E. E. HEWITT.

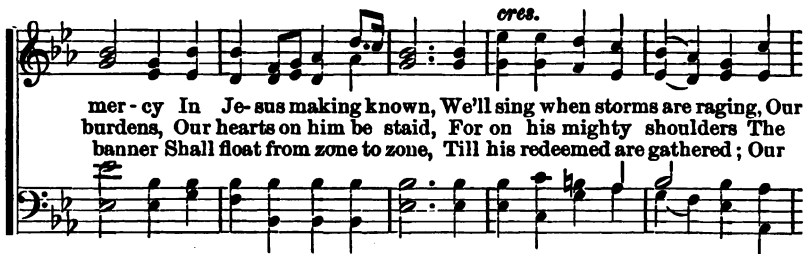
H. L. GILMOUR.



1. Why need we fret and worry When earthly ills increase? The Lord bath
2. Our hands could never manage The least of our affairs; But he who
3. Beyond our lit - tle cir - cle, Life's narrow hopes and fears, The Master's



made pro - vis - ion To give us "perfect peace." His ev - er - lasting
holds the lightnings Still counts our ver - y hairs. Let Je - sus lift our
world-wide kingdom To lov - ing eyes appears. His precious, blood-bought

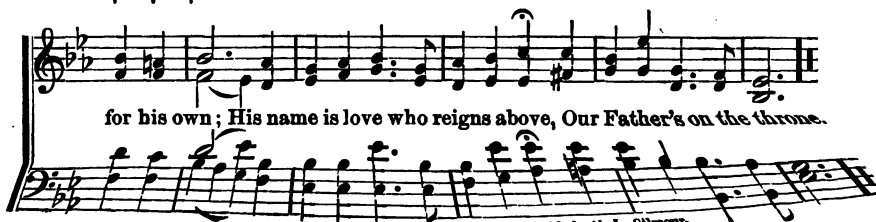


mer - cy In Je - sus making known, We'll sing when storms are raging, Our
burdens, Our hearts on him be staid, For on his mighty shoulders The
banner Shall float from zone to zone, Till his redeemed are gathered; Our

CHORUS.



Father's on the throne. Rejoice and sing, the Lord is King, He careth
government is laid.
Father's on the throne.

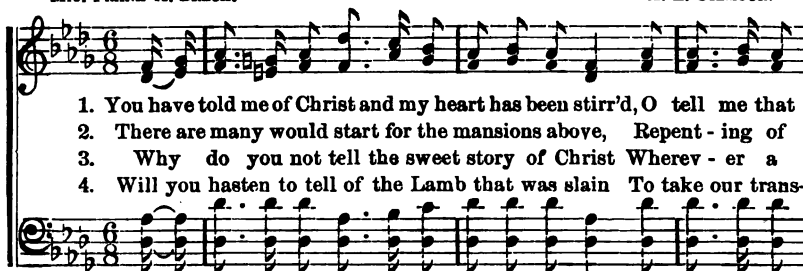


for his own; His name is love who reigns above, Our Father's on the throne.

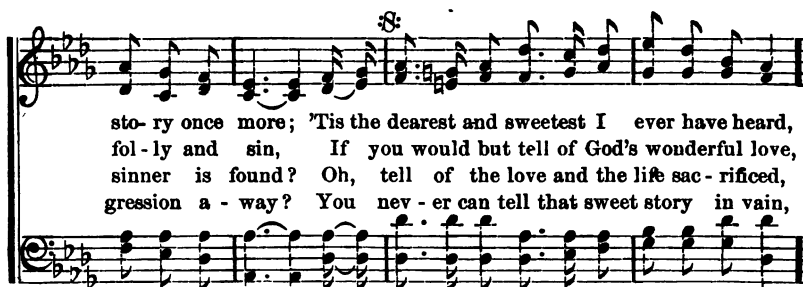
Why Don't You Tell it to All?

Mrs. FRANK A. BRECK.

H. L. GILMOUR.



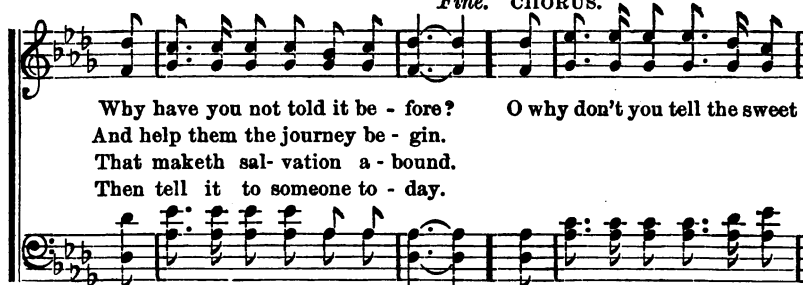
1. You have told me of Christ and my heart has been stirr'd, O tell me that
2. There are many would start for the mansions above, Repent - ing of
3. Why do you not tell the sweet story of Christ Wherev - er a
4. Will you hasten to tell of the Lamb that was slain To take our trans-



sto - ry once more; 'Tis the dearest and sweetest I ever have heard,
fol - ly and sin, If you would but tell of God's wonderful love,
sinner is found? Oh, tell of the love and the life sac - rificed,
gression a - way? You nev - er can tell that sweet story in vain,

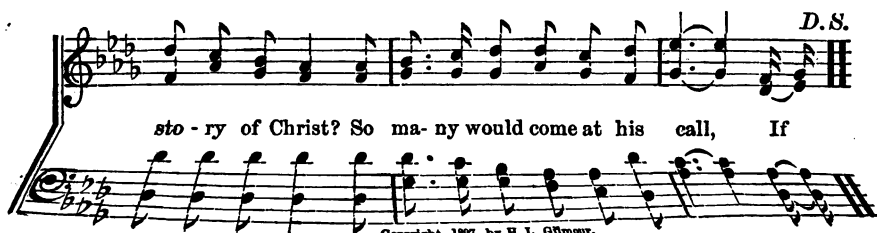
D.S.—on - ly they knew the old story from you,

Fine. CHORUS.



Why have you not told it be - fore? O why don't you tell the sweet
And help them the journey be - gin.
That maketh sal - vation a - bound.
Then tell it to someone to - day.

Then why don't you tell it to all?



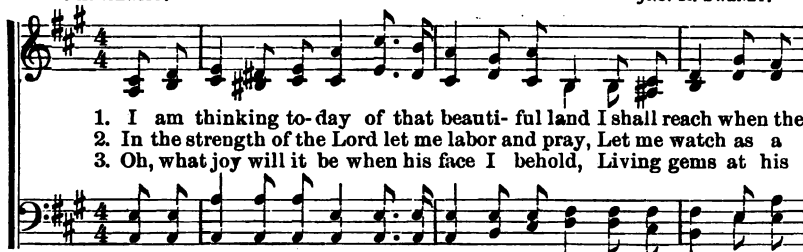
D.S.
sto - ry of Christ? So ma - ny would come at his call, If

Will there be any Stars?

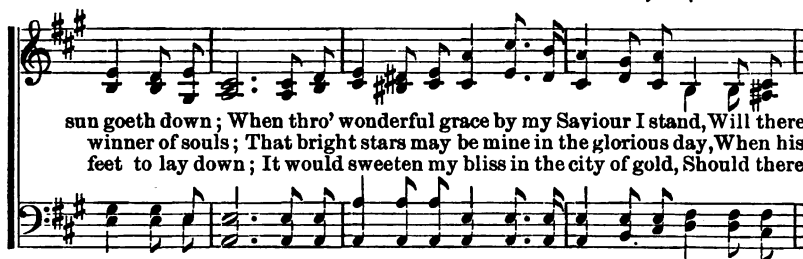
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E. E. HEWITT.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

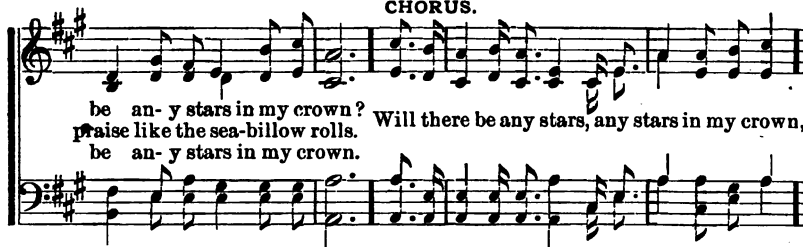


1. I am thinking to-day of that beautiful land I shall reach when the
 2. In the strength of the Lord let me labor and pray, Let me watch as a
 3. Oh, what joy will it be when his face I behold, Living gems at his

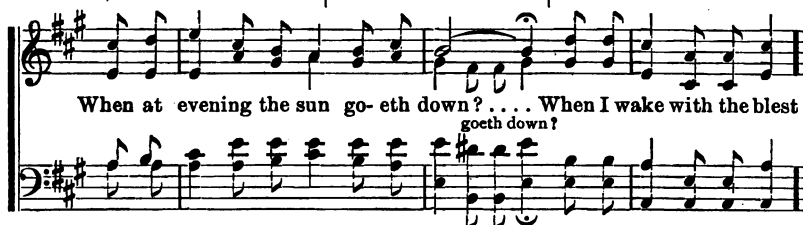


sun goeth down; When thro' wonderful grace by my Saviour I stand, Will there
 winner of souls; That bright stars may be mine in the glorious day, When his
 feet to lay down; It would sweeten my bliss in the city of gold, Should there

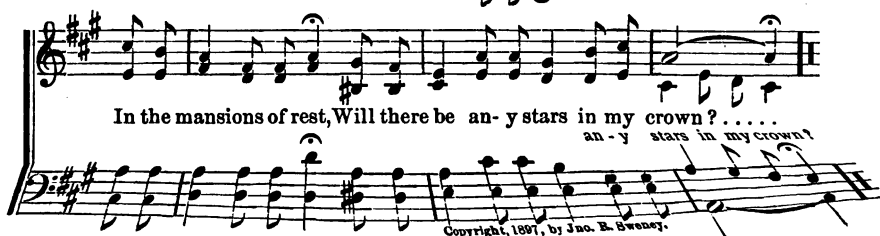
CHORUS.



be an- y stars in my crown? Will there be any stars, any stars in my crown,
 praise like the sea-billow rolls.
 be an- y stars in my crown.



When at evening the sun go-eth down? When I wake with the blest
 goeth down?



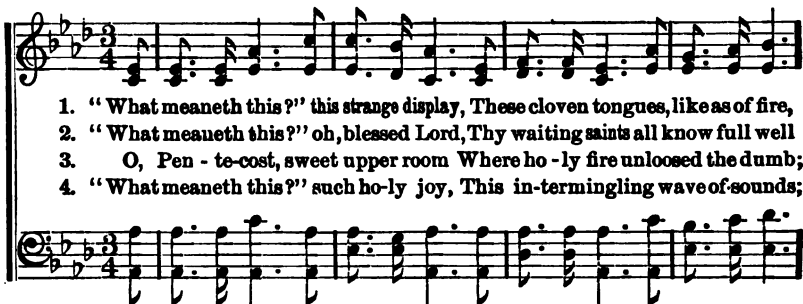
In the mansions of rest, Will there be an- y stars in my crown?
 an- y stars in my crown?

What Meaneth this?

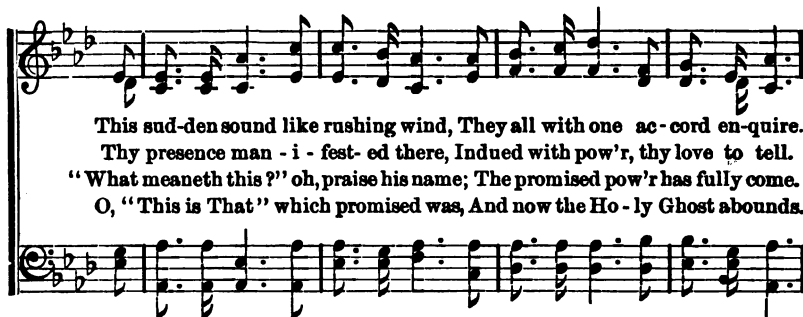
"This is that which was spoken by the Prophet Joel."—ACTS 2: 16.

E. GRACE UPDEGRAFF.

H. L. GILMOUR.

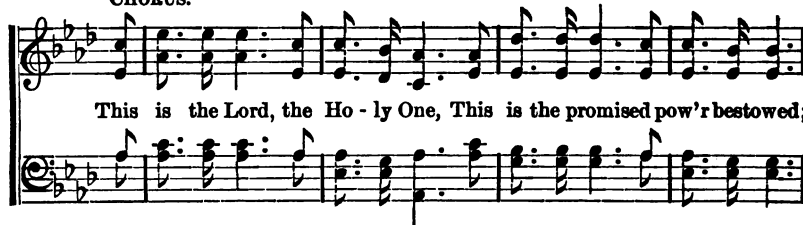


1. "What meaneth this?" this strange display, These cloven tongues, like as of fire,
2. "What meaneth this?" oh, blessed Lord, Thy waiting saints all know full well
3. O, Pen - te - cost, sweet upper room Where ho - ly fire unloosed the dumb;
4. "What meaneth this?" such ho - ly joy, This in - termingling wave of - sounds;

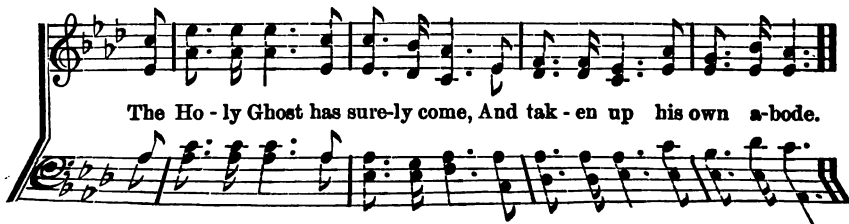


This sud - den sound like rushing wind, They all with one ac - cord en - quire.
Thy presen - ce man - i - fest - ed there, Indued with pow'r, thy love to tell.
"What meaneth this?" oh, praise his name; The promised pow'r has fully come.
O, "This is That" which promised was, And now the Ho - ly Ghost abounds.

CHORUS.



This is the Lord, the Ho - ly One, This is the promised pow'r bestowed;



The Ho - ly Ghost has sure - ly come, And tak - en up his own a - bode.

Transformation.

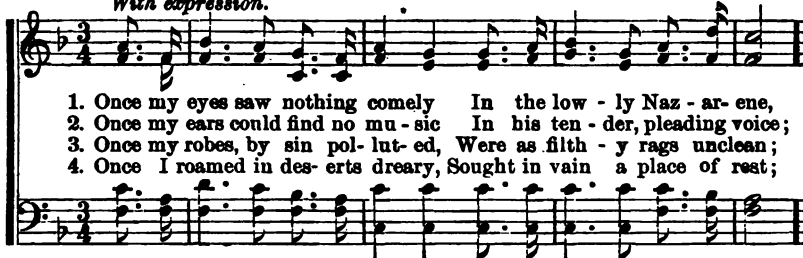
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"I will declare what he hath done for my soul."—Ps. lxxvi : 16.

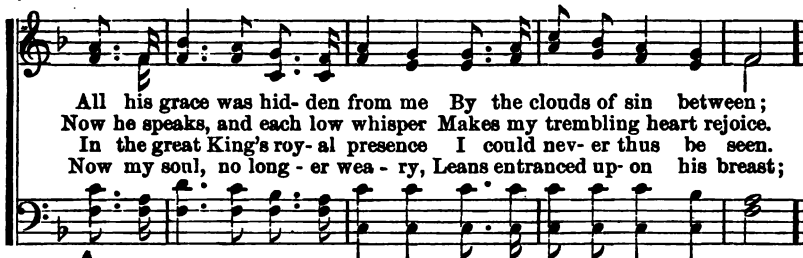
"BEULAH."

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

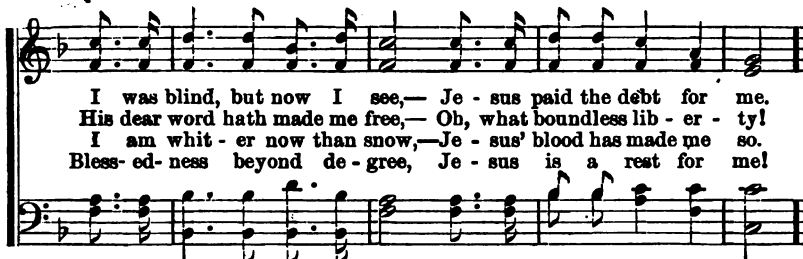
With expression.



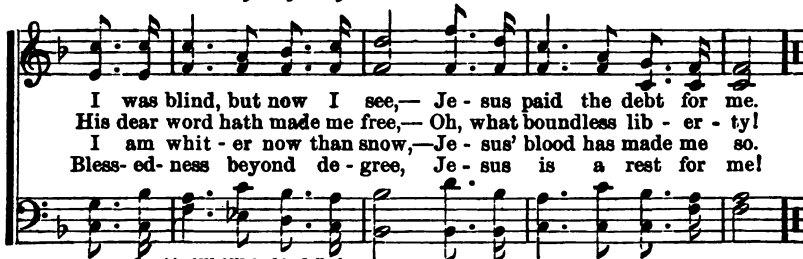
1. Once my eyes saw nothing comely In the low - ly Naz - ar - ene,
 2. Once my ears could find no mu - sic In his ten - der, pleading voice;
 3. Once my robes, by sin pol - lut - ed, Were as filth - y rags unclean;
 4. Once I roamed in des - erts dreary, Sought in vain a place of rest;



All his grace was hid - den from me By the clouds of sin between;
 Now he speaks, and each low whisper Makes my trembling heart rejoice.
 In the great King's roy - al presence I could nev - er thus be seen.
 Now my soul, no long - er wea - ry, Leans entranced up - on his breast;



I was blind, but now I see,— Je - sus paid the debt for me.
 His dear word hath made me free,— Oh, what boundless lib - er - ty!
 I am whit - er now than snow,—Je - sus' blood has made me so.
 Bless - ed - ness beyond de - gree, Je - sus is a rest for me!



I was blind, but now I see,— Je - sus paid the debt for me.
 His dear word hath made me free,— Oh, what boundless lib - er - ty!
 I am whit - er now than snow,—Je - sus' blood has made me so.
 Bless - ed - ness beyond de - gree, Je - sus is a rest for me!

Copyright, 1886, 1897, by John J. Reed.

5 Hallelujah, what a Saviour!
 Half his love was never told;
 I have found his kingly favor
 Richer treasure far than gold.
 :: Praise him, O my ransomed soul,
 While eternal ages roll. ::

6 Oh, that all who hear the story
 For themselves would taste and see;
 Come to him; his banner o'er thee
 Everlasting love shall be.
 :: To thy weary soul be given
 Rest on earth and rest in heaven. ::
 Love and Praise. 4—J

God is Love.

FANNY J. CROSSY.
DUET.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. I'll praise the Lord, and this my song, God is love, God is love;
 2. He leads me on . . . with gentle hand, God is love, God is love;
 3. The joy I feel . . . to him I owe, God is love, God is love;
 4. And when I sing . . . on earth no more, God is love, God is love;

I'll sing with all the blood-wash'd throng, God is love, yes, God is love.
 My Rock a- mid . . . a thirsty land, God is love, yes, God is love.
 He taught my soul . . his grace to know, God is love, yes, God is love.
 I'll still proclaim . . . on Canaan's shore, God is love, yes, God is love.

CHORUS.

He lifts the veil . . . that sealed my eyes, And
 He lifts the veil that sealed my eyes,

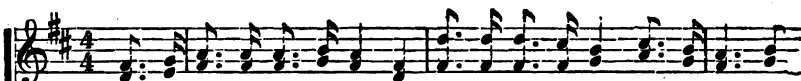
bids, he bids the star of faith a - rise; faith a - rise; I'll shout, shout the
 of faith a - rise;

chorus of the skies, of the skies, God is love, God is love, God is love.


Send a Cheer Across the Wave. 131

E. E. HEWITT.

H. L. GILMOUR.




1. They are pushing out the life-boat, throwing out the line; Will you help a
2. Think how Jesus, mighty Saviour, came to save the lost, For his blood he
3. By your sympathy unfailing you can strength bestow, You can aid the




soul to save? Let the blessed light of res - cue o'er the billows shine,
free - ly gave; Let his Spirit move within you toward the tempest-tossed,
toil - ers brave; While your prayers arise to heaven, from a heart aglow,

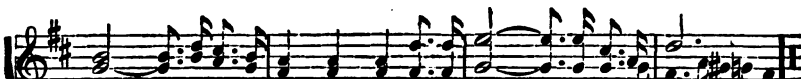
CHORUS.



Send a cheer a - cross the wave. Ring it out with voic - es
Ring it out with



loud and clear, Ring it out, a word of heart - y cheer; If you
voices loud and clear, Ring it out, a word of hearty cheer;



can - - not go a soul to save, Send a cheer . . across the wave. . . .
If you can - not go a soul to save, Send a cheer, a cheer across the wave.

Marching On to Victory.

Rev. JONATHAN DUNGAN, B.D.

Wm. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. In joyful bands we're marching on, True, faithful soldiers let us be;
 2. Thy kingdom come, O Lord, we pray, The world from Satan's bondage free;
 3. The gospel banner soon shall wave O'er ev'ry land, on ev'ry sea;

A better day begins to dawn; We're marching on to victo - ry!
 May truth and right soon win the day; We're marching on to victo - ry!
 So onward press, ye brave and true, We're marching on to victo - ry!

CHORUS.

We're marching on, . . . we're marching on, . . . We're marching

on . . . to vic-to - ry; . . . A better day . . . begins to
 We're marching on to vic-to - ry, to vic - tory,

dawn; . . . We are marching, marching on to victory! to vic - to - ry!
 on . . . to vic - to - ry!

Copyright, 1899, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

4 Come, let us join the glad refrain,
 That glorious day the world shall see;
 Hosanna! swell the joyful strain,
 We're marching on to victory!

5 And when the day at last is won,
 We'll join the general jubilee;
 All glory give to God's dear Son;
 We're marching on to victory!

Press Forward.

133

Mrs. FRANK BRECK.

J. J. LOWE.

1. Press forward, soldier of the Lord, Press on without de- lay ; Press on to
 2. Press forward, soldier of the cross, Stay not in all the plain ; Press on, nor
 3. Press forward, soldier of the right, Stay not for doubt or sin ; Press on, in
 4. Press on, and keep thy purpose true, Press on, whate'er betide ; Say ev - er,

CHORUS.

win the blest reward, Press on in faith to- day. Forgetting the things which
 stay for pain or loss, Till thou the prize shalt gain.
 darkness or in light, Till thou the vict'ry win.
 this one thing I do, And Christ shall be my guide.

are behind, Let all thy doubts be o'er ; Forgetting the things which are behind,

Oh, reach for the things before! Press forward! press forward! Tho' all thy
 Press forward! oh, press

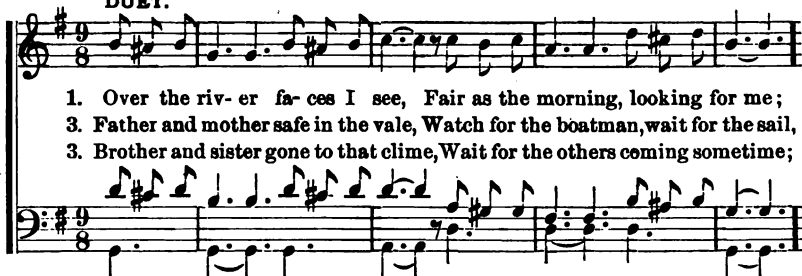
way be dark ; Press forward! press forward! Press ever toward the mark.
 Press forward! oh, press

Looking this Way.

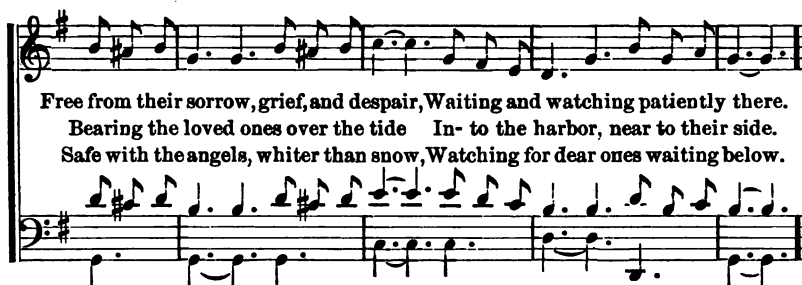
J. W. V.

DUET.

J. W. VAN DE VENTER.

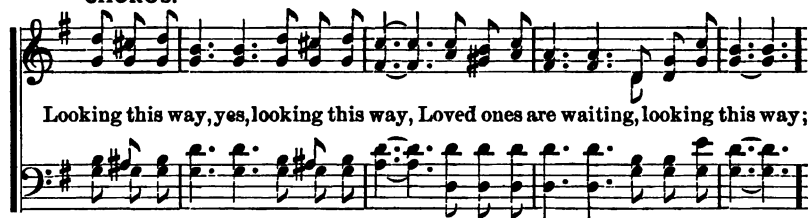


1. Over the riv- er fa- ces I see, Fair as the morning, looking for me;
 3. Father and mother safe in the vale, Watch for the boatman, wait for the sail,
 3. Brother and sister gone to that clime, Wait for the others coming sometime;

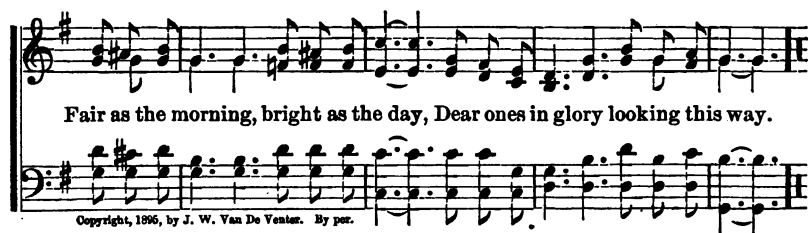


Free from their sorrow, grief, and despair, Waiting and watching patiently there.
 Bearing the loved ones over the tide In- to the harbor, near to their side.
 Safe with the angels, whiter than snow, Watching for dear ones waiting below.

CHORUS.



Looking this way, yes, looking this way, Loved ones are waiting, looking this way;



Fair as the morning, bright as the day, Dear ones in glory looking this way.

Copyright, 1896, by J. W. Van De Venter. By per.

4 Sweet little darling, light of the home,
 Looking for someone, beckoning come;
 Bright as a sunbeam, pure as the dew,
 Anxiously looking, mother, for you.

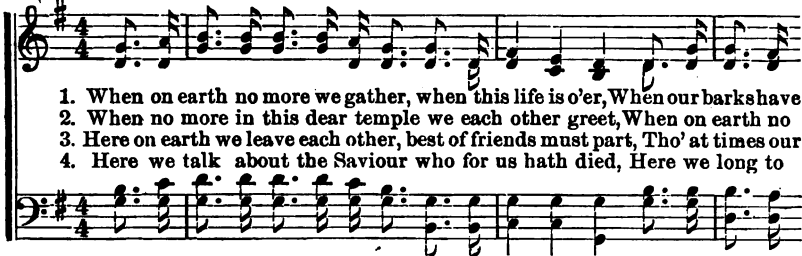
5 Jesus the Saviour, bright Morning Star,
 Looking for lost ones straying afar;
 Hear the glad message, why will you roam?
 Jesus is calling, "Sinner, come home."

At the Gates of Day.

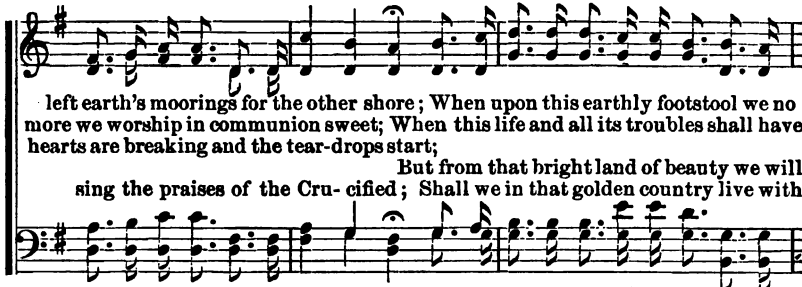
135

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

JNO. R. SWENEY.



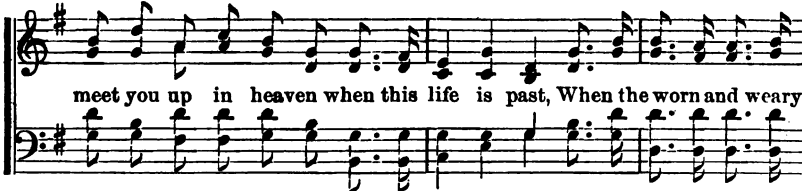
1. When on earth no more we gather, when this life is o'er, When our barks have
 2. When no more in this dear temple we each other greet, When on earth no
 3. Here on earth we leave each other, best of friends must part, Tho' at times our
 4. Here we talk about the Saviour who for us hath died, Here we long to



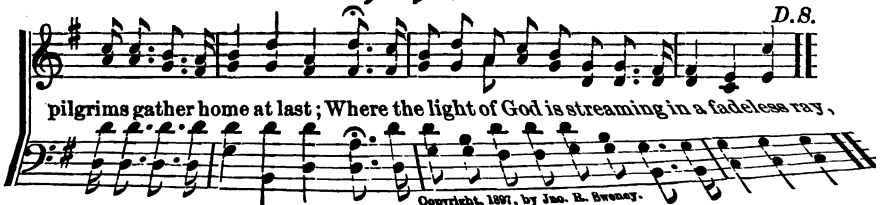
left earth's moorings for the other shore; When upon this earthly footstool we no
 more we worship in communion sweet; When this life and all its troubles shall have
 hearts are breaking and the tear-drops start;
 But from that bright land of beauty we will
 sing the praises of the Cru- cified; Shall we in that golden country live with



Fine. CHORUS.
 long- er stay, Will you meet me in the morning at the gates of day? Yes, I'll
 pass'd a- way, Will you meet me in the morning at the gates of day?
 nev- er stray, Will you meet me in the morning at the gates of day?
 him alway? Will you meet me in the morning at the gates of day?
D.S.—I will meet you in the morning at the gates of day.



meet you up in heaven when this life is past, When the worn and weary



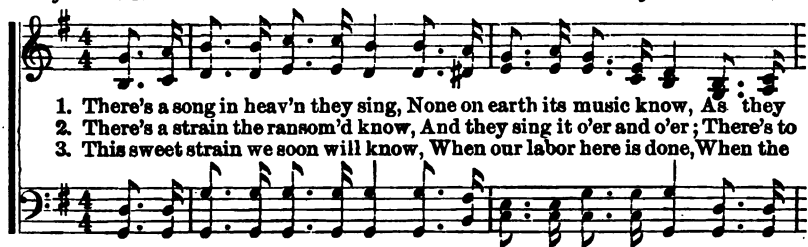
D.S.
 pilgrims gather home at last; Where the light of God is streaming in a fadeless ray,

The Heavenly Song.

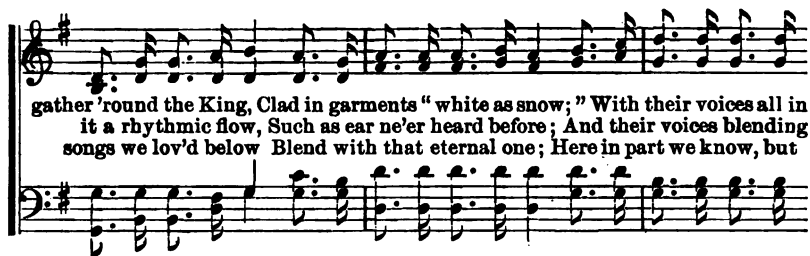
JOHN R. CLEMENTS.

"And they sing a new song."—REV. v: 9.

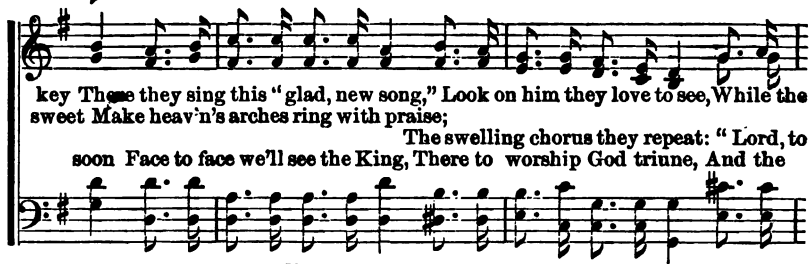
JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. There's a song in heav'n they sing, None on earth its music know, As they
 2. There's a strain the ransom'd know, And they sing it o'er and o'er; There's to
 3. This sweet strain we soon will know, When our labor here is done, When the

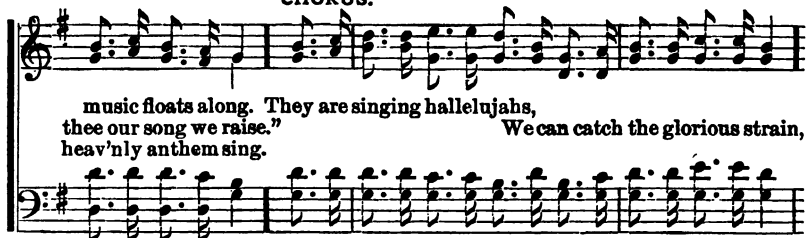


gather 'round the King, Clad in garments "white as snow;" With their voices all in
 it a rhythmic flow, Such as ear ne'er heard before; And their voices blending
 songs we lov'd below Blend with that eternal one; Here in part we know, but

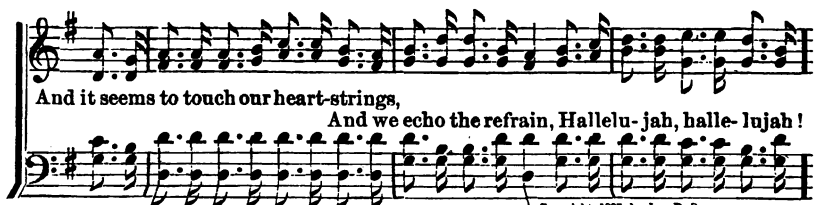


key These they sing this "glad, new song," Look on him they love to see, While the
 sweet Make heav'n's arches ring with praise;
 The swelling chorus they repeat: "Lord, to
 soon Face to face we'll see the King, There to worship God triune, And the

CHORUS.



music floats along. They are singing hallelujahs,
 thee our song we raise." We can catch the glorious strain,
 heav'nly anthem sing.



And it seems to touch our heart-strings,
 And we echo the refrain, Hallelu-jah, halle-lujah!



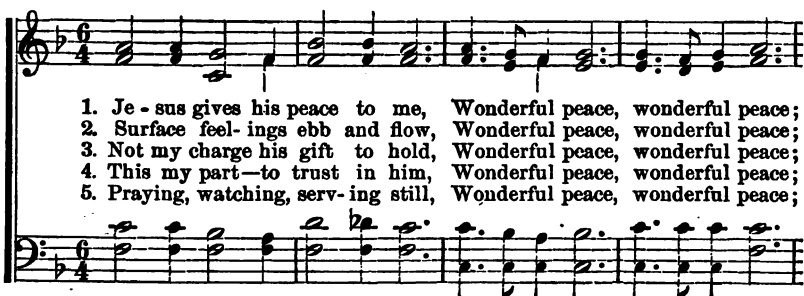
Praise we all the great I Am, Hallelujah, hallelujah, Glory to the precious Lamb!

Wonderful Peace.

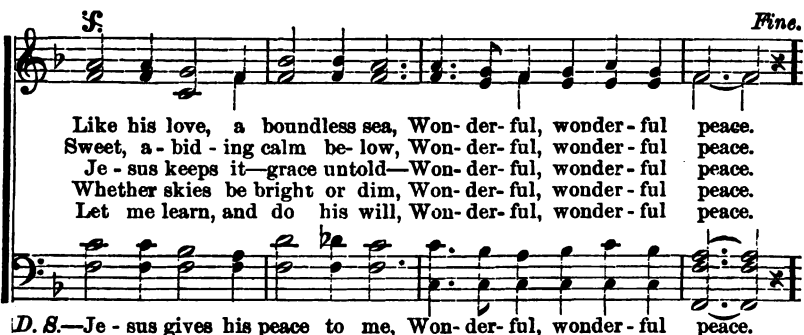
L. H. E.

" My peace I give unto you."—John xiv: 27.

L. H. EDMUNDS.



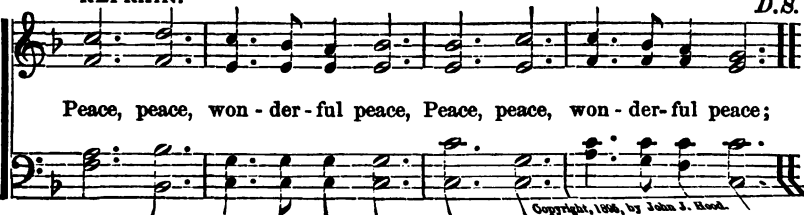
1. Je - sus gives his peace to me, Wonderful peace, wonderful peace;
 2. Surface feel-ings ebb and flow, Wonderful peace, wonderful peace;
 3. Not my charge his gift to hold, Wonderful peace, wonderful peace;
 4. This my part—to trust in him, Wonderful peace, wonderful peace;
 5. Praying, watching, serv-ing still, Wonderful peace, wonderful peace;



Like his love, a boundless sea, Won-der-ful, wonder-ful peace.
 Sweet, a-bid-ing calm be-low, Won-der-ful, wonder-ful peace.
 Je - sus keeps it—grace untold—Won-der-ful, wonder-ful peace.
 Whether skies be bright or dim, Won-der-ful, wonder-ful peace.
 Let me learn, and do his will, Won-der-ful, wonder-ful peace.

D. S.—Je - sus gives his peace to me, Won-der-ful, wonder-ful peace.

REFRAIN.



Peace, peace, won - der - ful peace, Peace, peace, won - der - ful peace;

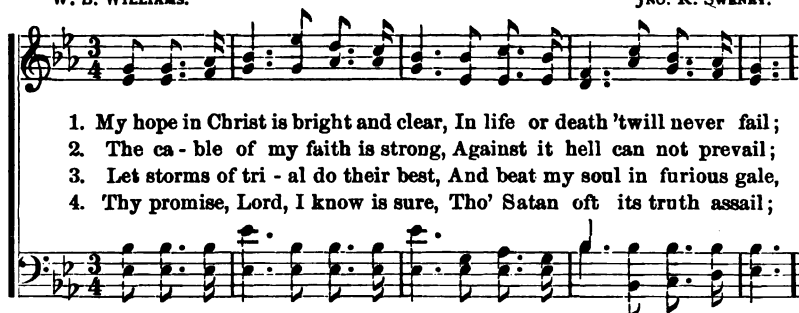
Copyright, 1906, by John J. Hood.

138 **My Anchor Holds within the Veil.**

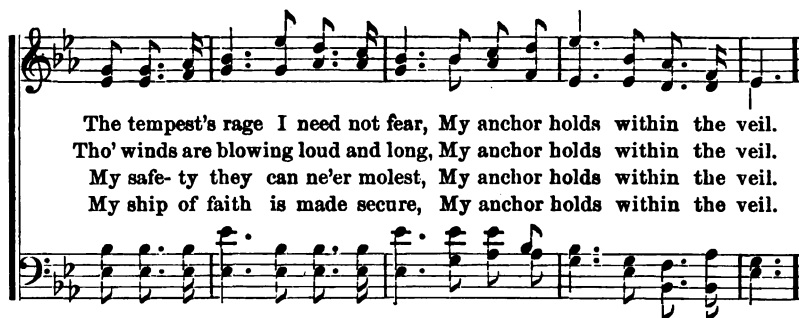
W. B. WILLIAMS.

HEB. vi: 19.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

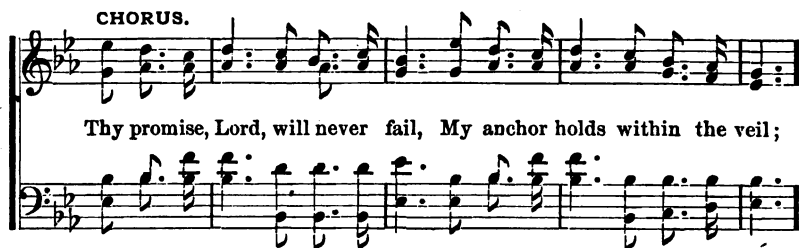


1. My hope in Christ is bright and clear, In life or death 'twill never fail;
 2. The ca - ble of my faith is strong, Against it hell can not prevail;
 3. Let storms of tri - al do their best, And beat my soul in furious gale,
 4. 'Thy promise, Lord, I know is sure, Tho' Satan oft its truth assail;



The tempest's rage I need not fear, My anchor holds within the veil.
 Tho' winds are blowing loud and long, My anchor holds within the veil.
 My safe - ty they can ne'er molest, My anchor holds within the veil.
 My ship of faith is made secure, My anchor holds within the veil.

CHORUS.



Thy promise, Lord, will never fail, My anchor holds within the veil;



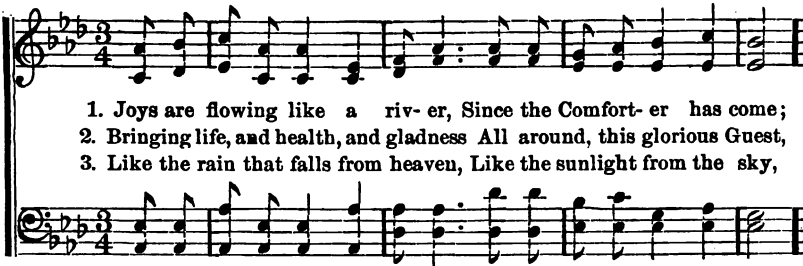
Thy promise, Lord, will never fail, My anchor holds within the veil.

Blessed Quietness.

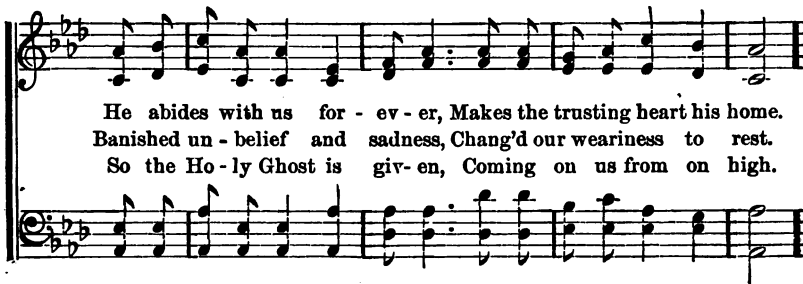
139

Mrs. MAMIE PATNE FERGUSON.

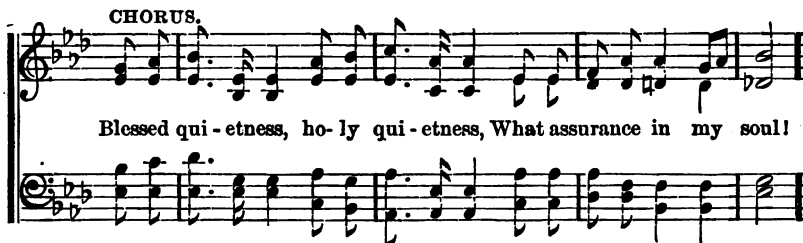
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Joys are flowing like a riv-er, Since the Comfort-er has come;
2. Bringing life, and health, and gladness All around, this glorious Guest,
3. Like the rain that falls from heaven, Like the sunlight from the sky,



He abides with us for - ev - er, Makes the trusting heart his home.
Banished un - belief and sadness, Chang'd our weariness to rest.
So the Ho - ly Ghost is giv - en, Coming on us from on high.



CHORUS.
Blessed qui - etness, ho - ly qui - etness, What assurance in my soul!



On the stormy sea, speaking peace to me, How the billows cease to roll!

Copyright, 1886, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


4 See, a fruitful field is growing,
Blessed fruits of righteousness;
And the streams of life are flowing
In the lonely wilderness.

5 What a wonderful salvation,
Where we always see his face!
What a peaceful habitation,
What a quiet resting place!



Let us Walk in Love.

E. K. HEWITT.


JMO. R. SWEENEY.



1. "Bear ye one anoth-er's bur-dens," 'Tis the blessed Master's will;
 2. "Bear ye one anoth-er's bur-dens," For the road is rough at times,
 3. "Bear ye one anoth-er's bur-dens," All our own will Je-sus share;
 4. "Bear ye one anoth-er's bur-dens," Heart to heart and hand to hand;


On-ly thus can we be like him, And the roy-al law ful-fil.
 And a kindly hand will strengthen Him who stumbles as he climbs.
 Free the heart to feel for oth-ers, Resting sweetly in his care.
 'Tis the common faith u-nites us, Pilgrims to one bet-ter land.




CHORUS.



With grace from a-bove Let us walk, let us walk in love;
 With grace from above Let us walk in love,

Let us bear one anoth-er's burdens, Let us walk, let us walk in love.



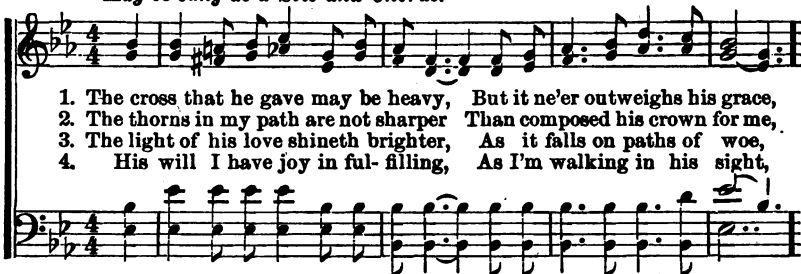
The Cross is not Greater.

141

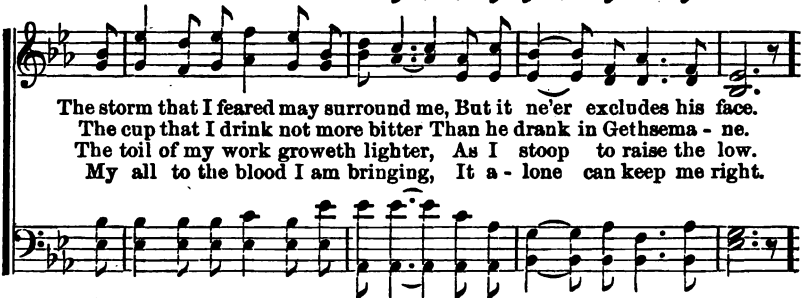
B. B.

Gen. BALLINGTON BOOTH.

May be sung as a Solo and Chorus.

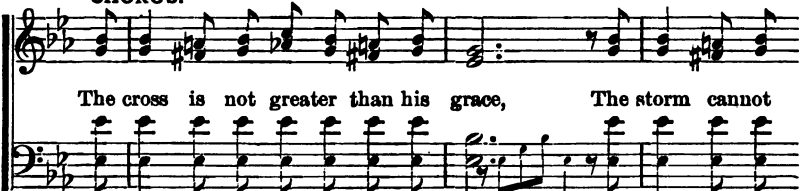


1. The cross that he gave may be heavy, But it ne'er outweighs his grace,
 2. The thorns in my path are not sharper Than composed his crown for me,
 3. The light of his love shineth brighter, As it falls on paths of woe,
 4. His will I have joy in ful-filling, As I'm walking in his sight,

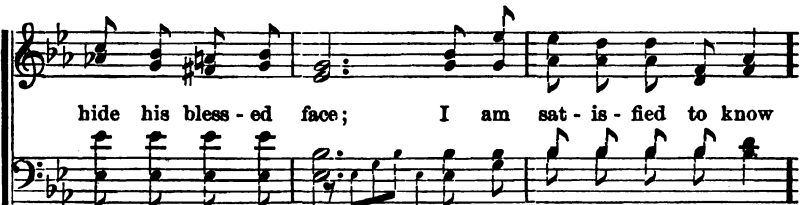


The storm that I feared may surround me, But it ne'er excludes his face.
 The cup that I drink not more bitter Than he drank in Gethsema - ne.
 The toil of my work groweth lighter, As I stoop to raise the low.
 My all to the blood I am bringing, It a - lone can keep me right.

CHORUS.



The cross is not greater than his grace, The storm cannot



hide his bless - ed face; I am sat - is - fied to know

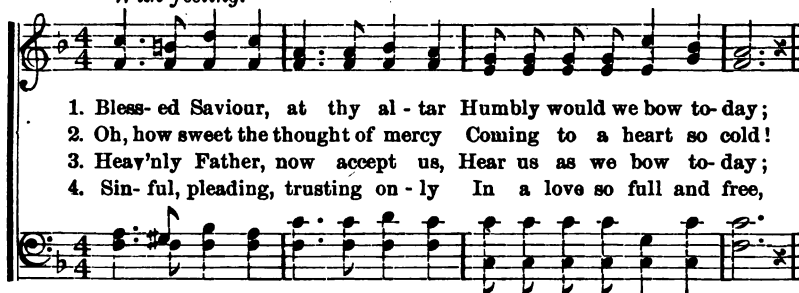


That with Je - sus here be - low, I can con - quer ev - 'ry foe.

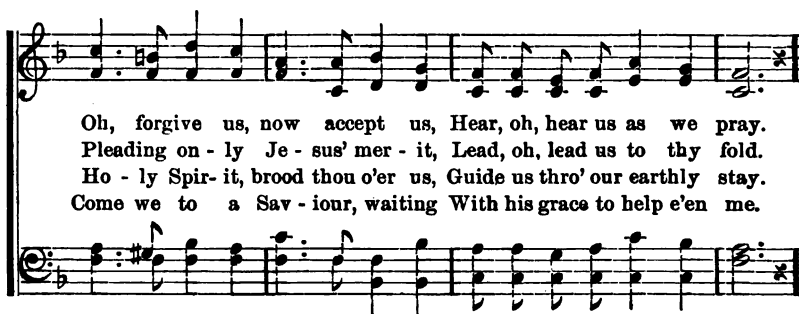
Hear us as we pray.

MYRON W. MORSE.

H. L. GILMOUR.

With feeling.


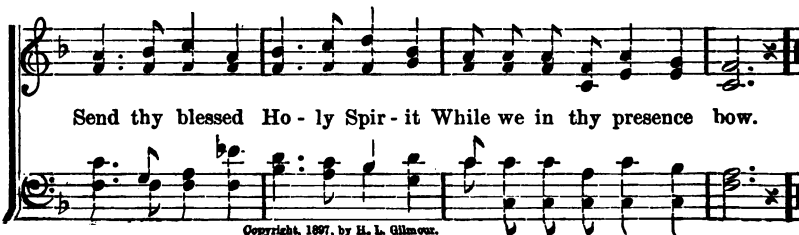
1. Bless-ed Saviour, at thy al-tar Humbly would we bow to-day;
 2. Oh, how sweet the thought of mercy Coming to a heart so cold!
 3. Heav'nly Father, now accept us, Hear us as we bow to-day;
 4. Sin-ful, pleading, trusting on-ly In a love so full and free,



Oh, forgive us, now accept us, Hear, oh, hear us as we pray.
 Pleading on-ly Je-sus' mer-it, Lead, oh, lead us to thy fold.
 Ho-ly Spir-it, brood thou o'er us, Guide us thro' our earthly stay.
 Come we to a Sav-iour, waiting With his grace to help e'en me.

CHORUS.


Hear us now, hear us now, Heav'nly Father, hear us now;



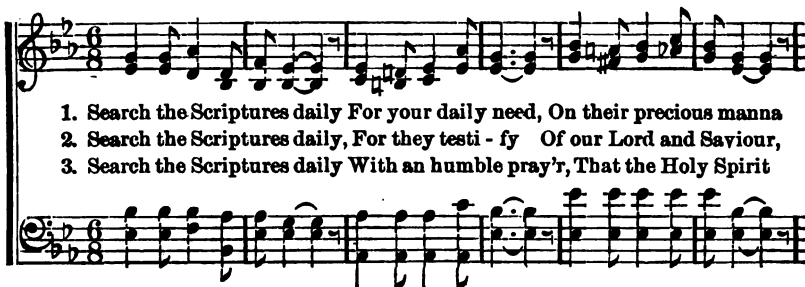
Send thy blessed Ho-ly Spir-it While we in thy presence bow.

Search the Scriptures.

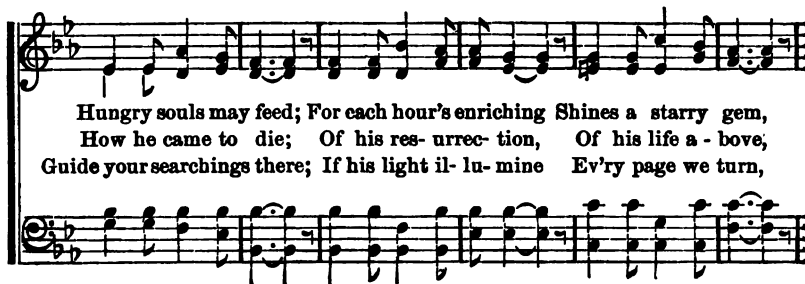
143

E. E. HEWITT.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

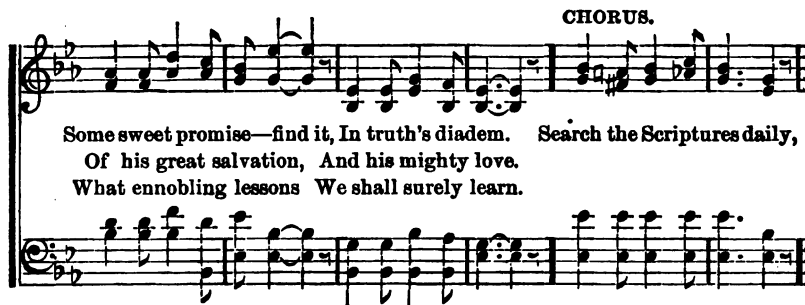


1. Search the Scriptures daily For your daily need, On their precious manna
 2. Search the Scriptures daily, For they testi - fy Of our Lord and Saviour,
 3. Search the Scriptures daily With an humble pray'r, That the Holy Spirit



Hungry souls may feed; For each hour's enriching Shines a starry gem,
 How he came to die; Of his res-urrec-tion, Of his life a - bove,
 Guide your searchings there; If his light il-lu-mine Ev'ry page we turn,

CHORUS.



Some sweet promise—find it, In truth's diadem. Search the Scriptures daily,
 Of his great salvation, And his mighty love.
 What ennobling lessons We shall surely learn.

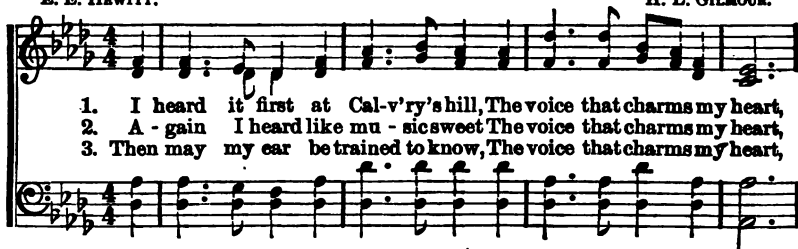


Written for all, written for you; Search the Scriptures daily, God's own word so true.

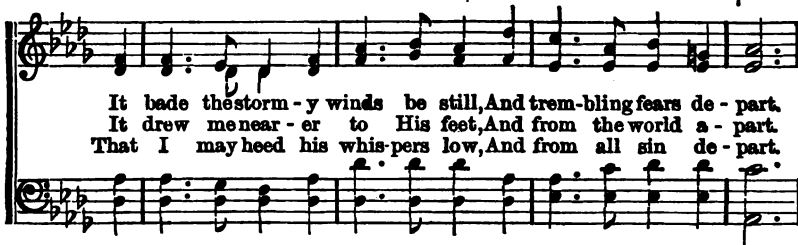
144 The Voice that Charms my Heart.

E. E. HEWITT.

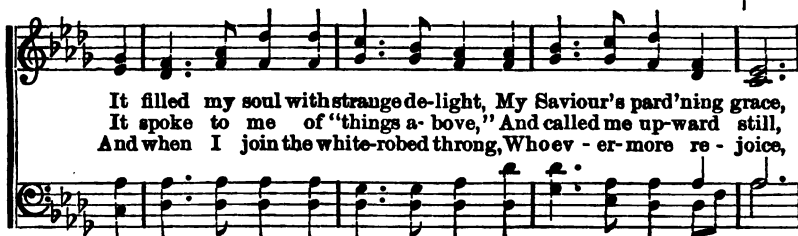
H. L. GILMOUR.



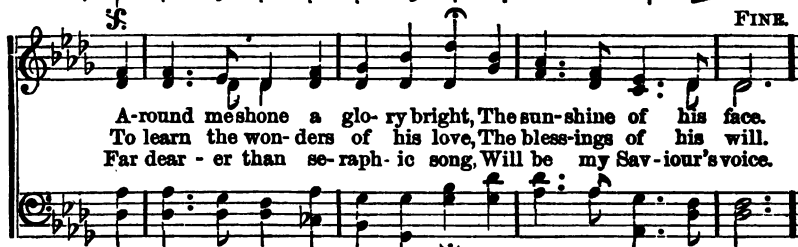
1. I heard it first at Cal-v'ry's hill, The voice that charms my heart,
 2. A - gain I heard like mu - sic sweet The voice that charms my heart,
 3. Then may my ear be trained to know, The voice that charms my heart,



It bade the storm - y winds be still, And trem - bling fears de - part.
 It drew me near - er to His feet, And from the world a - part.
 That I may heed his whis - pers low, And from all sin de - part.



It filled my soul with strange de - light, My Saviour's pard'ning grace,
 It spoke to me of "things a - bove," And called me up - ward still,
 And when I join the white-robed throng, Who ev - er more re - joice,



A - round me shone a glo - ry bright, The sun - shine of his face.
 To learn the won - ders of his love, The bless - ings of his will.
 Far dear - er than se - raph - ic song, Will be my Sav - iour's voice.

D.S.—Come, wand' - rer, hear, where'er thou art, The voice that charms my heart.

CHORUS.

D.S.

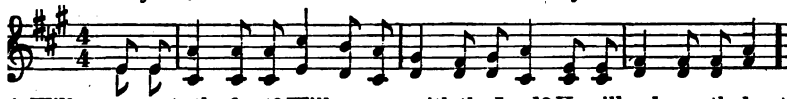


O pre - cious voice, that spoke to me, Sweet words of peace from Cal - va - ry,

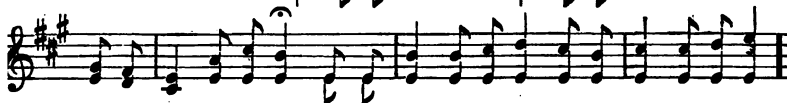
Will You Come to the Feast. 145

HARRIET E. JONES.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.



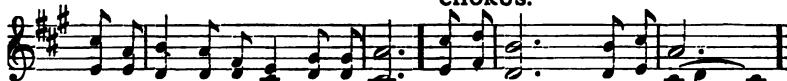
1. Will you come to the feast? Will you sup with the Lord? He will welcome the least
2. Will you come and be fed By our Saviour and Lord? With our great King and head
3. Open wide is the door To the banqueting hall—Are you hungry and poor?



To his bountiful board; There's enough and to spare, and right royal the fare,
Will you sit at the board? He invites you to-day, dare you longer delay?
There is food for you all; Come and sup with the King, with our Prophet and Priest,



CHORUS.

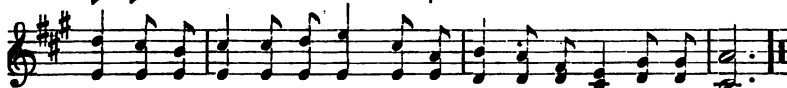


Will you come, one and all, to the feast? Will you come, will you come, . . .
Is there one who will dare to say nay?
Come, oh, come, one and all, to the feast.

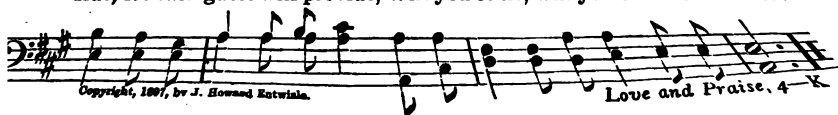
Will you come, will you come,



Will you come to the feast? For the world there is room, Lo! the King will pre-



side, for each guest will provide, Will you come, will you come to the feast?



Why have Ye Done This?

E. E. HEWITT.

Judges ii: 2.

JMO. R. SWENEY.

1. Why have you wandered from Jesus so long, List'ning, unmoved, to the
 2. Why are you building on treacherous sand, When on the Rock he in-
 3. Why in the bondage of Sa - tan remain, When Christ is a - ble to

gospel's sweet song, Slighting his mer - cy, so ten - der and true,
 vites you to stand? Why in the des - ert have hungered for bread,
 break ev - 'ry chain? Why further stray from the Father's bright home?

CHORUS.

Wounding the heart that was bro - ken for you? Why have ye done this?
 When he is calling, "come now, and be fed?"
 Hast - en to meet him, and nev - ermore roam.

why, oh, why? Je - sus is wait - ing to hear your re - ply;

Why will you longer his goodness de - ny, Why, . . . oh, why?
 Why, oh, why?

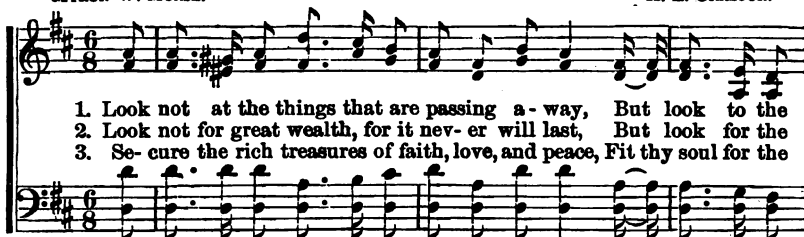
rit.

Look to the Saviour Above.

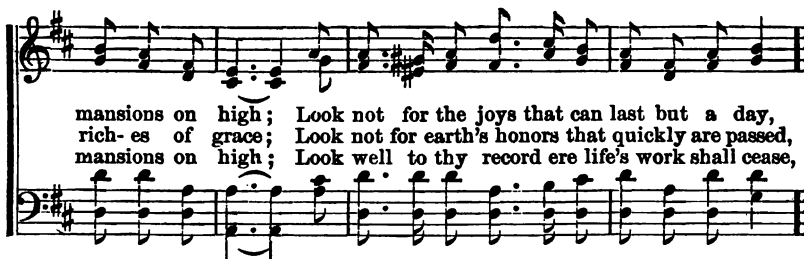
147

MYRON W. MORSE.

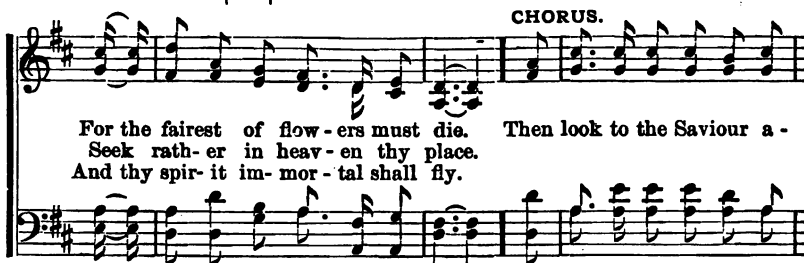
H. L. GILMOUR.



1. Look not at the things that are passing a-way, But look to the
 2. Look not for great wealth, for it nev-er will last, But look for the
 3. Se-cure the rich treasures of faith, love, and peace, Fit thy soul for the

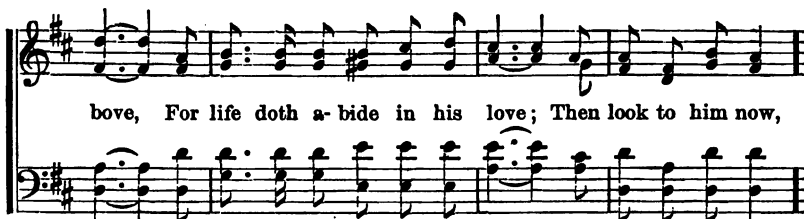


mansions on high; Look not for the joys that can last but a day,
 rich-es of grace; Look not for earth's honors that quickly are passed,
 mansions on high; Look well to thy record ere life's work shall cease,

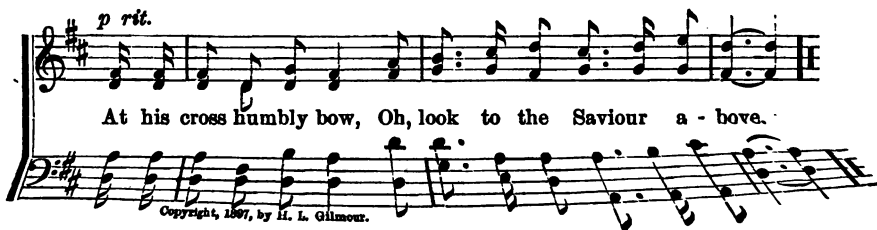


CHORUS.

For the fairest of flow-ers must die. Then look to the Saviour a -
 Seek rath-er in heav-en thy place.
 And thy spir-it im-mor-tal shall fly.



bove, For life doth a-bide in his love; Then look to him now,



p rit.

At his cross humbly bow, Oh, look to the Saviour a - bove.

Copyright, 1897, by H. L. Gilmour.

Blessed Hiding.

IDA L. REED.

Ps. xci: 1.

H. L. GLIMOUR.

1. In the shadow of thy wings, dearest Saviour, Shall the weary and the
2. In the shadow of thy wings, dearest Saviour, There's a peaceful rest so
3. There is rest, yes, sweetest rest, dearest Saviour, 'Neath the shadow of thy
4. In the shadow of thy wings there is resting, With the sorrows of our

weak find rest, While the waves are dashing high we are hid - ing In the calm and sweet; There is rest for all the wea - ry and wayworn, In thy wings for all; There is room for each and all of thy chil - dren Who will earth-life o'er; We shall rest with thee, O Lord, then forev - er, And we'll

CHORUS.

shelter of thy love so blest.
love there is a joy completa.
list - en to thy lov - ing call.
meet the loved ones gone before.

Hid - - ing, blessed hid - - ing,
Hiding, blessed hiding, In the shelter of thy love,

In the shel - ter of thy love so blest; Hid - - ing, we are
Hiding, we are hiding, While the

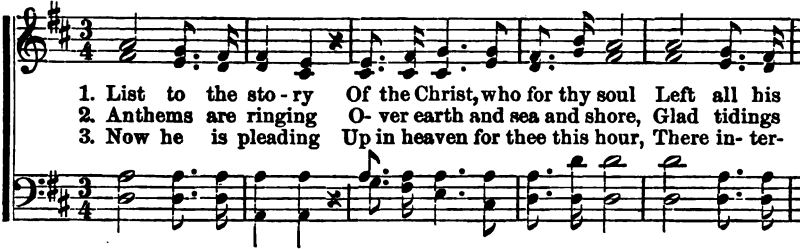
hid - - ing. While the waves are dashing high we have rest.
waves are dashing high,

List to the Story.

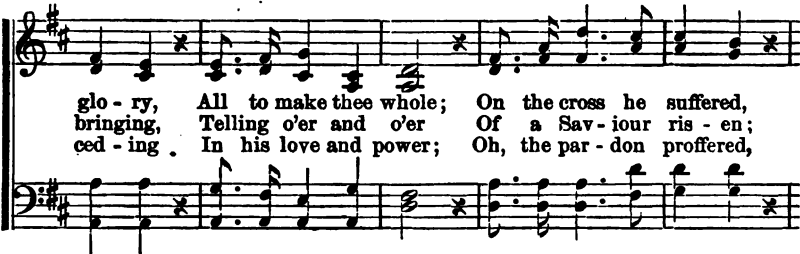
149

ANNIE E. AGNEW.

Spanish Melody, arr.



1. List to the sto-ry Of the Christ, who for thy soul Left all his
2. Anthems are ringing O- ver earth and sea and shore, Glad tidings
3. Now he is pleading Up in heaven for thee this hour, There in- ter-

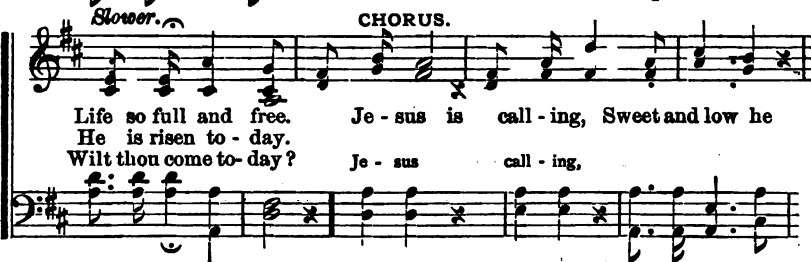


glo- ry, All to make thee whole; On the cross he suffered,
bringing, Telling o'er and o'er Of a Sav- iour ris- en;
ced- ing In his love and power; Oh, the par- don proffered,

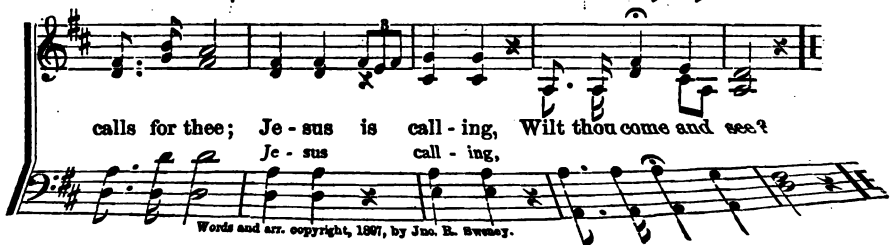


Bled and died on Cal- va- ry, Thus for thee he purchased
For the stone is rolled a- way, From the grave's dark pris- on
Blood to take thy sin a- way, Love di- vine is of- fered,

Slower. CHORUS.



Life so full and free. Je- sus is call- ing, Sweet and low he
He is risen to- day.
Wilt thou come to- day? Je- sus call- ing,



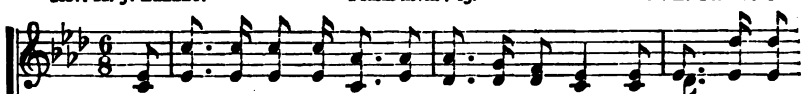
calls for thee; Je- sus is call- ing, Wilt thou come and see?
Je- sus call- ing,

Tell the Glad Story Abroad.

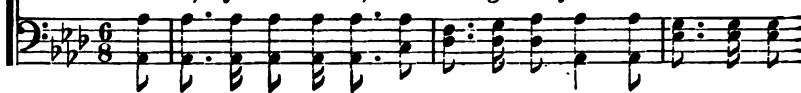
Rev. H. J. ZELLEY.

Psalm xlviii : 13.

H. L. GILMOUR.



1. Have you, my dear brother, been rescued from sin? Is Christ the Re-
2. Are you, my dear brother, washed whiter than snow? And now does the
3. Does Christ, my dear brother, within you now reign? And sin - ful en-
4. Is Christ, my dear brother, now walking with you? And does he di-



deemer a - biding within? Would you help some others salvation to win?
 cleansing blood over you flow? And would you have others the same joy to know?
 joysments do you now disdain? Oh, would you help others a heaven to gain?
 rect in all things that you do? Oh, would you have others enjoy Jesus too?



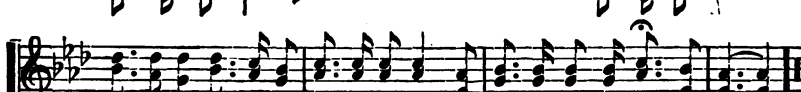
CHORUS.



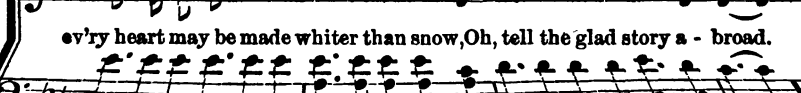
Then tell the glad sto - ry a - broad. Oh, tell the glad sto - ry, oh,



tell what you know, That sinners find cleansing in Cal - vary's flow, And



ev'ry heart may be made whiter than snow, Oh, tell the glad story a - broad.



The Call to Arms.

151

J. H. E.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

1. There's a call for soldiers on the field of bat-tle, There's a
 2. There's a call for soldiers on the field of bat-tle, There is
 3. Be-hold! our Cap-tain leadeth on to vic-to-ry, And

D. C.—Then gird your ar-mor on, go forth to fight the wrong, Be

fight to win o'er Satan's host arrayed; Then gird your armor on, Go
 earnest need for workers true and brave; Tho' fierce the conflict be, Tho'
 Satan's horde is scattered far and near; Then shout the battle-cry, With

not dismayed, tho' fierce the conflict be; Then on to vic-to-ry! Then

Fine.
 forth to fight the wrong, Be not a-fraid, for Jesus leads the way.
 strong the foemen be, Press firmly on, the cause of Christ to save.
 banners waving high, The God of bat-tle leads us, do not fear.

on to vic-to-ry! "For Je-sus on-ly" let the watchword be.

CHORUS.

1, 2—See the hosts of sin advanc-ing, Sa-tan is leading on, Then
 3—See the hosts of sin retreat-ing, Sa-tan is leading on, Then

D. C.
 on for Je-sus! on for Je-sus! Ev-er singing the victor's song.

Lord Jesus, Make me Whole.

F. M. D.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. Lord Jesus, make me whole in the fount of life, That's made for sin-
 2. I come, dear Lord, to thee with a child-like faith, My bur - den of
 3. I need thy pard'ning blood to my heart applied, O thou who hast

cleansing here be - low; O wash me in the blood of the Cru - ci - fied,
 sin is great, I know; But thou canst wash me clean in thy precious blood,
 paid the debt I owe; Then plunge me in the tide of the crimson flood,

CHORUS.

And I shall be whiter than the snow. Whit - - er than the
 Whiter than the snow,

snow, Whit - - er than the snow; O
 Whiter than the snow, Whiter than the snow, Whiter than the snow;

wash me in the blood of the Crucified, And I shall be whiter than the snow.

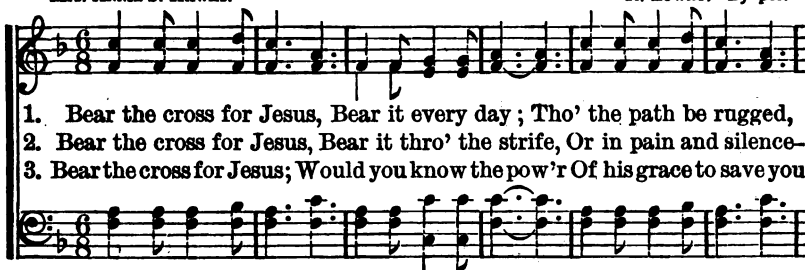
Bear the Cross for Jesus.

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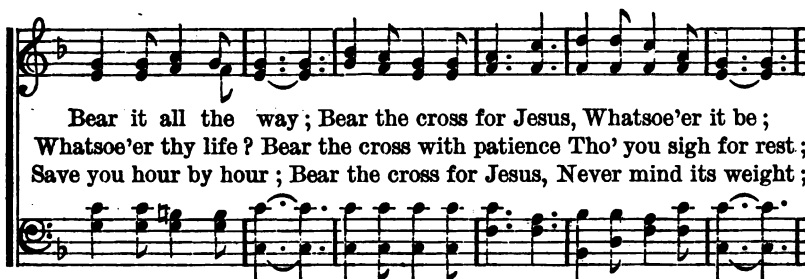
"Take up the cross and follow me."—Mark x. 21.

Mrs. ANNIE S. HAWKS.

R. LOWRY. By per.



1. Bear the cross for Jesus, Bear it every day ; Tho' the path be rugged,
 2. Bear the cross for Jesus, Bear it thro' the strife, Or in pain and silence—
 3. Bear the cross for Jesus; Would you know the pow'r Of his grace to save you

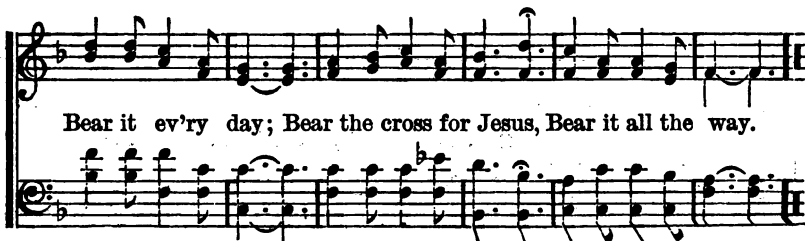


Bear it all the way ; Bear the cross for Jesus, Whatsoe'er it be ;
 Whatsoe'er thy life ? Bear the cross with patience Tho' you sigh for rest ;
 Save you hour by hour ; Bear the cross for Jesus, Never mind its weight ;

REFRAIN.



Bear it, and remember All his love for thee. Bear the cross, bear the cross,
 Just the one he gives you Is for you the best.
 We shall leave our burden At the golden gate.

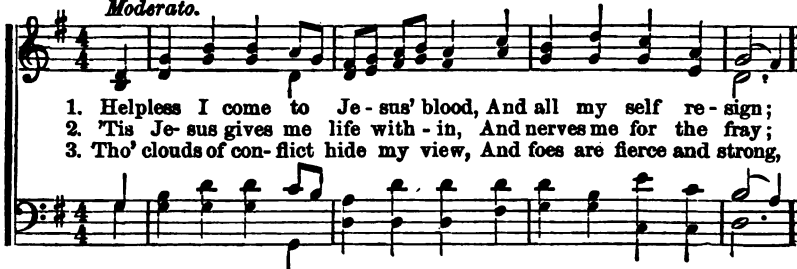


Bear it ev'ry day ; Bear the cross for Jesus, Bear it all the way.

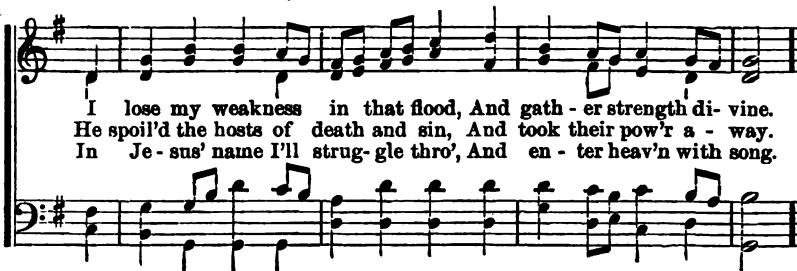
My Soul will Overcome.

R. L.

ROBERT LOWRY.

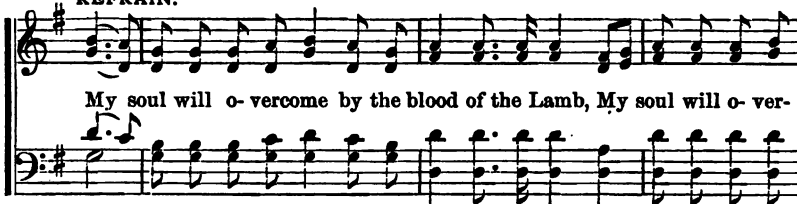
Moderato.


1. Helpless I come to Je-sus' blood, And all my self re-sign;
 2. 'Tis Je-sus gives me life with-in, And nerves me for the fray;
 3. Tho' clouds of con-flict hide my view, And foes are fierce and strong,

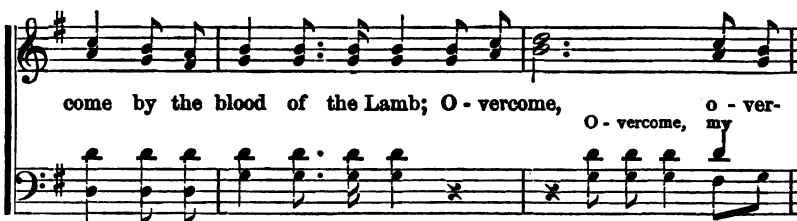


I lose my weakness in that flood, And gath-er strength di-vine.
 He spoil'd the hosts of death and sin, And took their pow'r a-way.
 In Je-sus' name I'll strug-gle thro', And en-ter heav'n with song.


REFRAIN.



My soul will o-vercome by the blood of the Lamb, My soul will o-ver-



come by the blood of the Lamb; O-vercome, O-vercome, o-ver-
 my



come, O-ver-come by the blood of the Lamb.
 soul will o-vercome,
 By permission.

Saved by Grace.

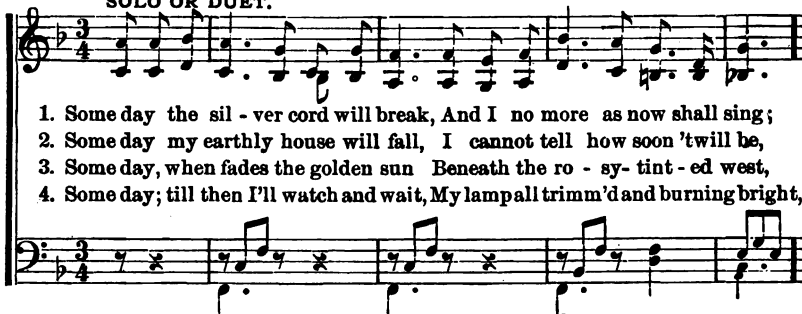
155

FANNY J. CROSBY.

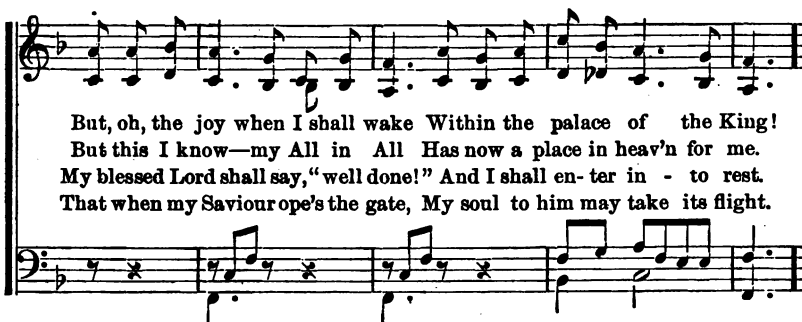
"By grace ye are saved."—Eph. ii: 5.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.

SOLO OR DUET.

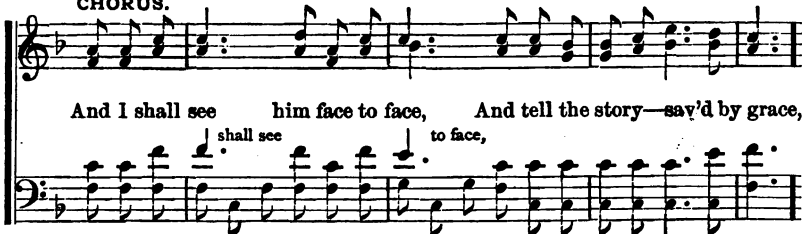


1. Some day the sil - ver cord will break, And I no more as now shall sing;
 2. Some day my earthly house will fall, I cannot tell how soon 'twill be,
 3. Some day, when fades the golden sun Beneath the ro - sy - tint - ed west,
 4. Some day; till then I'll watch and wait, My lamp all trimm'd and burning bright,

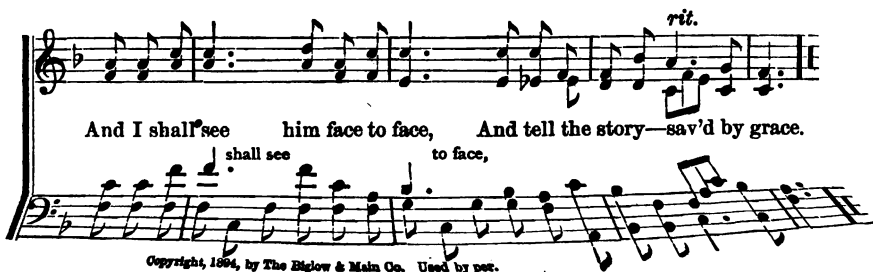


But, oh, the joy when I shall wake Within the palace of the King!
 But this I know—my All in All Has now a place in heav'n for me.
 My blessed Lord shall say, "well done!" And I shall en - ter in - to rest.
 That when my Saviour ope's the gate, My soul to him may take its flight.

CHORUS.



And I shall see him face to face, And tell the story—sav'd by grace,
 shall see to face,



And I shall see him face to face, And tell the story—sav'd by grace.
 shall see to face,

The Saver Me.

J. W. VAN DE VENTER.

W. S. WEEDEN. By per.

1. The dear loving Saviour has found me, And shatter'd the fetters that bound me,
 2. He sought me so long ere I knew him, But fi - nal - ly winning me to him,
 3. I nev - er, no, never will leave him, Grow weary of service and grieve him,

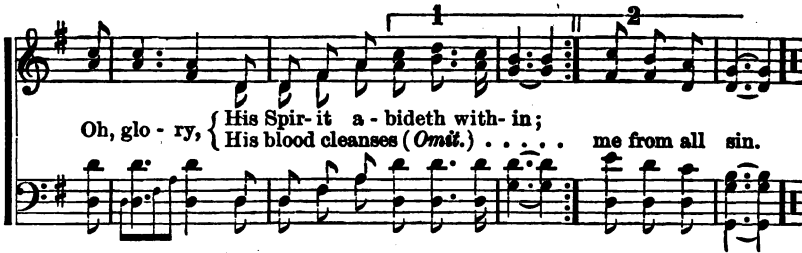
Tho' all was con - fu - sion a - round me, He came and spoke peace to my soul;
 I yielded my all to pur - sue him, And asked to be filled with his grace;
 I'll constantly trust and believe him, Remain in his presence di - vine;

The blessed Redeemer that bought me, In tenderness constantly sought me,
 Although a vile sin - ner before him, Thro' faith I was led to implore him,
 A - biding in love ev - er flow - ing, In knowledge and grace ever grow - ing,

The way of sal - va - tion he taught me, And made my heart perfectly whole.
 And now I re - joice and a - dore him, Restored to his lov - ing em - brace.
 Con - fid - ing im - plicit - ly, know - ing That Je - sus the Saviour is mine.

CHORUS.

He saves me, he saves me, His love fills my soul, hallelu - jah! Oh, glo - ry,

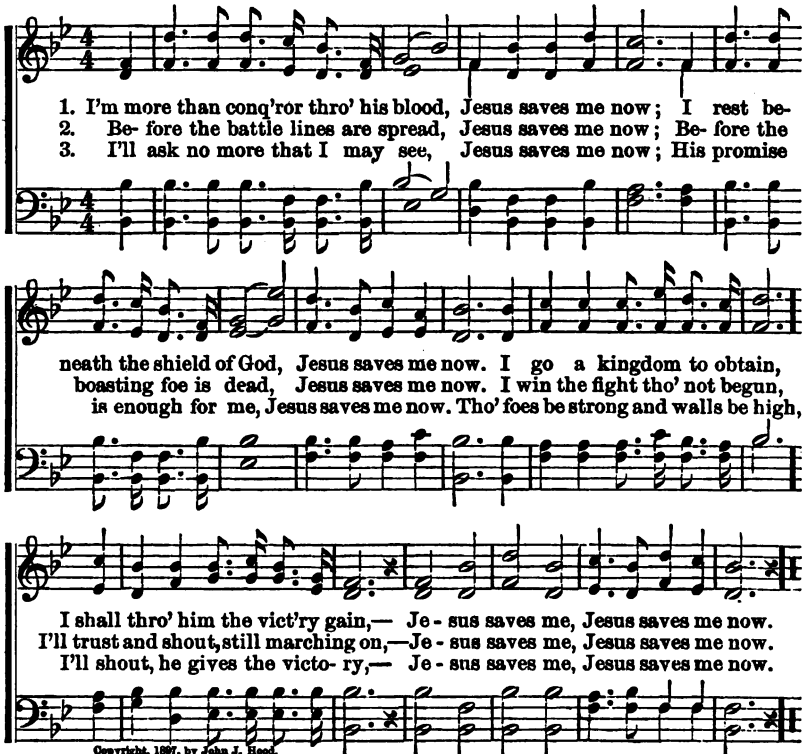


Oh, glo - ry, { His Spir - it a - bideth with - in;
His blood cleanses (*Omit.*) me from all sin.

I'm more than Conqueror.

REV. JOHN PARKER.

R. KELSO CARTER.



1. I'm more than conq'ror thro' his blood, Jesus saves me now; I rest be-
2. Be- fore the battle lines are spread, Jesus saves me now; Be- fore the
3. I'll ask no more that I may see, Jesus saves me now; His promise

neath the shield of God, Jesus saves me now. I go a kingdom to obtain,
boasting foe is dead, Jesus saves me now. I win the fight tho' not begun,
is enough for me, Jesus saves me now. Tho' foes be strong and walls be high,

I shall thro' him the vict'ry gain,— Je- sus saves me, Jesus saves me now.
I'll trust and shout, still marching on,—Je- sus saves me, Jesus saves me now.
I'll shout, he gives the victo- ry,— Je- sus saves me, Jesus saves me now.

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4 Why should I ask a sign from God?
Jesus saves me now;
Can I not trust his precious blood?
Jesus saves me now.
Strong in his word, I meet the foe,
And, shouting, win without a blow,—
Jesus saves me now.

5 Should Satan come like 'whelming
Jesus saves me now; [waves,
Ere trials crush, my Father saves,
Jesus saves me now.
He hides me till the storm is past,
For me he tempers every blast,—
Jesus saves me now.

Tell Them of Jesus.

IDA L. REED.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Go in the strength of the Master In- to the hovels of sin, And in the
 2. Go with the wonderful sto- ry Un- to each soul a- stray, Wand'ring a-
 3. Go in the name of the Saviour, Bear them the message so sweet; Jesus will

name of our Saviour Gather the fallen ones in; In- to the fold of his
 far from the homeland, Bring them to Jesus to-day; Tell of his mercy so
 welcome the wand'rer, Help them to kneel at his feet; He will receive and for-

mer- cy, Ere they have drifted a - way Out of your reach, O my brother,
 boundless, Tell of his love all di - vine, That thro' the deepest of sorrows
 give them, Tho' they have wandered away, Far from his love and his teaching,

CHORUS.

Tell them of Jesus to- day. Tell them of Jesus, tell them of Jesus,
 Still for his children doth shine.
 Tell them of Jesus to- day.

Tell them, oh, tell them of Jesus to- day; Seek out the lost, . . . oh,
 Seek out the lost,

seek out the stray - - ing, Tell . . . them of Jesus to - day.
oh, seek out the straying, Tell them, oh, tell them

There's Power in Jesus' Blood.

HOPE TAYAWAY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. My happy soul re - joic - es, The sky is bright above; I'll join the
2. I heard the blessed sto - ry Of him who died to save; The love of
3. His gracious words of pardon Were mu - sic to my heart; He took a-
4. I plunge beneath this fountain, That cleanseth white as snow; It pours from
5. Oh, crown him King forever! My Saviour and my friend; By Zi - on's

CHORUS.

heav'nly voices, And sing redeeming love. For there's pow'r in Jesus' blood,
Christ swept o'er me, My all to him I gave.
way my burden, And bade my fears depart.
Calv'ry's mountain, With blessing in it's flow.
crystal riv - er His praise shall never end.

Pow'r in Jesus's blood; There's pow'r in Jesus' blood To wash me white as snow.

Joy is Teeming.

Dr. GEO. P. OLIVER.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Tell me not my lot is sadness, Now I've gained this state so bright; Ev'ry
 2. Calmly are the moments flying, Free from every care and fear; Precious
 3. Free from every earthly billow, Now my weary head may rest; Let me

REFRAIN.
 thought is filled with gladness, Life is now one scene of light. Joy is
 Je - sus, when I'm dy - ing, Let me feel thee then as near.
 make my lat - est pil - low, on my dear Re - deem - er's breast.

teeming, joy is teeming without measure, Sweetly in my throbbing heart;
 without measure, Sweetly teeming in my throbbing heart;

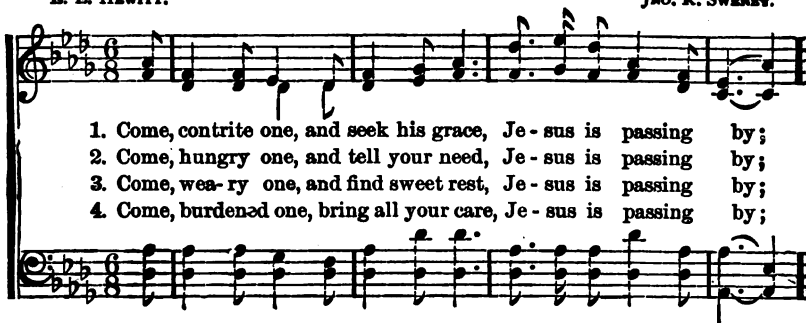
Seal, oh, seal the heav'nly trea - sure, Let it never from me part.

Jesus is Passing By.

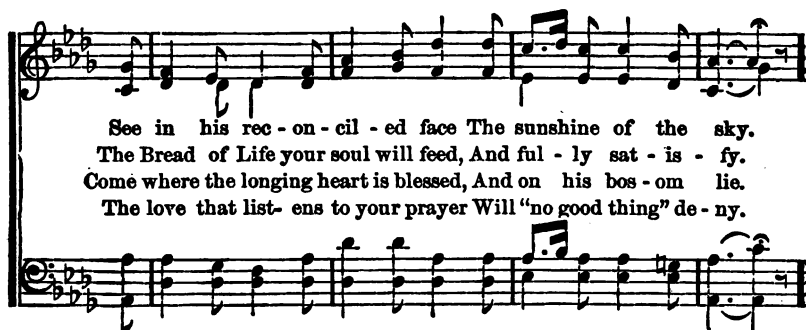
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E. E. HEWITT.

JNO. R. SWANEY.

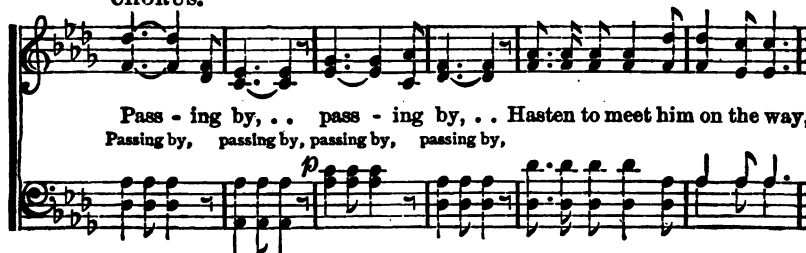


1. Come, contrite one, and seek his grace, Je - sus is passing by;
 2. Come, hungry one, and tell your need, Je - sus is passing by;
 3. Come, wea - ry one, and find sweet rest, Je - sus is passing by;
 4. Come, burdened one, bring all your care, Je - sus is passing by;

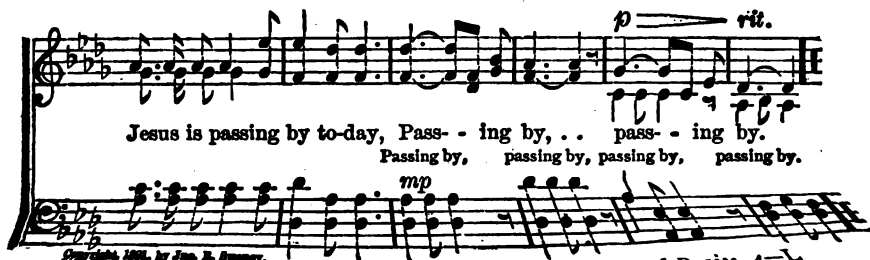


See in his rec - on - cil - ed face The sunshine of the sky.
 The Bread of Life your soul will feed, And ful - ly sat - is - fy.
 Come where the longing heart is blessed, And on his bos - om lie.
 The love that list - ens to your prayer Will "no good thing" de - ny.

CHORUS.



Pass - ing by, . . pass - ing by, . . Hasten to meet him on the way,
 Passing by, passing by, passing by, passing by,



Jesus is passing by to-day, Pass - ing by, . . pass - ing by.
 Passing by, passing by, passing by, passing by.

mp

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Love and Praise, 4-1

Where the Roses Never Die.

E. E. HEWITT.

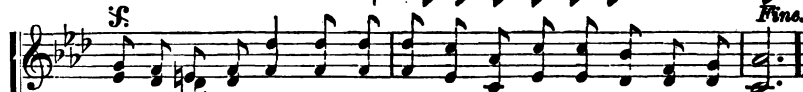
JNO. R. SWENBY.



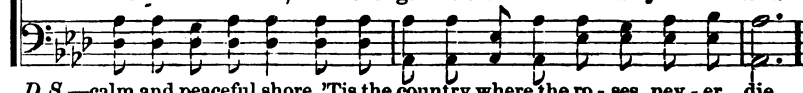
1. There's a land beyond the billows, where the roses never die, And we
2. Our bright Polar Star is shining thro' the heavy shades of night, And the
3. There ce-les-tial harps are ringing, and seraphic voices blend; We shall
4. Soon will dawn a happy morning when we'll land upon that shore, And the



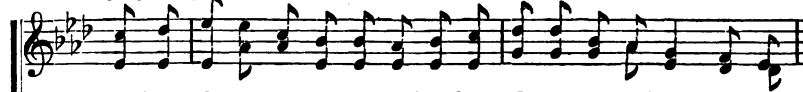
seek it o'er the rough and stormy tide; Not a shadow on its splendor, not a
steadfast beams will guide us on our way; We shall make the harbor safely, steering
meet with lov'd ones we have miss'd so long; Sin and sorrow find no entrance where de-
face of our Redeemer we'll behold; There, when all the storms are over, we shall



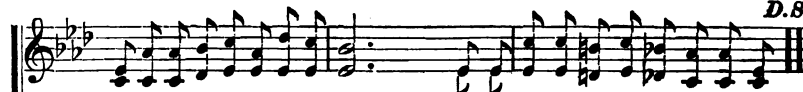
cloud up on its sky, For with Je-sus we'll be ful-ly sat-is-fied.
by its blessed light, We shall reach the cit-y of e-ter-nal day.
lights shall never end, And no sigh shall break the cadence of our song.
rest for-ev-er-more, 'Mid the glories that have nev-er yet been told.



D.S.—calm and peaceful shore, 'Tis the country where the ro-ses nev-er die.
CHORUS.



Just beyond the troubled waters, just beyond the breakers' roar, Lies the



haven where we'll anchor by and by; 'Tis the land beyond the billows, 'tis the
by and by;



Blessed Rest.

163

E. E. HAWITT.

"This is my rest for ever."—Ps. cxxxii: 14. Rev. B. C. LIPPINCOTT, Jr.

1. O blessed rest in Je-sus! There's no oth - er half so sweet,
 2. O blessed rest in Je-sus! Let me lin - ger at his side,
 3. O blessed rest in Je-sus, How it cheers me, day by day!

As the peace he free - ly gives me, When I tar - ry at his feet.
 While I tell him all my sorrows, And my joys to him con - fide.
 For he strengthens me for du - ty, And for ser - vice, by the way;

There I tell the sins that grieve me, And his tones like dewdrops fall,
 He will nev - er, nev - er wea - ry, For he waits to an - swer prayer,
 And he tells me of the cit - y Where they need no star, no sun;

Fine.
 "Fear ye not, for I've redeemed thee, There is cleansing for them all."
 And he whispers that he loves me, That he car - eth for my care.
 There he'll give me joy - ful welcome, When my earthly work is done.

D. S.—heart to heart with Jesus, What a bless - ed, bless - ed rest!
 CHORUS.

D. S.
 O bless - ed, bless - ed rest! Leaning on his loving breast, When I'm

Come Close to the Saviour.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

H. R. PALMER.

DUET.

1. Come close to the Saviour, thy loving Redeemer, O sorrowing heart op-
2. Come close to the Saviour, he calleth thee gently, Draw near to thy Father's
3. Come close to the Saviour, earth's pleasures are fleeting, But Jesus will care for

press'd, sorely oppress'd, Life's journey is drear-y, thy spir- it is weary,
throne, thy Father's throne, His eyes will behold thee, his mercy enfold thee,
thee, he'll care for thee, Whatever may grieve thee, he never will leave thee,

O come unto him and rest. Come close to the Saviour, O why dost thou linger?
Why carry thy grief alone? Come close to the Saviour, O trust and remember,
Thy strength as thy day shall be. Come close to the Saviour, O come as a birdling

He knoweth thy heart op - press'd, sore-ly oppress'd, His promise be-
Thro' tri- als our souls are blest, rich-ly are blest, What- ev- er be-
Flies back to its par - ent nest, flies to its nest, Where peace like a

liv - ing, his message receiv - ing, O come unto him and rest.
tide thee, thy refuge will hide thee, O come unto him and rest.
riv - er flows onward forev - er, O come unto him and rest.

Come Close to the Saviour.—CONCLUDED. 165

CHORUS. *Slowly.*

Peacefully, tranquilly, tenderly rest, Folding thy wings like a dove;
like a dove;
Peacefully, tranquilly, tenderly rest Safe in the arms of his love. . . .
in the arms of his love.

Jesus Understands.

Mrs. FRANK A. BRECK.

H. L. GILMOUR.

1. It matters not how long the way, Or drear the desert sands; My heart has
2. It matters not if sorrows smite, Or storms sweep sea and lands, That all my
3. It matters not where I must go, If God my journey plans; And oh, 'tis

CHORUS.

comfort all the day, For Jesus understands. Yes, Je- sus understands,
way be plung'd in night, If Jesus understands.
blessedness to know That Jesus understands.

And I am in his hands; His love abides, my heart confides, And Jesus understands.

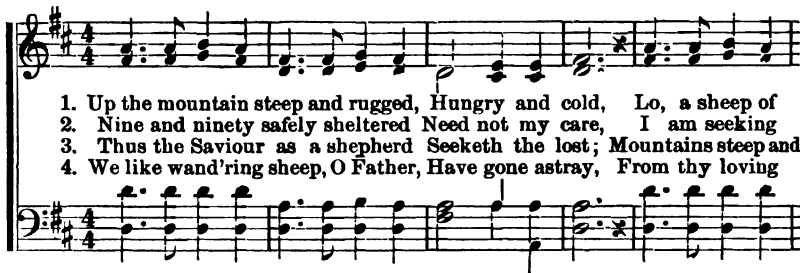
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Seeking to Save.

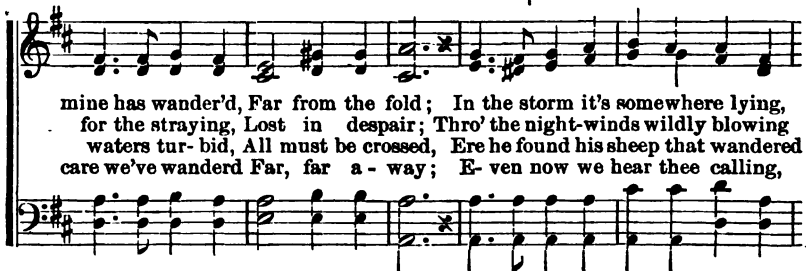
Mrs. C. H. M.

Luke xix : xi.

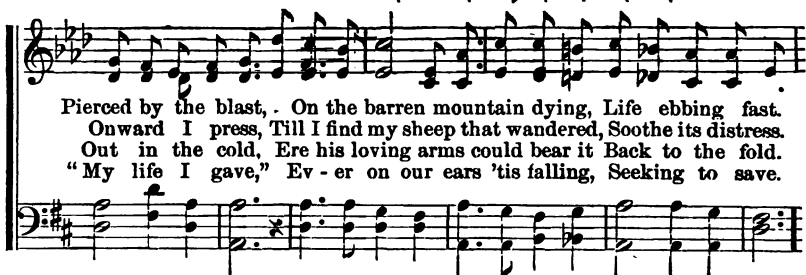
Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.



1. Up the mountain steep and rugged, Hungry and cold, Lo, a sheep of
2. Nine and ninety safely sheltered Need not my care, I am seeking
3. Thus the Saviour as a shepherd Seeketh the lost; Mountains steep and
4. We like wand'ring sheep, O Father, Have gone astray, From thy loving

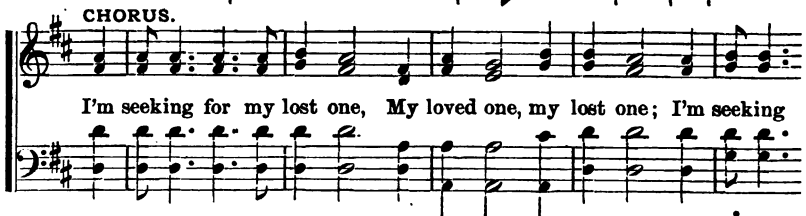


mine has wander'd, Far from the fold; In the storm it's somewhere lying,
for the straying, Lost in despair; Thro' the night-winds wildly blowing
waters tur- bid, All must be crossed, Ere he found his sheep that wandered
care we've wander'd Far, far a - way; E- ven now we hear thee calling,

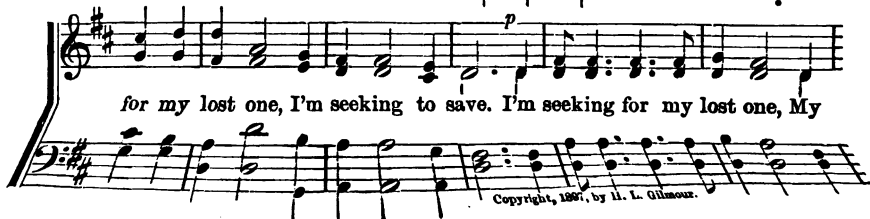


Pierced by the blast, - On the barren mountain dying, Life ebbing fast.
Onward I press, Till I find my sheep that wandered, Soothe its distress.
Out in the cold, Ere his loving arms could bear it Back to the fold.
"My life I gave," Ev - er on our ears 'tis falling, Seeking to save.

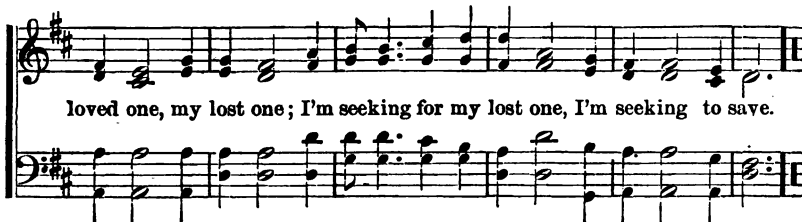
CHORUS.



I'm seeking for my lost one, My loved one, my lost one; I'm seeking



for my lost one, I'm seeking to save. I'm seeking for my lost one, My

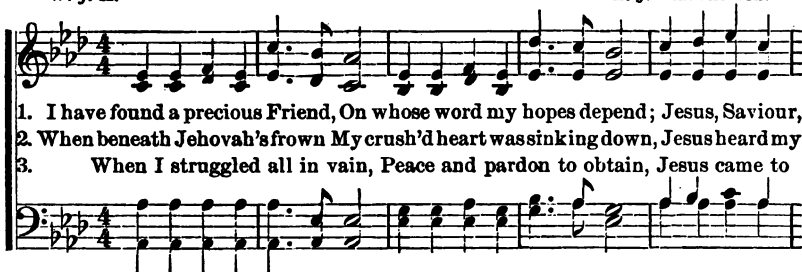


loved one, my lost one; I'm seeking for my lost one, I'm seeking to save.

Oh, How I Love Him.

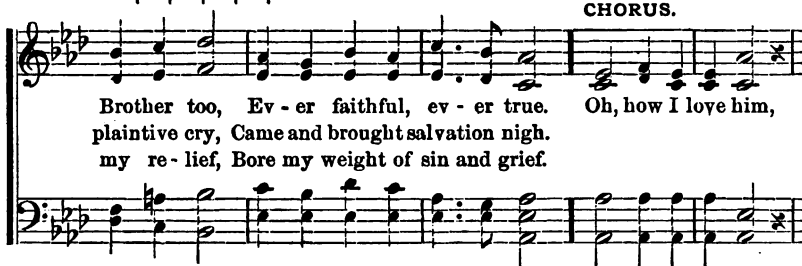
W. J. K.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. I have found a precious Friend, On whose word my hopes depend; Jesus, Saviour,
2. When beneath Jehovah's frown My crush'd heart was sinking down, Jesus heard my
3. When I struggled all in vain, Peace and pardon to obtain, Jesus came to

CHORUS.



Brother too, Ev - er faithful, ev - er true. Oh, how I love him,
plaintive cry, Came and brought salvation nigh.
my re - lief, Bore my weight of sin and grief.



Oh, how I love him, Oh, how I love him, My best, my dearest Friend!

Copyright, 1888, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

4 When the tempter's power assailed,
And my courage well nigh failed,
Jesus brought his armor bright,
Made me victor by his might.

5 When I sought to know his will,
Every purpose to fulfil,
Jesus took me by the hand,
Led me up to Beulah land.

6 Now, when waves of care and woe
Come my soul to overthrow,
Jesus in his arms of love
Lifts me, bears me far above.

7 Now I'll magnify his name,
His great goodness I'll proclaim,
In my heart he comes to stay—
Keeps me, saves me, day by day.

Praise the Name of Christ.

BELLE M. HAYL.

ADAM GRIBEL.

1. Praise the name of Christ in heaven, Children sing with glad acclaim,
 2. Praise him in the ear-ly morning, When by rest refreshed a - new,
 3. Praise him when the day is ending, When the wea - ry need re - pose,

Praise him du - ly, serve him tru - ly, Spread abroad his glorious fame;
 Nature waking, praise is making, Let us humbly worship too;
 Seek his blessing, sin con - fessing, Ere in sleep the eye-lids close;

He so king-ly, we so low-ly, We so sin-ful, he so ho - ly,
 We so fee - ble, he so glorious, He o'er sin and death victorious,
 While in safe - ty we are sleeping He is lov - ing vig - il keeping,

Yet he, self for - getting, hears us When we call up - on his name.
 By the hand he kind - ly leads us All our earth - ly journey through.
 Oh, a - dore him, kneel before him As his children, not his foes.

CHORUS.

Glad hal - le - lu - jahs, Joy - ful we bring to Je - sus our King;
 Praise, glad praise, praise, glad praise,

Praise the Name, etc.—CONCLUDED.

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Glad hal-le-lu-jahs Be thine for evermore; thine for evermore.
Praise, glad praise, praise, glad praise, Be thine for ev-er, evermore;

His Name is Jesus.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

Matt. i: 21.

H. L. GILMOUR.

1. There is a friend who died for you, His name is Jesus; There is a friend both
2. There's One who will your sorrow's share, His name is Jesus; There's One who will your
3. There's One whodid salvation bring, His name is Jesus; There's One who took from
4. These eyes shall yet their King behold, His name is Jesus; I'll sing upon the

CHORUS.

tried and true, His name is Je - sus. Sing it out in your joyful lay, Jesus
burden bear, His name is Je - sus.
death its sting, His name is Je - sus.
streets of gold, His name is Je - sus.

guides and protects, each day; He's the life, the truth, the way, His name is Jesus.

Singing as we Go.

J. B. MACKAY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. We're marching to a land of joy and song, Singing as we go,
 2. We're marching in the straight and narrow way, Singing as we go,
 3. His ban-ner we will ev-er proudly bear, Singing as we go,
 4. Our might-y Prince and Saviour we a-dore, Singing as we go,

singing as we go; Be-hold in us a bright and happy throng, We're
 singing as we go; With Je-sus close be-side us ev-'ry day, We're
 singing as we go; Till ev-'ry tongue his praises shall declare, We're
 singing as we go; His prais-es we will tell from shore to shore, We're

CHORUS.

singing as we go. Our loyal hearts . . . are light as birds in spring,
 Our loyal hearts

That in the trees trill out their sweetest lays; Halle-lujah, shout and sing,

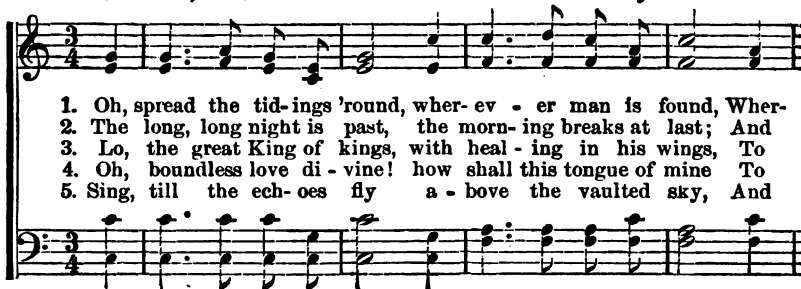
To Je-sus, Lord and King, Our highest songs of love and praise.

Copyright, 1897, by Jno. R. Sweeney.

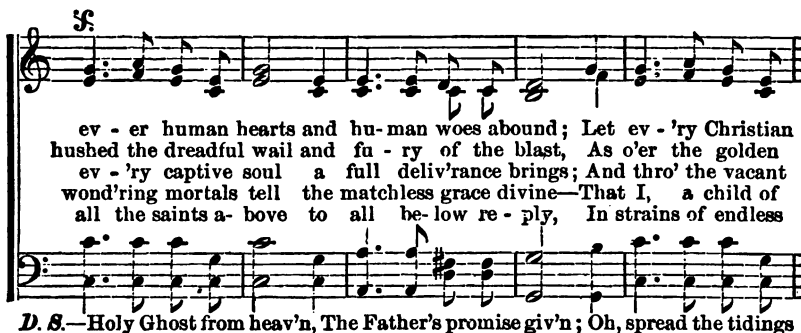
The Comforter has Come.

171

"I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you for ever."—John xiv : 16. Wm. J. KIRKPATRICK.

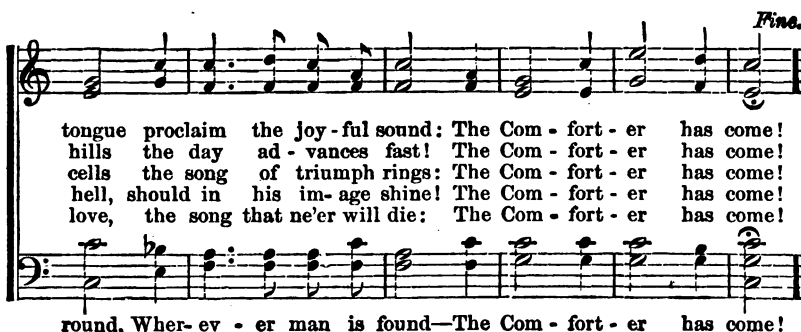


1. Oh, spread the tid-ings 'round, wher- ev - er man is found, Wher-
 2. The long, long night is past, the morn-ing breaks at last; And
 3. Lo, the great King of kings, with heal - ing in his wings, To
 4. Oh, boundless love di - vine! how shall this tongue of mine To
 5. Sing, till the ech-oes fly a - bove the vaulted sky, And



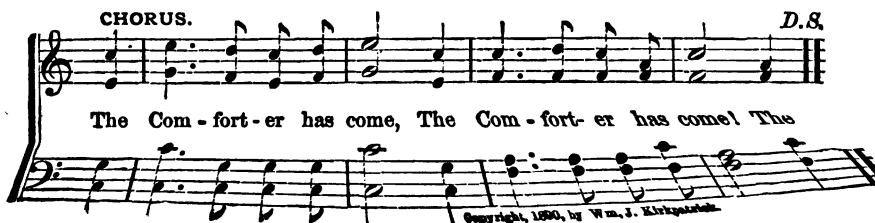
ev - er human hearts and hu-man woes abound; Let ev - 'ry Christian
 hushed the dreadful wail and fu - ry of the blast, As o'er the golden
 ev - 'ry captive soul a full deliv'rance brings; And thro' the vacant
 wond'ring mortals tell the matchless grace divine—That I, a child of
 all the saints a - bove to all be-low re - ply, In strains of endless

D. S.—Holy Ghost from heav'n, The Father's promise giv'n; Oh, spread the tidings



Fine.
 tongue proclaim the joy - ful sound: The Com - fort - er has come!
 hills the day ad - vances fast! The Com - fort - er has come!
 cells the song of triumph rings: The Com - fort - er has come!
 hell, should in his im-age shine! The Com - fort - er has come!
 love, the song that ne'er will die: The Com - fort - er has come!

round, Wher- ev - er man is found—The Com - fort - er has come!



CHORUS. *D. S.*
 The Com - fort - er has come, The Com - fort - er has come! The

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Come unto Him.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

JNO. R. SWENET.

1. Sweet as the tones that from the harp of nature Wake, when the day is
 2. What tho' the storms may gather darkly o'er you, Why should you fear when
 3. Come un - to him in times of deepest tri - al, Ask and receive the

fad - ing in the west, Swiftly and gen - tly fall the words of promise,
 he is still your guide? What tho' the surges wildly dash around you,
 bliss of answered prayer; Learn of the low - ly, take his yoke upon you,

Come unto me and I will give you rest. Peace, troubled souls, in lonely sorrow
 Fly to the Rock, and safely there abide. Come un - to him, O weary, heavy
 And you will find his burden light to bear. There is a joy for ev'ry throb of

ping, Cast all your care on him who loves you best; He is your Shepherd,
 laden, Come and repose for - ev - er on his breast; He will not leave you
 anguish, There is a calm that nothing can molest; There is a mansion

Saviour and Redeemer, Come un - to him and he will give you rest.
 friendless and for - saken, Come un - to him and he will give you rest.
 now for you preparing, Come un - to him and he will give you rest.

Come unto Him.—CONCLUDED.

173

CHORUS.

Come, come, O come unto him ! Come, come, O come unto him ! His heart has borne your fears, His eye has seen your tears ; O come unto him ! Come, come, O come unto him ! O ye with toil oppressed, O come un- to him and rest.

Tell it to Jesus.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

1. Broken in spirit And laden with care, Sweet is thy refuge, Find it in pray'r.
2. Art thou neglected And sighing to know Joys that in friendship Tenderly flow ?
3. Art thou recalling The years that have fled, Weeping in sorrow, Mourning the dead ?
4. Bear thy affliction, Whatever it be, Jesus, thy Saviour, Bore it for thee.

CHORUS.

Tell it to Je-sus, Tell it to Jesus, Tell it to Jesus, He'll give relief.

Not One Forgotten.

"Not one of them is forgotten before God."—Luke xii: 6.

E. E. HEWITT.

H. L. GILMOUR.

1. There's a word of ten - der beauty In the say - ings of our Lord,
 2. Though I'm least of all his children, So un - wor - thy of his love,
 3. Oh, the wounded hands of Je - sus All the springs of life con - trol,

How it stirs the heart to mu - sic, Waking grat - itude's sweet chord;
 Yet, for me there's kind remembrance In the Fa - ther-heart a - bove;
 Is there an - y ill can harm me While his blood is on my soul?

For it tells me that "Our Father," From his throne of roy - al might,
 He will ev - er save and keep me; He will guide me on the way,
 Let me, like the lit - tle sparrow, Trust him where I can - not see,

CHO.—In my Father's bless - ed keeping I am hap - py, safe, and free;

D.S. Chorus.

Bends to note a fall - ing sparrow, For 'tis precious in his sight.
 For my Saviour gent - ly whispers, "Are ye not much more than they?"
 In the sunshine and the shadow, Singing, he will care for me.

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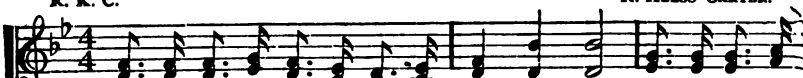
While his eye is on the sparrow I will not for - got - ten be.

Standing on the Promises.

175

R. K. C.

R. KELSEO CARTER.



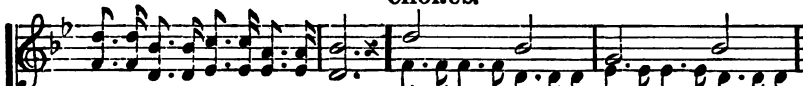
1. Standing on the prom-is - es of Christ my King, Thro' e - ter - nal
 2. Standing on the prom-is - es that can - not fail, When the howling
 3. Standing on the prom-is - es I now can see Per - fect, present
 4. Standing on the prom-is - es of Christ the Lord, Bound to him e -
 5. Standing on the prom-is - es I can - not fall, Listening ev - ery




a - ges let his prais - es ring; Glo - ry in the highest, I will shout and sing,
 storms of doubt and fear as - sail, By the liv - ing Word of God I shall pre - vail,
 cleansing in the blood for me; Standing in the liberty where Christ makes free,
 ter - nally by love's strong cord, O - vercoming dai - ly with the Spir - its' sword,
 moment to the Spir - its' call, Rest - ing in my Saviour, as my all in all,



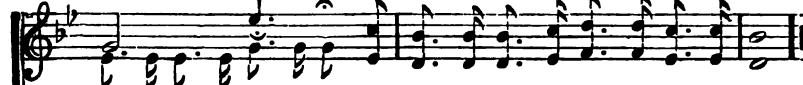
CHORUS.



Standing on the promises of God. Stand - ing, stand - ing,
 Standing on the promises, Standing on the promises,




Standing on the promis - es of God my Saviour; Stand - ing,
 Standing on the promis - es,

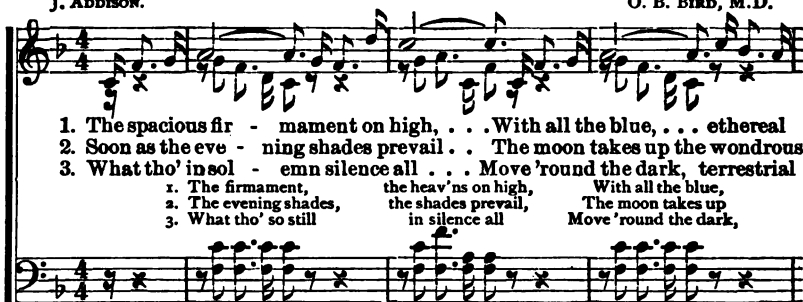
stand - ing, I'm standing on the promis - es of God.
 Standing on the prom - is - es,



The Spacious Firmament.

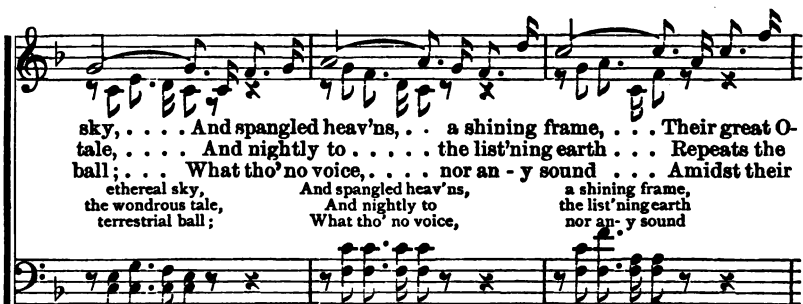
J. ADDISON.

O. B. BIRD, M.D.



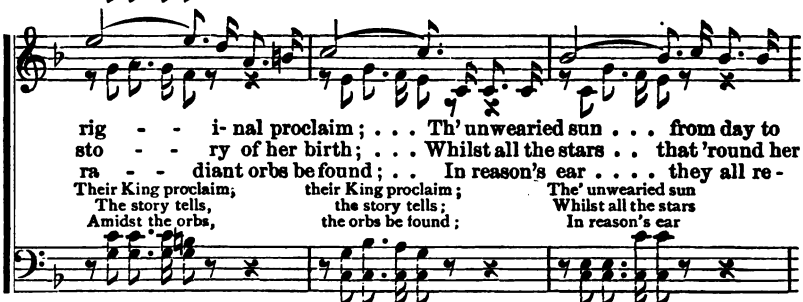
1. The spacious fir - mament on high, . . . With all the blue, . . . ethereal
 2. Soon as the eve - ning shades prevail . . . The moon takes up the wondrous
 3. What tho' insol - emn silence all . . . Move 'round the dark, terrestrial

1. The firmament, the heav'ns on high, With all the blue,
 2. The evening shades, the shades prevail, The moon takes up
 3. What tho' so still in silence all Move 'round the dark,



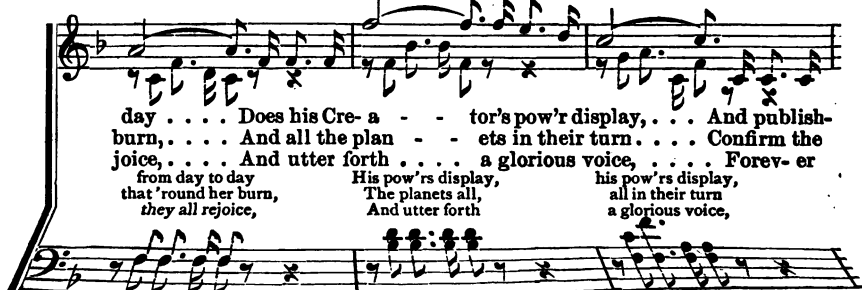
sky, . . . And spangled heav'ns, . . . a shining frame, . . . Their great O-
 tale, . . . And nightly to . . . the list'ning earth . . . Repeats the
 ball; . . . What tho' no voice, . . . nor an - y sound . . . Amidst their

ethereal sky, And spangled heav'ns, a shining frame,
 the wondrous tale, And nightly to the list'ning earth
 terrestrial ball; What tho' no voice, nor an - y sound



rig - - i - nal proclaim; . . . Th' unwearied sun . . . from day to
 sto - - ry of her birth; . . . Whilst all the stars . . . that 'round her
 ra - - diant orbs be found; . . . In reason's ear . . . they all re -

Their King proclaim; their King proclaim; The' unwearied sun
 The story tells, the story tells; Whilst all the stars
 Amidst the orbs, the orbs be found; In reason's ear



day . . . Does his Cre - a - - tor's pow'r display, . . . And publish-
 burn, . . . And all the plan - - ets in their turn . . . Confirm the
 voice, . . . And utter forth . . . a glorious voice, . . . Forev - er

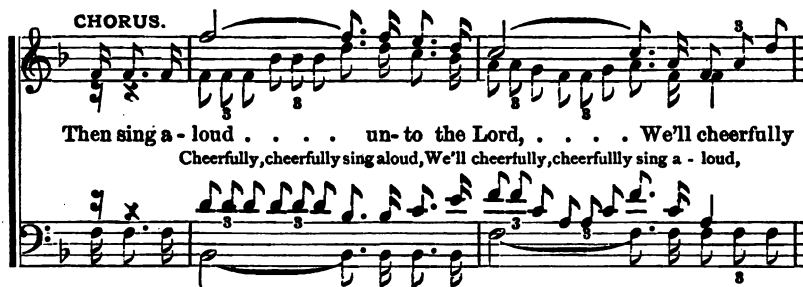
from day to day His pow'r display, his pow'r display,
 that 'round her burn, The planets all, all in their turn
 they all rejoice, And utter forth a glorious voice,

The Spacious Firmament.—CONCLUDED. 177

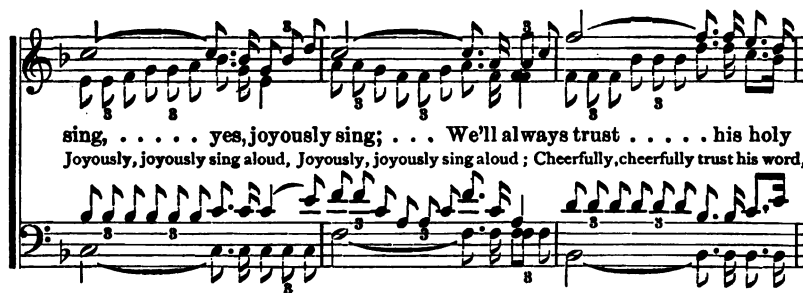


es to ev'ry land . . . The work of an . . . almighty hand. . . .
 ti - - dings as they roll, . . And spread the truth from pole to pole. . .
 sing - ing as they shine, . . The hand that made us is divine. . . .
 And publishes to ev'ry land The work of an almighty hand.
 The tidings give as on they roll, And spread the truth from pole to pole.
 They ever sing, they ever shine, The hand that made it is divine.

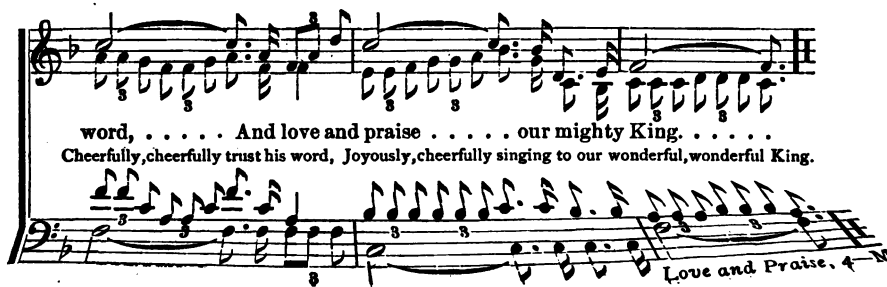
CHORUS.



Then sing a - loud un- to the Lord, We'll cheerfully
 Cheerfully, cheerfully sing aloud, We'll cheerfully, cheerfully sing a - loud,



sing, yes, joyously sing; . . . We'll always trust his holy
 Joyously, joyously sing aloud, Joyously, joyously sing aloud; Cheerfully, cheerfully trust his word,




word, And love and praise our mighty King.
 Cheerfully, cheerfully trust his word, Joyously, cheerfully singing to our wonderful, wonderful King.

Love and Praise. 4



178 Thinly Hangs the Veil Between.

JESSE P. TOMPKINS.


JNO. R. SWENEY.




1. Thinly hangs the veil between Earthly things and things unseen,
 2. Thinly hangs the veil between Barren wastes and fields of green,
 3. Thinly hangs the veil between Missing forms and forms unseen,
 4. Thinly now that veil divides Stormy seas and peaceful tides,



Just beyond our mortal sight Lies the land of love and light.
 Just beyond the thorns that tear Bloom ce-lestial flowers fair.
 Just beyond our tearful sight Dwell the angel hosts in white.
 Just beyond our closing eyes Gleam the shores of Para-dise.




CHORUS.



Some day, some day, then I shall see When Je - sus lifts the veil for me ;
 Some day, some day, then I shall see, I shall see When Jesus lifts the veil, lifts the veil for me ;

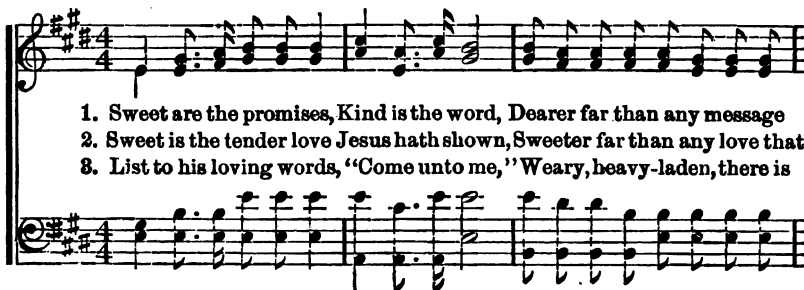
Then I shall know his wondrous grace, And read life's lesson in his face.
 Then I shall know, . . . shall know his wondrous grace,



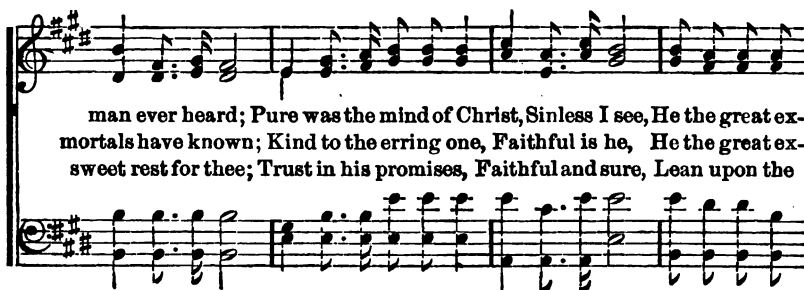
Where He Leads X'll Follow. 179

W. A. O.

W. A. OGDEN. By per.

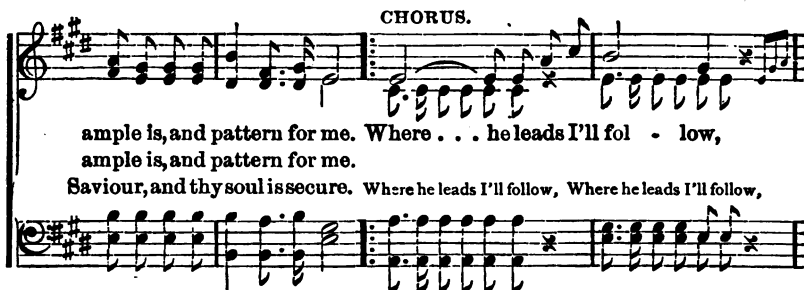


1. Sweet are the promises, Kind is the word, Dearer far than any message
2. Sweet is the tender love Jesus hath shown, Sweeter far than any love that
3. List to his loving words, "Come unto me," Weary, heavy-laden, there is



man ever heard; Pure was the mind of Christ, Sinless I see, He the great ex-
mortals have known; Kind to the erring one, Faithful is he, He the great ex-
sweet rest for thee; Trust in his promises, Faithful and sure, Lean upon the

CHORUS.



ample is, and pattern for me. Where . . . he leads I'll fol - low,
ample is, and pattern for me.
Saviour, and thy soul is secure. Where he leads I'll follow, Where he leads I'll follow,



1st. 2d.

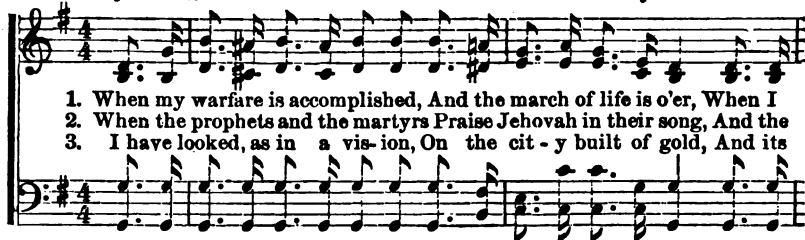
Fol - low all the way; Follow Je-sus ev-'ry day.
Follow all the way, yes, follow all the way;

Copyright, 1906, by W. A. Ogden.

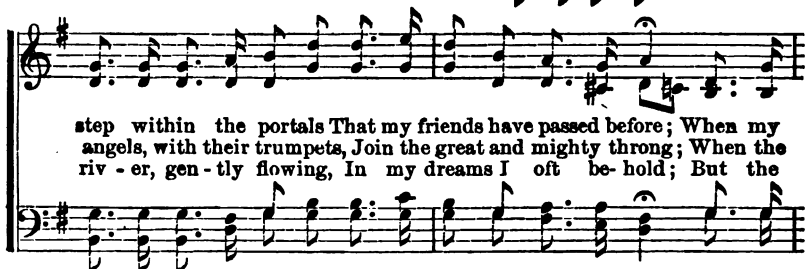
Anywhere in Heaven.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

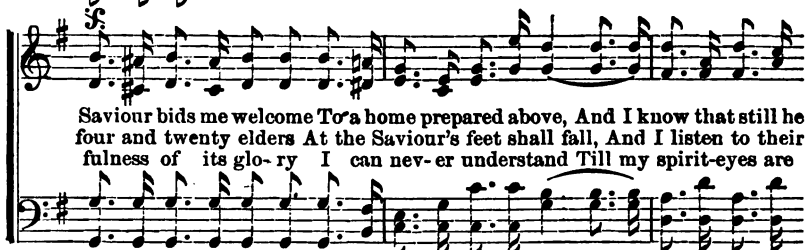
JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. When my warfare is accomplished, And the march of life is o'er, When I
2. When the prophets and the martyrs Praise Jehovah in their song, And the
3. I have looked, as in a vis-ion, On the cit-y built of gold, And its



step within the portals That my friends have passed before; When my
angels, with their trumpets, Join the great and mighty throng; When the
riv-er, gen-tly flowing, In my dreams I oft be-hold; But the



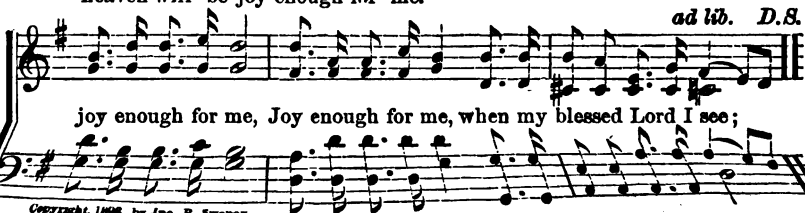
Saviour bids me welcome To a home prepared above, And I know that still he
four and twenty elders At the Saviour's feet shall fall, And I listen to their
fulness of its glo-ry I can nev-er understand Till my spirit-eyes are

D. S.—There among the ransomed ones to shout redemption free, . . . Anywhere in
Fine. CHORUS.



loves me With an ev-er-lasting love. Anywhere in heaven will be
anthem As they crown him Lord of all.
opened, And I reach the morning land.

heaven will be joy enough for me.



joy enough for me, Joy enough for me, when my blessed Lord I see;

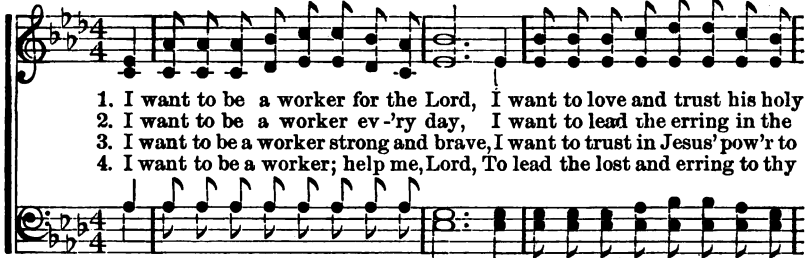
I Want to be a Worker.

181

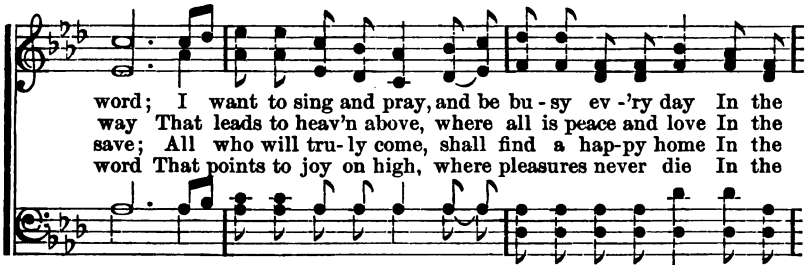
I. B.

"The laborers are few."—Matt. ix. 27.

I. BALTZELL.

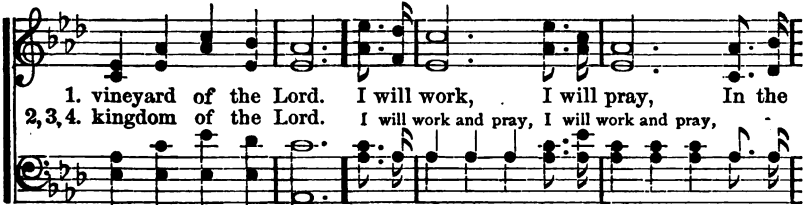


1. I want to be a worker for the Lord, I want to love and trust his holy
 2. I want to be a worker ev-'ry day, I want to lead the erring in the
 3. I want to be a worker strong and brave, I want to trust in Jesus' pow'r to
 4. I want to be a worker; help me, Lord, To lead the lost and erring to thy

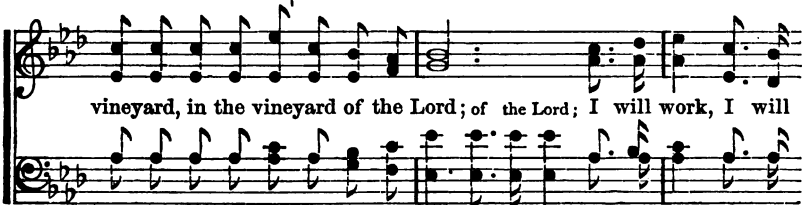


word; I want to sing and pray, and be bu- sy ev-'ry day In the
 way That leads to heav'n above, where all is peace and love In the
 save; All who will tru-ly come, shall find a hap- py home In the
 word That points to joy on high, where pleasures never die In the

CHORUS.



1. vineyard of the Lord. I will work, I will pray, In the
 2, 3, 4. kingdom of the Lord. I will work and pray, I will work and pray,



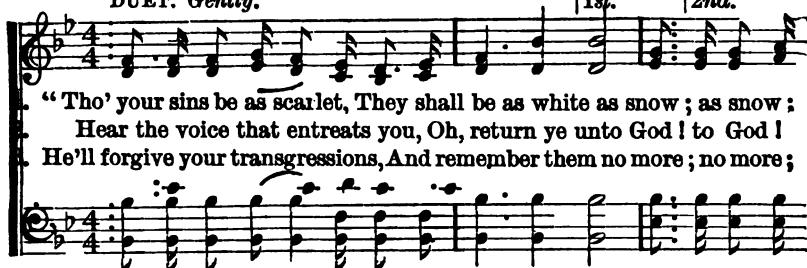
vineyard, in the vineyard of the Lord; of the Lord; I will work, I will



pray, I will la- bor ev-'ry day In the vineyard of the Lord.

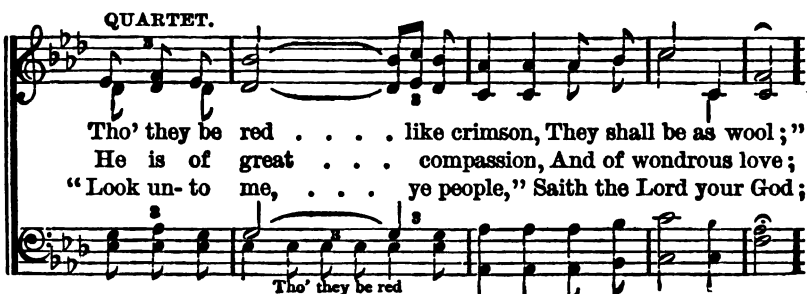
182 **Though Your Sins be as Scarlet.**

"Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow."—Isaiah 1, 18.
FANNY J. CROSBY. **W. H. DOANE.** By per.
DUET. Gently. **1st.** **2nd.**



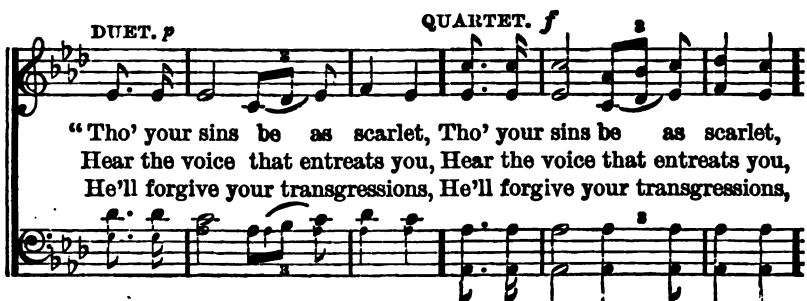
"Tho' your sins be as scarlet, They shall be as white as snow ; as snow ;
 Hear the voice that entreats you, Oh, return ye unto God ! to God !
 He'll forgive your transgressions, And remember them no more ; no more ;

QUARTET.



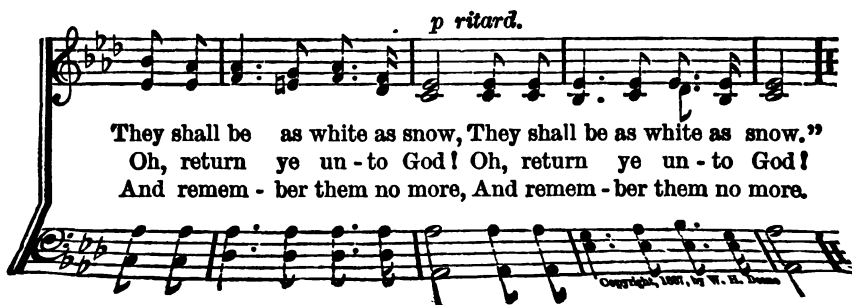
Tho' they be red . . . like crimson, They shall be as wool ;"
 He is of great . . . compassion, And of wondrous love ;
 "Look un- to me, . . . ye people," Saith the Lord your God ;
 Tho' they be red

DUET. p **QUARTET. f**



"Tho' your sins be as scarlet, Tho' your sins be as scarlet,
 Hear the voice that entreats you, Hear the voice that entreats you,
 He'll forgive your transgressions, He'll forgive your transgressions,

p ritard.



They shall be as white as snow, They shall be as white as snow."
 Oh, return ye un- to God ! Oh, return ye un- to God !
 And remem - ber them no more, And remem - ber them no more.

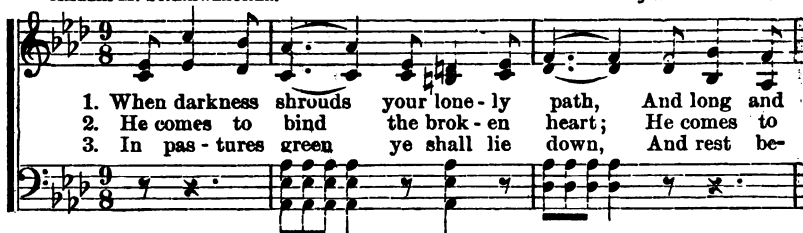
Copyright, 1881, by W. H. Doane

He'll Wipe the Tears.

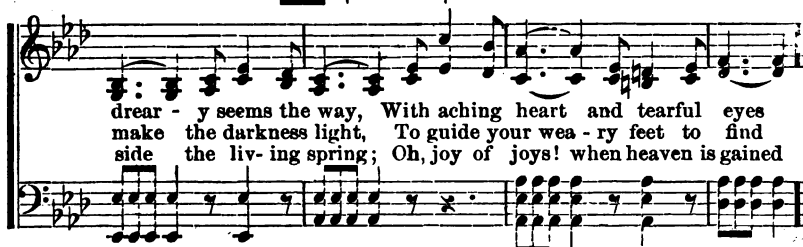
183

AMELIA M. STARKWEATHER.

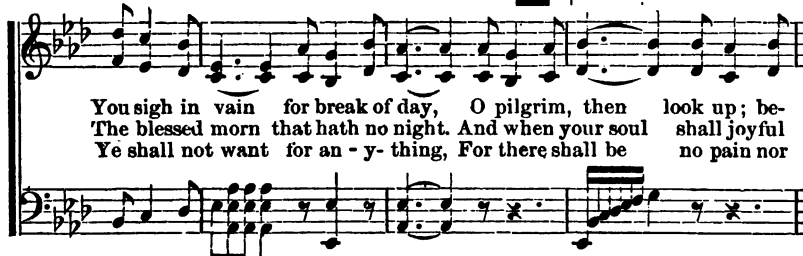
JNO. R. SWENEY.



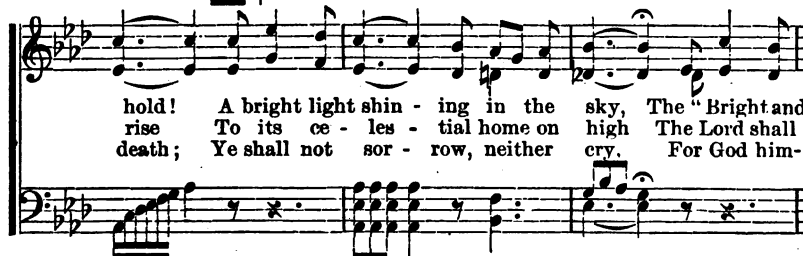
1. When darkness shrouds your lone-ly path, And long and
2. He comes to bind the brok-en heart; He comes to
3. In pas-tures green ye shall lie down, And rest be-



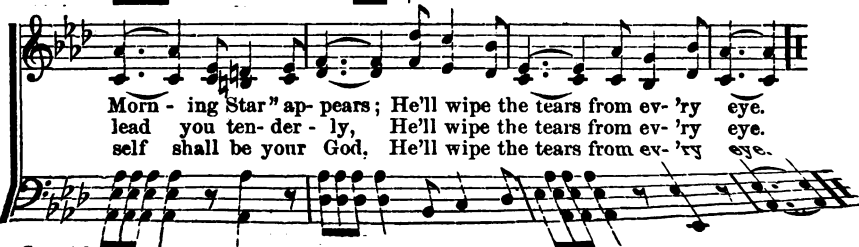
dear-y seems the way, With aching heart and tearful eyes
make the darkness light, To guide your wea-ry feet to find
side the liv-ing spring; Oh, joy of joys! when heaven is gained



You sigh in vain for break of day, O pilgrim, then look up; be-
The blessed morn that hath no night. And when your soul shall joyful
Ye shall not want for an-y-thing, For there shall be no pain nor



hold! A bright light shin-ing in the sky, The "Bright and
rise To its ce-les-tial home on high The Lord shall
death; Ye shall not sor-row, neither cry. For God him-



Morn-ing Star" ap-pears; He'll wipe the tears from ev-'ry eye.
lead you ten-der-ly, He'll wipe the tears from ev-'ry eye.
self shall be your God, He'll wipe the tears from ev-'ry eye.

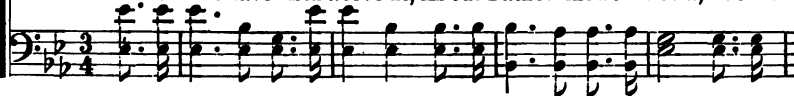
When the Mists.

ANNIE HERBERT.

JMO. R. SWENEY.



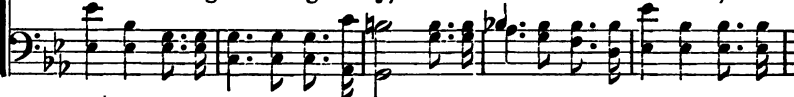
1. When the mists have roll'd in splendor From the beauty of the hills, And the
2. If we err in human blindness, And forget that we are dust; If we
3. When the mists have risen above us, As our Father knows his own, Face to



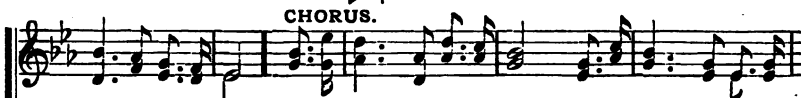
sunshine, warm and tender, Falls in kisses on the rills, We may read love's shining
miss the law of kindness When we struggle to be just, Snowy wings of peace shall
face with those that love us, We shall know as we are known; Lo, beyond the orient



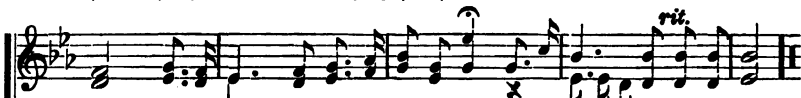
letter In the rainbow of the spray,—We shall know each other better When the
cover All the plain that hides away,—When the weary watch is over, And the
meadows Floats the golden fringe of day, Heart to heart we bide the shadows, Till the



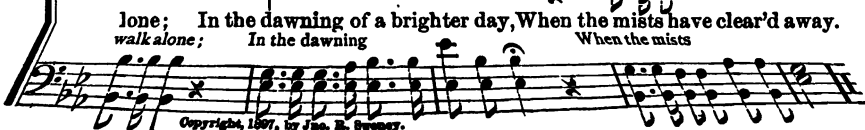
CHORUS.



mists have clear'd away. We shall know as we are known, Never more to walk a-
We shall know as we are known, Never more to



lone; In the dawning of a brighter day, When the mists have clear'd away.
walk alone; In the dawning When the mists



Every One is Sowing.

185

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Ev - 'ry one is sow - ing both by word and deed, All mankind are
 2. Se - rious ones are seek - ing seed al - read - y sown, Ma - ny eyes are
 3. Ye that would be bringing sheaves of gold - en grain, Mind what you are

growing eith - er wheat or weed; Thoughtless ones are throwing an - y
 weeping, now the crop is grown; Think up - on the reaping - each one
 flinging both from hand and brain; Then with hap - py sing - ing you shall

CHORUS.

kind of seed, Sowing, sowing, sowing. Sure - ly as the sowing shall the
 reaps his own, Reaping, reaping, reaping.
 glean great gain, Gleaning, gleaning, gleaning.


har - vest be! See what you are throwing o - ver hill and lea;

Words and deeds are growing for eter - ni - ty, Growing, growing, growing.

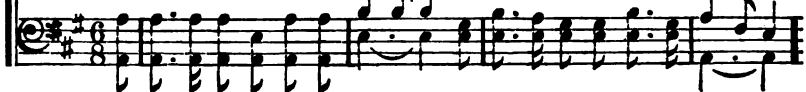

186 Sweet Peace, the Gift of God's Love.

F. H. ROBLIN.


P. BILHORN.




1. There comes to my heart one sweet strain, A glad and a joyous re - frain,
2. By Christ on the cross peace was made, My debt by his death was all paid,
3. When Jesus as Lord I had crowned, My heart with this peace did abound,
4. In Jesus for peace I a - bide, abide, And as I keep close to his side, his side,



I sing it a - gain and a - gain, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.
 No oth - er founda - tion is laid For peace, the gift of God's love.
 In him the rich blessing I found, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.
 There's nothing but peace doth betide, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.




CHORUS.



Peace, peace, sweet peace! Won - der - ful gift from a - bove! a - bove! Oh,

won - derful, wender - ful peace! Sweet peace, the gift of God's love!



Pass the Word Along.

187

F. S. SHEPARD.

W. H. PONTIUS.

SOLO *ad lib.*

CHORUS.

SOLO.

1. Have you tast - ed of sal - vation? Pass the word a - long! Send it
2. Have you found the Lord most precious? Pass the word a - long! Others
3. Has your soul in Christ found healing? Pass the word a - long! Forth the

CHORUS.

SOLO.

forth to ev - 'ry na - tion, Pass the word along! Ma - ny souls that now are
too, will find him gracious, Pass the word along! 'Tis a message worth the
joy - ful news be pealing, Pass the word along! Like the seed increased by

dy - ing, For the word of life are sighing, On the pow'r of God re - ly - ing,
giving—Tell it far by ho - ly living; Ma - ny souls for life are striving,
sowing, So the truth will go on growing; Souls, with heav'nly power glowing,

CHORUS.

f CHORUS.

Pass the word along! Pass the word along! Pass . . . the
Pass the word along! Pass the word along! Pass, O pass

rit.

rit.

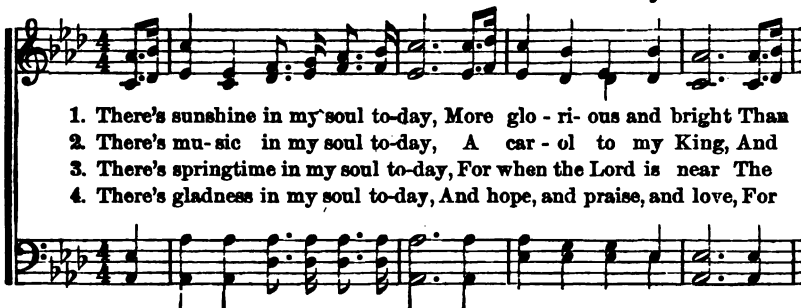
word along! Spread the message of salvation, Pass the word along!

the word along!

Sunshine in the Soul.

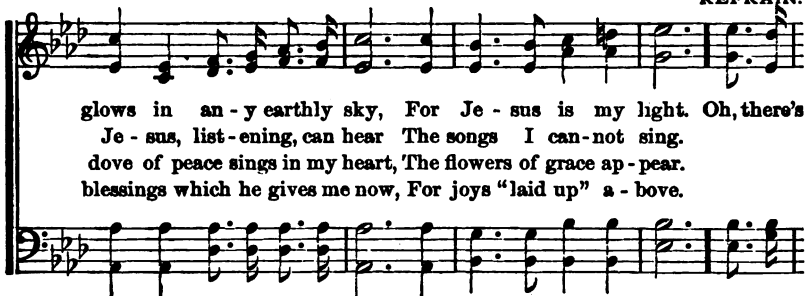
E. E. HEWITT.

JNO. R. SWENNY.

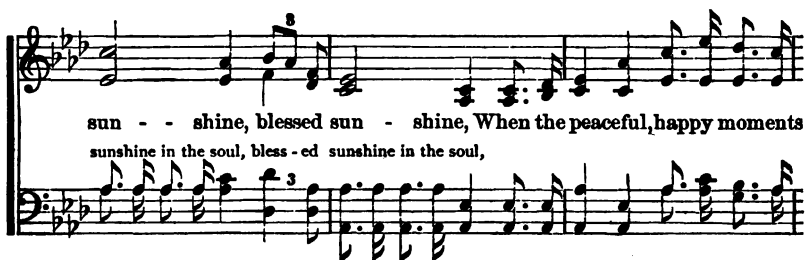


1. There's sunshine in my soul to-day, More glo - ri - ous and bright Than
 2. There's mu - sic in my soul to-day, A car - ol to my King, And
 3. There's springtime in my soul to-day, For when the Lord is near The
 4. There's gladness in my soul to-day, And hope, and praise, and love, For

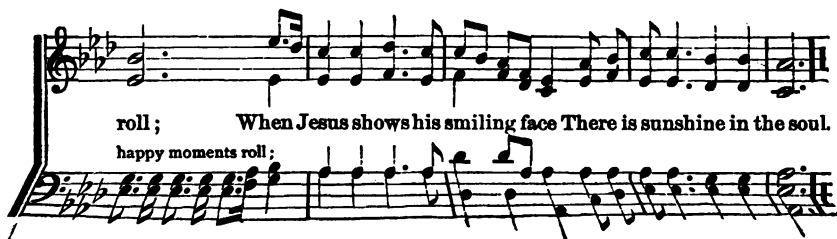
REFRAIN.



glows in an - y earthly sky, For Je - sus is my light. Oh, there's
 Je - sus, list - ening, can hear The songs I can - not sing.
 dove of peace sings in my heart, The flowers of grace ap - pear.
 blessings which he gives me now, For joys "laid up" a - bove.



sun - - shine, blessed sun - shine, When the peaceful, happy moments
 sunshine in the soul, bless - ed sunshine in the soul,



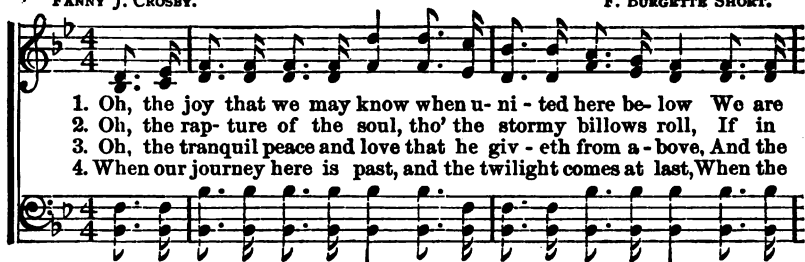
roll; When Jesus shows his smiling face There is sunshine in the soul.
 happy moments roll;

The Happy Song.

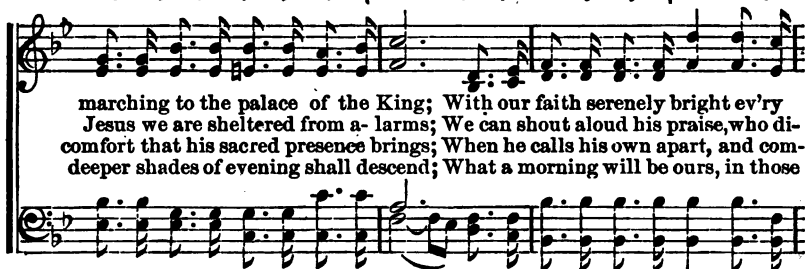
189

FANNY J. CROSEY.

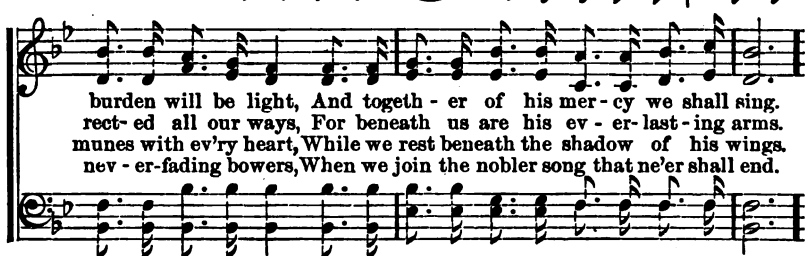
F. BURGETTE SHORT.



1. Oh, the joy that we may know when u-ni-ted here be-low We are
2. Oh, the rap-ture of the soul, tho' the stormy billows roll, If in
3. Oh, the tranquil peace and love that he giv-eth from a-bove, And the
4. When our journey here is past, and the twilight comes at last, When the

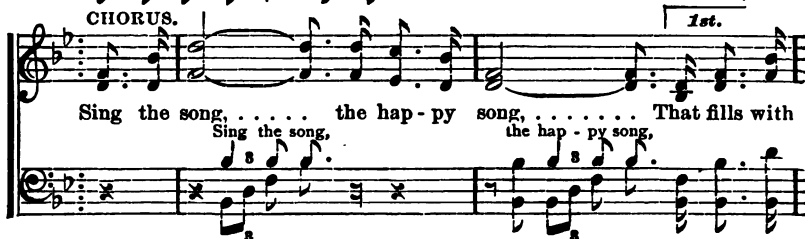


marching to the palace of the King; With our faith serenely bright ev'ry
Jesus we are sheltered from a-larms; We can shout aloud his praise, who di-
comfort that his sacred presence brings; When he calls his own apart, and com-
deeper shades of evening shall descend; What a morning will be ours, in those

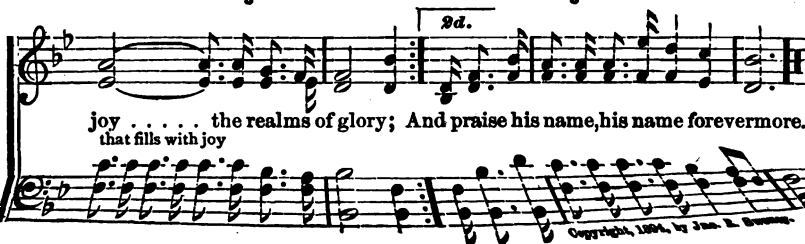


burden will be light, And togeth-er of his mer-cy we shall sing.
rect-ed all our ways, For beneath us are his ev-er-last-ing arms.
mun-es with ev'ry heart, While we rest beneath the shadow of his wings.
nev-er-fading bowers, When we join the nobler song that ne'er shall end.

CHORUS.



Sing the song, the hap-py song, That fills with
Sing the song, the hap-py song,



joy the realms of glory; And praise his name, his name forevermore.
that fills with joy

The Latch of Father's Door.

Mrs. W. G. MOYER.

H. L. GILMOUR.

1. On-ly a fond old fath - er, Facing the window pane; Peering with
 2. On-ly a fath-er weep-ing, Weeping as o'er the dead, Seeing no
 3. On-ly a rest-ful homestead Waits the returning one; On-ly a

anxious long-ing In-to the dark and rain: On-ly the weary wand'r'er,
 form approaching, Hearing no manly tread; Only a trembling wand'r'er,
 heav'nly Fath-er Welcomes a long lost son; On-ly a wea-ry sin-ner,

Home from a foreign shore, Waiting outside, and fears to lift The latch of his
 Longing for home once more; Weary and worn, too faint to lift The latch of his
 Broken in heart, and sore, Almost persuad-ed now to lift The latch of his

CHORUS.

father's door. Lift now the latch, my boy, my boy, And wait outside no more;

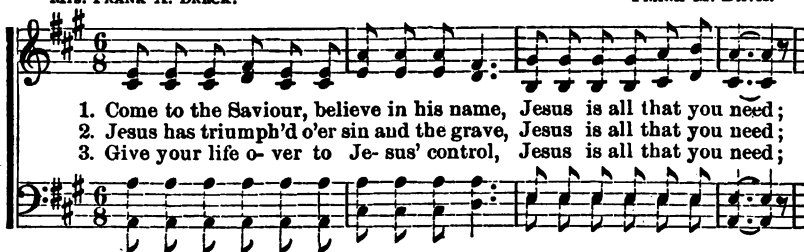
There's love and rest for thee, my boy, With-in thy fath-er's door.

Jesus is All that You Need.

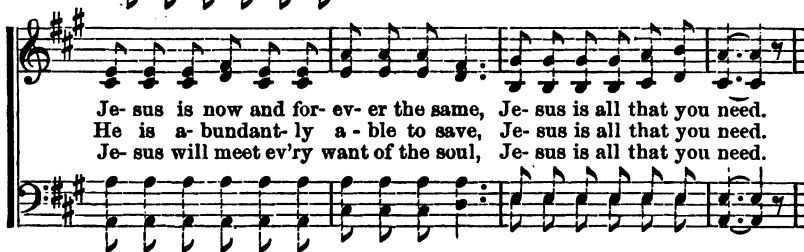
191

Mrs. FRANK A. BRECK.

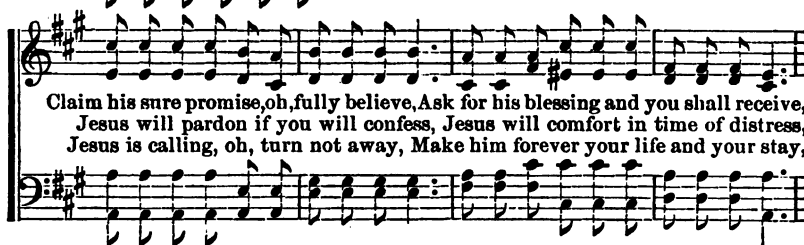
FRANK M. DAVIS.



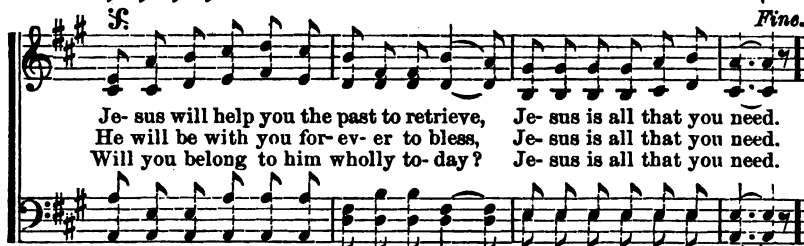
1. Come to the Saviour, believe in his name, Jesus is all that you need;
 2. Jesus has triumph'd o'er sin and the grave, Jesus is all that you need;
 3. Give your life o-ver to Je-sus' control, Jesus is all that you need;



Je-sus is now and for-ev-er the same, Je-sus is all that you need.
 He is a-bundant-ly a-ble to save, Je-sus is all that you need.
 Je-sus will meet ev'ry want of the soul, Je-sus is all that you need.



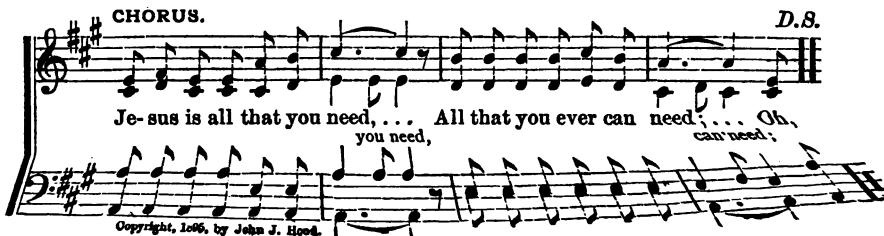
Claim his sure promise, oh, fully believe, Ask for his blessing and you shall receive,
 Jesus will pardon if you will confess, Jesus will comfort in time of distress,
 Jesus is calling, oh, turn not away, Make him forever your life and your stay,



Je-sus will help you the past to retrieve, Je-sus is all that you need.
 He will be with you for-ev-er to bless, Je-sus is all that you need.
 Will you belong to him wholly to-day? Je-sus is all that you need.

D.S.—why turn away from the Saviour to-day, When Jesus is all that you need?

CHORUS.



Je-sus is all that you need, . . . All that you ever can need, . . . Oh,
 you need, can need;

He is Mine, & am His.

GRACE ELIZABETH COBB.

CHAS. H. GARDNER.

1. Blessed Lil - y of the Val - ley, oh, how fair is he! He is
 2. Let me sing of all his mercies, of his kindness true, He is
 3. Tho' he lead me thro' the val - ley of the shade of death, He is

mine, I am his; Sweeter than the angel's music is his
 mine, I am his; Fresh at morn, and in the evening, comes a
 mine, I am his; Should I fear, when oh, so tender - ly he

D.S.—Sweeter than the angel's music is his
Fine.

voice to me, He is mine, I am his. Where the lilies fair are
 bless - ing new, He is mine, I am his! With the deep'ning shadows
 whis - per - eth, He is mine, I am his! For the sunshine of his

voice to me, He is mine, I am his.

blooming by the waters calm, There he leads me, and upholds me by his
 comes a whisper, "safe - ly rest! Sleep in peace, for I am near thee, naught shall
 presence doth illumine the night, And he leads me thro' the valley to the

strong right arm; All the air is love around me, I can feel no harm,
 thee mo - lest; I will linger till the morning, keeper, friend and guest,
 mountain height; Out of bondage in - to freedom, in - to cloudless light,

He is Mine, & am His.—CONCLUDED. 193

CHORUS.

He is mine, He is mine, I am his. Lil - y of the valley,
Blessed Lil - y of the val - ley,

D.S.

He is mine! Lil - y of the val - ley, I am his!
Hal - le - lu - jah, he is mine! Blessed Lil - y of the val - ley,

Glory to His Name.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

"I will glorify thy name forevermore."

Rev. J. H. STOCKTON.

1. Down at the cross where my Saviour died, Down where for cleansing from
2. I am so wondrously saved from sin, Je - sus so sweetly a -
3. Oh, precious fountain, that saves from sin! I am so glad I have
4. Come to this fountain, so rich and sweet; Cast thy poor soul at the

sin I cried; There to my heart was the blood ap - plied; Glo - ry to his
bides within; There at the cross where he took me in; Glo - ry to his
entered in; There Jesus saves me and keeps me clean; Glo - ry to his
Saviour's feet; Plunge in to-day, and be made complete; Glo - ry to his

D.S.—There to my heart was the blood applied; Glo - ry to his

Fine. CHORUS.

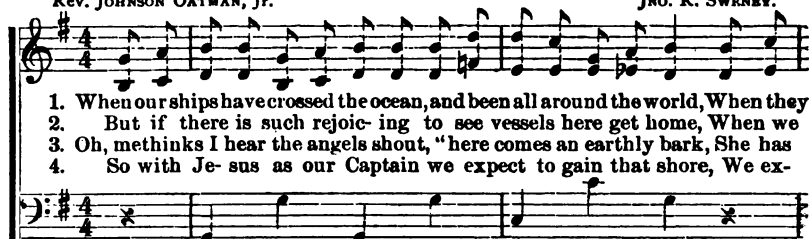
name. Glo - ry to his name, Glo - ry to his name;

D.S.

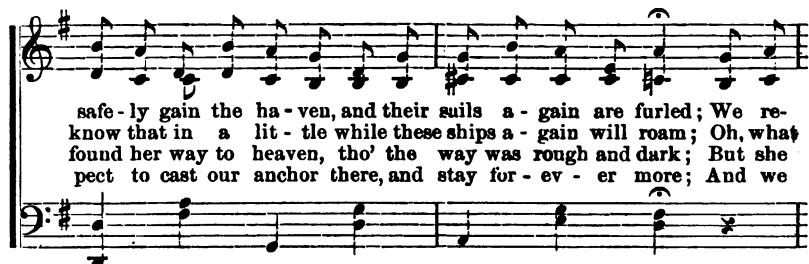
194 When our Ships come Sailing Home.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

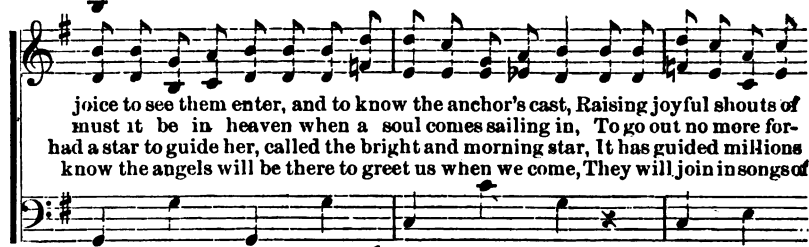
JNO. R. SWRNEY.



1. When our ships have crossed the ocean, and been all around the world, When they
 2. But if there is such rejoicing to see vessels here get home, When we
 3. Oh, methinks I hear the angels shout, "here comes an earthly bark, She has
 4. So with Je- sus as our Captain we expect to gain that shore, We ex-

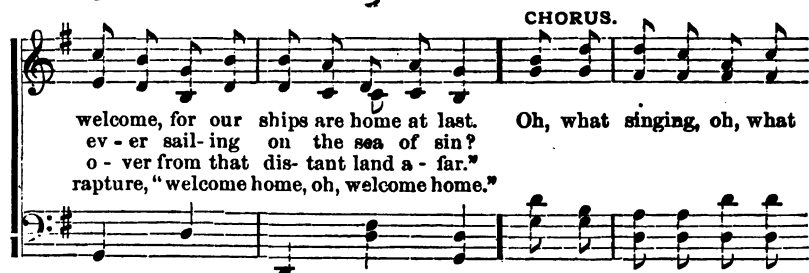


safe-ly gain the ha- ven, and their sails a- gain are furled; We re-
 know that in a lit- tle while these ships a- gain will roam; Oh, what
 found her way to heaven, tho' the way was rough and dark; But she
 pect to cast our anchor there, and stay for- ev- er more; And we

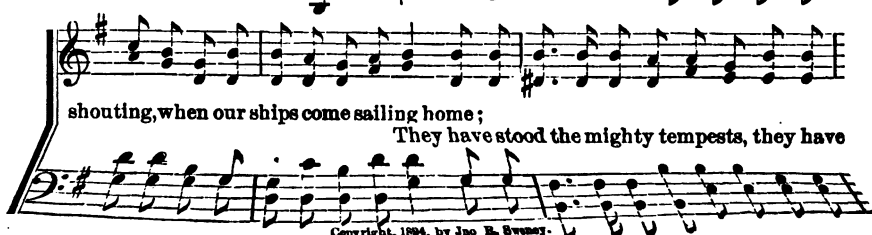


joice to see them enter, and to know the anchor's cast, Raising joyful shouts of
 must it be in heaven when a soul comes sailing in, To go out no more for-
 had a star to guide her, called the bright and morning star, It has guided millions
 know the angels will be there to greet us when we come, They will join in songs of

CHORUS.



welcome, for our ships are home at last. Oh, what singing, oh, what
 ev- er sail- ing on the sea of sin?
 o- ver from that dis- tant land a- far."
 rapture, "welcome home, oh, welcome home."



shouting, when our ships come sailing home;
 They have stood the mighty tempests, they have

When our Ships, etc.—CONCLUDED. 195

crossed the o-cean's foam; They have passed o'er stormy billows, but they

now have gained the shore, The anchor's cast, they're home at last, the voyage is safely [o'er.]

Abide with Me.

HENRY F. LYTE.

Tune, EVENTIDE. 108.

1. Abide with me! fast falls the eventide, The darkness deepens—Lord, with me abide!

When other helpers fail, and comforts flee, Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me.


- 2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O thou, who changest not, abide with me!
- 3 I need thy presence every passing hour;
What but thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who, like thyself, my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me!
- 4 I fear no foe, with thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness;
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if thou abide with me.
- 5 Hold thou thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom and point me to the skies;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!

My Jesus, I Love Thee.

"London Hymn Book."

"Mine are thine and thine are mine."
John xvii. 10.

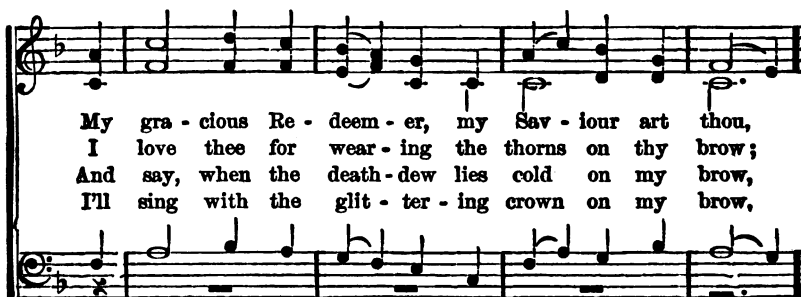
A. J. GORDON. By per.



1. My Je - sus, I love thee, I know thou art mine,
2. I love thee be - cause thou hast first lov - ed me,
3. I will love thee in life, I'll love thee in death,
4. In man - sions of glo - ry and end - less delight,



For thee all the fol - lies of sin I re - sign;
And pur - chased my par - don on Cal - va - ry's tree;
And praise thee as long as thou lend - est me breath;
I'll ev - er a - dore thee in heav - en so bright;



My gra - cious Re - deem - er, my Sav - iour art thou,
I love thee for wear - ing the thorns on thy brow;
And say, when the death - dew lies cold on my brow,
I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing crown on my brow,



If ev - er I loved thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.

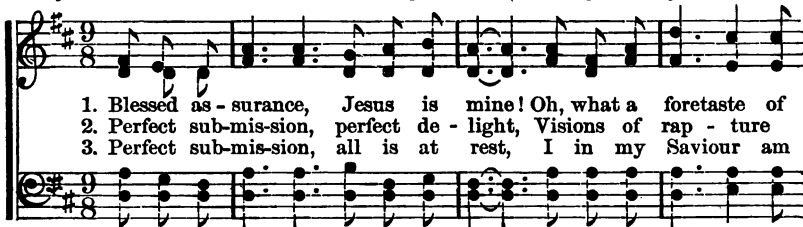
Blessed Assurance.

197

F. J. CROSBY.

"He is faithful that hath promised."—Heb. x. 23.

Mrs. JOS. F. KNAPP.

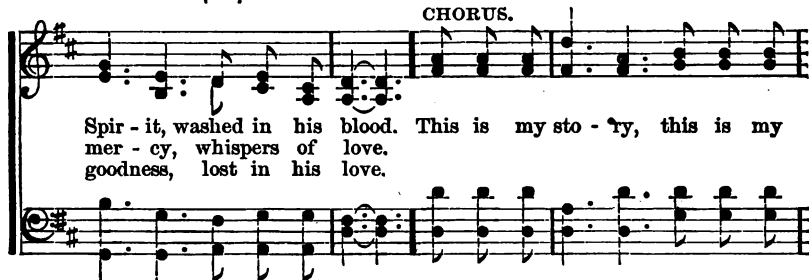


1. Blessed as - surance, Jesus is mine! Oh, what a foretaste of
 2. Perfect sub-mis-sion, perfect de - light, Visions of rap - ture
 3. Perfect sub-mis-sion, all is at rest, I in my Saviour am




glory di - vine! Heir of sal - va - tion, purchase of God, Born of his
 burst on my sight, Angels descend - ing, bring from a - bove Echoes of
 happy and blest, Watching and waiting, looking a - bove, Filled with his

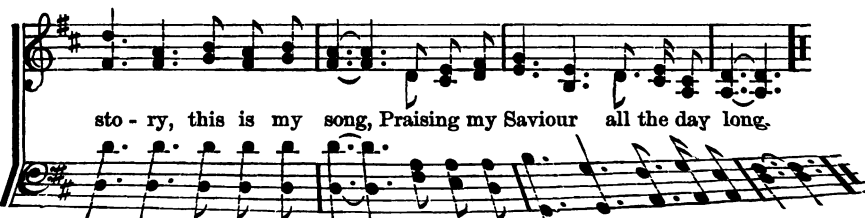
CHORUS.



Spir - it, washed in his blood. This is my sto - ry, this is my
 mer - cy, whispers of love.
 goodness, lost in his love.



song, Praising my Sav - iour all the day long; This is my



sto - ry, this is my song, Praising my Saviour all the day long.

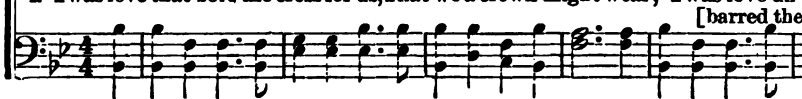
God's Wondrous Love.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.



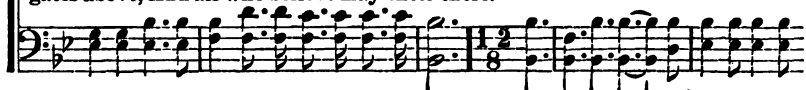
1. O love unmeasured, vast and deep, Thy first glad chorus rang When o'er the new
 2. 'Twas love that from our lost estate Came down to set us free, And gave its life that
 3. 'Twas love inspired the angel host At midnight hour to sing, Good will to man and
 4. 'Twas love that bore the cross for us, That we a crown might wear; 'Twas love un-



CHORUS.



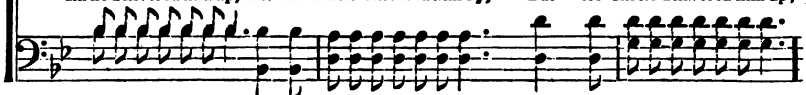
ation's birth The stars of the morn in beauty sang. The love of God made manifest to
 we henceforth Redeem'd unto grace thro' faith might be.
 peace on earth, Thro' him who is born to reign our King.
 gates above, And all who believe may enter there.



us, In the gift of Christ, his Son, whom he spared not, But for sin . . . he delivered him
 But for sin he delivered him up, But for



up, But for sin he delivered him up;
 sin he delivered him up, But for sin he delivered him up, But for sin he delivered him up;



He has redeemed us, he has redeemed us, He has redeemed us thro' his a-



God's Wondrous Love.—CONCLUDED. 199

tonement once for all, He has redeemed us, he has re-
once for all, He has redeemed us,

deemed us, He has redeemed us thro' his atonement once for all. . . .
he has redeemed us, once for all.

H. L. GILMOUR.

Jesus, the Light.

Arr. by H. L. G. *Fine.*

1. { Let my gaze be fixed on thee, Jesus, the light of the world ;
As I look, new beauties see, Jesus, the light . . . of the world.

D. C.—Falling around us by day and by night,—Jesus, the light . . . of the world.

CHORUS.

D. C.
Walk in the light, beautiful light, Come where the dew-drops of mercy are bright,

Copyright, 1903, by H. L. Gilmour.

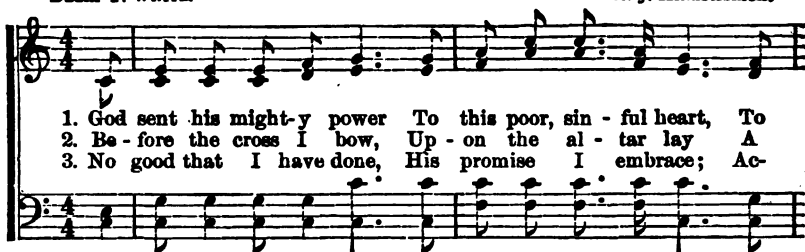
- 2 Let my hands be strong for thee,
Jesus, the light of the world ;
And my feet be swift and free,
Jesus, the light of the world.
- 3 When the tempter would alarm,
Jesus, the light of the world ;
Bare, oh, bare thy mighty arm,
Jesus, the light of the world.

- 4 Walk the waves, across life's sea,
Jesus, the light of the world ;
Nearer come, O Lord, to me,
Jesus, the light of the world.
- 5 Be a shelter in the storm,
Jesus, the light of the world ;
Keep, oh, keep thy child from harm,
Jesus, the light of the world.

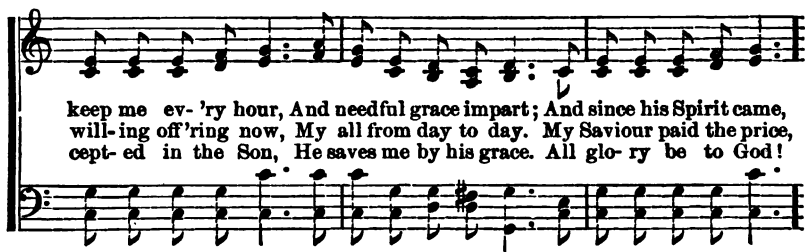
'Tis Burning in My Soul.

DELIA T. WHITE.

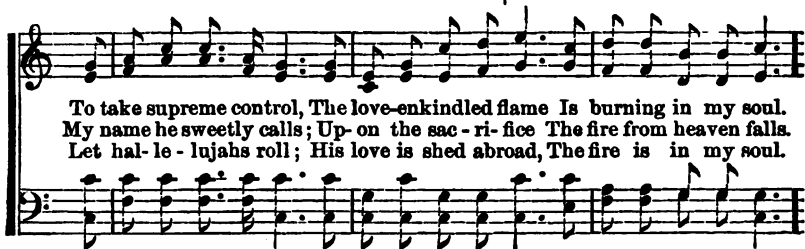
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. God sent his might-y power To this poor, sin - ful heart, To
 2. Be - fore the cross I bow, Up - on the al - tar lay A
 3. No good that I have done, His promise I embrace; Ac-

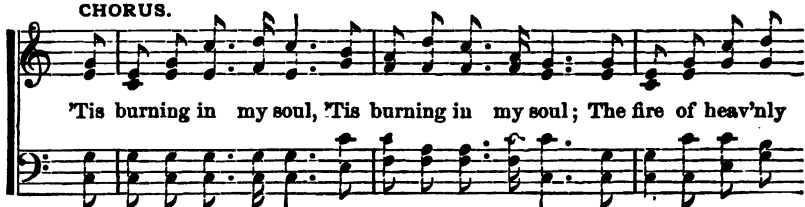


keep me ev-'ry hour, And needful grace impart; And since his Spirit came,
 will-ing off'ring now, My all from day to day. My Saviour paid the price,
 cept-ed in the Son, He saves me by his grace. All glo-ry be to God!

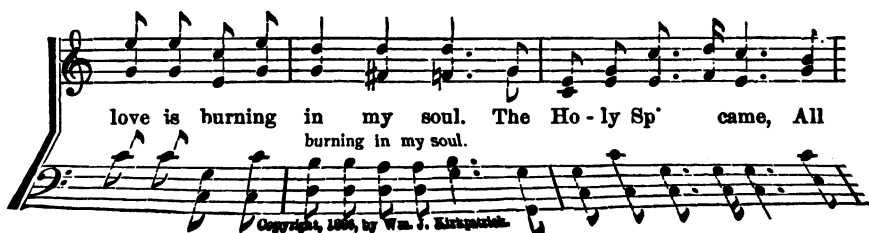


To take supreme control, The love-enkindled flame Is burning in my soul.
 My name he sweetly calls; Up - on the sac - ri - fice The fire from heaven falls.
 Let hal - le - lujahs roll; His love is shed abroad, The fire is in my soul.

CHORUS.

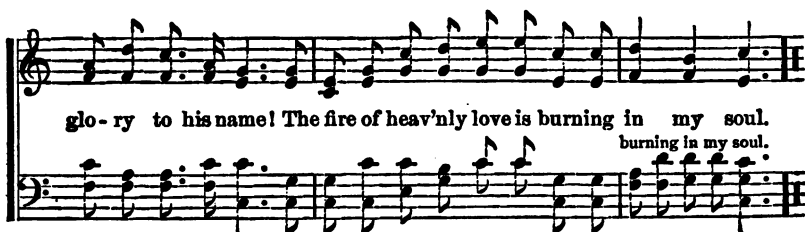


'Tis burning in my soul, 'Tis burning in my soul; The fire of heav'nly



love is burning in my soul. The Ho - ly Sp' came, All
 burning in my soul.

'Tis Burning in My Soul.—CONCLUDED. 201

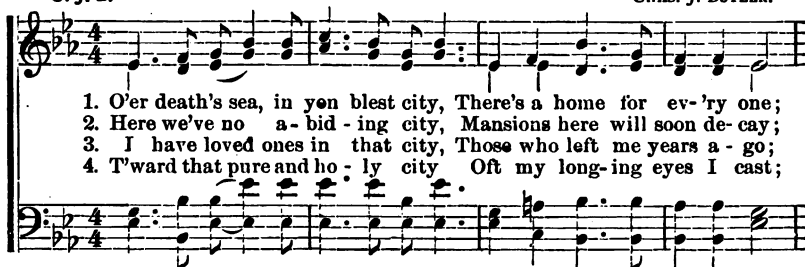


glo-ry to his name! The fire of heav'nly love is burning in my soul.
burning in my soul.

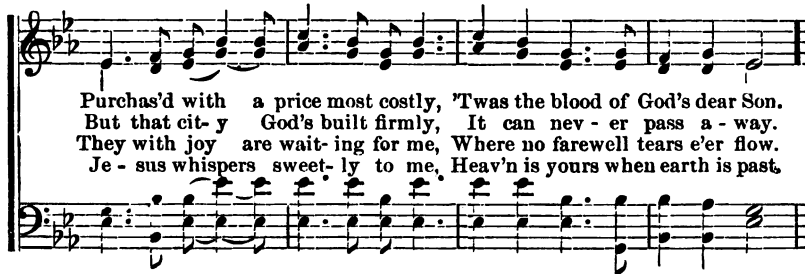
In that City.

C. J. B.

CHAS. J. BUTLER.



1. O'er death's sea, in yon blest city, There's a home for ev-'ry one;
2. Here we've no a-bid-ing city, Mansions here will soon de-cay;
3. I have loved ones in that city, Those who left me years a-go;
4. T'ward that pure and ho-ly city Oft my long-ing eyes I cast;

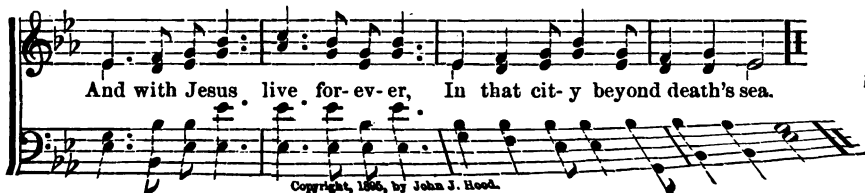


Purchas'd with a price most costly, 'Twas the blood of God's dear Son.
But that cit-y God's built firmly, It can nev-er pass a-way.
They with joy are wait-ing for me, Where no farewell tears e'er flow.
Je-sus whispers sweet-ly to me, Heav'n is yours when earth is past,

CHORUS.



In that cit-y—bright cit-y, Soon with loved ones I shall be;



And with Jesus live for-ev-er, In that cit-y beyond death's sea.

I Need Thee Every Hour.

ANNIE S. HAWKS.

ROBERT LOWRY.

1. I need thee ev-'ry hour, Most gracious Lord; No ten- der voice like
 2. I need thee ev-'ry hour; Stay thou near by; Temptations lose their
 3. I need thee ev-'ry hour, In joy or pain; Come quickly and a -

REFRAIN.

thine Can peace af - ford. I need thee, oh! I need thee; Ev-'ry hour I
 pow'r When thou art nigh.
 bide, Or life is vain.

need thee; O bless me now, my Saviour! I come to thee.

Copyright, 1878, by R. Lowry.

4 I need thee ev'ry hour;
 Teach me thy will;
 And thy rich promises
 In me fulfill.

5 I need thee ev'ry hour,
 Most Holy One;
 Oh, make me thine indeed,
 Thou blessed Son.

Come, Holy Spirit.

BENJ. BEDDOME.

Tune, GERAR. S. M.

1. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, come, With en - er - gy di - vine, And
 2. O melt this fro - zen heart, This stubborn will sub - due; Each
 3. The prof - it will be mine, But thine shall be the praise; And

Come, Holy Spirit.—CONCLUDED.

on this poor, be - night - ed soul With beams of mer - cy shine.
e - vil pas - sion o - ver - come, And form me all a - new.
un - to thee will I de - vote The remnant of my days.

204

It is Good to be Here.

Rev. I. N. WILSON.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. { While we bow in thy name, Oh, meet us a - gain, Fill our
May the Spir - it of grace, And the smiles of thy face, Gent - ly

D.S.—light streaming down makes the pathway all clear, It is

Fine. REFRAIN.
hearts with the light of thy love; } It is good to be here, it is
fall on us now from a - bove. }

good for us, Lord, to be here.

D.S.
good to be here, Thy perfect love now drives a - way all our fear, And

Copyright, 1879, by Jno. R. Sweeney.

2 Our souls long for thee;
Oh, may we now see
A sin-cleansing blood-wave appear;
And feel, as it rolls
In power o'er our souls,
It is good for us, Lord, to be here.

3 Thou art with us, we know;
We feel the sweet flow [tide;
Of the sin-cleansing wave's gladdening
We are washed from our sin,
Made all holy within,
And in Jesus we sweetly abide.

Come, Ye Disconsolate.

THOMAS MOORE, alt., and THOS. HASTINGS.

SAMUEL WEBB.

1. Come, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish; Come to the mercy-seat, fervently kneel;

Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish;
Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot heal.

2 Joy of the desolate, light of the stray-
ing,
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure,
Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly say-
ing,
"Earth has no sorrow that heaven can-
not cure."

3 Here see the bread of life; see waters
flowing
Forth from the throne of God, pure
from above; [knowing
Come to the feast of love; come, ever
Earth has no sorrow but heaven can
[remove.

Wayside Communion.

"And they said one to another, did not our heart burn within us, while he talked with us
H. L. GILMOUR. by the way."—Luke xxiv: 32. Arr. and har. by H. L. G.

1. { It's when I meet the ris-en Lord, I feel the fire burning in my heart; }
And he explains the Living Word, I feel the fire burning in my heart. }
2. { When faith takes hold on Jesus' name, I feel the fire burning in my heart; }
And he applies the mystic flame, I feel the fire burning in my heart. }

CHORUS.

In my heart, . . in my heart, . . I feel the fire burning in my heart.
in my heart, in my heart,

Copyright, 1896, by H. L. Gilmour.

3 It's when anointed from above,
I feel the fire burning in my heart;
And witnessing for perfect love,
I feel the fire burning in my heart.

4 It's when glad vict'ry comes to greet,
I feel the fire burning in my heart;
A captive freed, at Jesus' feet,
I feel the fire burning in my heart.

I am Coming to the Cross.

Rev. Wm. McDONALD.

John vi. 37.

Wm. G. FISCHER. By per.

1. I am com - ing to the cross; I am poor, and weak, and blind;
 2. Long my heart has sighed for thee, Long has e - vil dwelt within;
 3. Here I give my all to thee, Friends, and time, and earthly store;

CHO.— I am trust - ing, Lord, in thee, Blest Lamb of Cal - va - ry;

D.C.

I am count - ing all but dross, I shall full sal - va - tion find.
 Je - sus sweet - ly speaks to me,—"I will cleanse you from all sin."
 Soul and bo - dy thine to be,— Whol - ly thine for ev - er - more.

Humbly at thy cross I bow, Save me, Je - sus, save me now.

4 In thy promises I trust,
 Now I feel the blood applied:
 I am prostrate in the dust,
 I with Christ am crucified.

5 Jesus comes! he fills my soul!
 Perfected in him I am;
 I am every whit made whole:
 Glory, glory to the Lamb.

Happy Day.

English Melody.

1. { Ohappy day, that fixed my choice On thee, my Saviour and my God! } Happy
 { Well may this glowing heart rejoice, And tell its raptures all abroad. }

Fine.

D.S.

day, happy day,
 When Jesus washed my sins away! { He taught me how to watch and pray,
 And live rejoicing ev'ry day.

2 O happy bond, that seals my vows
 To him who merits all my love!
 Let cheerful anthems fill his house,
 While to that sacred shrine I move.

3 'Tis done! the great transaction's done!
 I am my Lord's, and he is mine:
 He drew me, and I followed on,
 Charmed to confess that voice divine.

4 Now rest, my long-divided heart;
 Fixed on this blissful center, rest;
 Nor ever from thy Lord depart;
 With him of every good possessed.

5 High heav'n that heard thee solemn vow,
 That vow renewed shall daily hear,
 Till in life's latest hour I bow,
 And bless in death a bond so dear.

209

I. WATTS.

Come, Holy Spirit.Tune,
ST. MARTIN'S. C. M.

1. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it. heavenly Dove, With all thy quick'ning powers;

Kin - dle a flame of sa - cred love In these cold hearts of ours.

2 Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of these earthly toys;
Our souls, how heavily they go,
To reach eternal joys.

3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

4 Father, and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate,
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great?

5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning powers;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

210

JOSEPH HART.

Come, Ye Sinners.Tune,
GREENVILLE. 3, 7, 4.

1. COME, ye sinners, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love, and power:
He is able,
He is willing: doubt no more.

2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome;
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief and true repentance,
Every grace that brings you nigh,
Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness he requireth
Is to feel your need of him
This he gives you;
'Tis the Spirit's glimmering beam.

4 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall;
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all;
Not the righteous—
Sinners Jesus came to call.

5 Agonizing in the garden,
Your Redeemer prostrate lies;
On the bloody tree behold him!
Hear him cry, before he dies,
"It is finished!"
Sinners, will not this suffice?

6 Lo! the incarnate God, ascending,
Pleads the merit of his blood:
Venture on him, venture freely;
Let no other trust intrude:
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.

7 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness he requireth
Is to feel your need of him
This he gives you;
'Tis the Spirit's glimmering beam.

8 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness he requireth
Is to feel your need of him
This he gives you;
'Tis the Spirit's glimmering beam.

Marching to Zion.

ISAAC WATTS.

Arr. by W. J. K.

1. { Am I a sol-dier of the cross, of the cross, of the cross, Am
And shall I fear to own his cause, to own his cause, to own his cause, And
2. { Must I be car-ried to the skies, to the skies, to the skies, Must
While others fought to win the prize, to win the prize, to win the prize, While

CHORUS.
I a soldier of the cross, A follower of the Lamb, } { Marching, we're
shall I fear to own his cause, Or blush to speak his name? } { Marching, we're
I be carried to the skies On flowery beds of ease, }
others fought to win the prize, And sailed thro' bloody seas? }

1 2
marching to Zi-on, We're marching, marching;
marching to Zi-on, And Je-sus is our song.

Copyright, 1904, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

4 Sure I must fight, if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

Love Divine. Music No. 208 in "L. and P." No. 3.

Love divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down!
Fix in us thy humble dwelling;
All thy faithful mercies crown.
Jesus, thou art all compassion,
Pure unbounded love thou art;
Visit us with thy salvation;
Enter every trembling heart.
2 Breathe, O breathe thy loving Spirit
Into every troubled breast!
Let us all in thee inherit,
Let us find that second rest.
Take away our bent to sinning;
Alpha and Omega be;
End of faith, as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty.

3 Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy life receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more thy temples leave:
Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve thee as thy hosts above,
Pray, and praise thee without ceasing,
Glory in thy perfect love.
4 Finish then thy new creation;
Pure and spotless let us be;
Let us see thy great creation,
Perfectly restored in thee;
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

Charles Wesley.

Pass Me Not.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE. By per.

1. Pass me not, O gen - tle Sav - iour, Hear my humble cry;
 2. Let me at a throne of mer - cy Find a sweet re - lief;
 3. Trusting on - ly in thy mer - it, Would I seek thy face;
 4. Thou the spring of all my com - fort, More than life to me;

Fin.
 While on oth - ers thou art call - ing, Do, not pass me by.
 Kneel - ing there in deep con - tri - tion, Help my un - be - lief.
 Heal my wounded, broken spir - it, Save me by thy grace.
 Whom have I on earth be - side thee? Whom in heaven but thee?

D. S.—While on oth - ers thou art call - ing, Do not pass me by.

CHORUS.

D. S.

Sav - iour, Sav - iour, Hear my hum - ble cry,

Copyright, 1888, by W. H. Doane.

The Tongue of Praise.

CHAS. WESLEY.


R. KELSO CARTER.

1. Oh, for a thousand tongues, to sing My great Redeemer's praise; The glories
 2. My gracious Master and my God, Assist me to proclaim, To spread thro'
 3. Jesus! the name that charms our fears, That bids our sorrows cease, 'Tis music
 4. He breaks the pow'r of canceled sin, He sets the pris'n'r free; His blood can


Copyright, 1897, by John J. Hood.

The Tongue of Praise.—CONCLUDED.

CHORUS.



of my God and King, The triumphs of his grace! { Glo-ry to God! He
all the earth abroad The honors of thy name. { Glo-ry to God! He
in the sinner's ear, 'Tis life, and health, and peace.
make the foulest clean, His blood availed for me.




breaks the pow'r of sin, Glo-ry to God! He sets the pris'ner free; }
makes the foulest clean, Glo-ry to God! His blood avails for me. }




215



Come, My Soul.

JOHN NEWTON.


Tune, SEYMOUR. 78.



1. Come, my soul, thy suit pre-pare, Je-sus loves to answer prayer;
2. Lord, I come to thee for rest; Take pos-ses-sion of my breast;
3. While I am a pil-grim here, Let thy love my spir-it cheer;
4. Show me what I have to do; Ev-'ry hour my strength renew;

He him-self in-vites thee near, Bids thee ask him, waits to hear.
There thy blood-bought right maintain, And without a riv-al reign.
As my guide, my guard, my friend, Lead me to my journey's end.
Let me live a life of faith, Let me die thy people's death.



216

Fill Me Now.

Rev. E. H. STOKES, D.D.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Hov-er o'er me, Ho-ly Spir-it; Bathe my trembling heart and brow;
 2. Thou can'st fill me, gracious Spir-it, Tho' I can-not tell thee how;
 3. I am weakness, full of weakness; At thy sa-cred feet I bow;
 4. Cleanse and comfort; bless and save me; Bathe, oh, bathe my heart and brow!

Fine.

Fill me with thy hal-low'd presence, Come, oh, come and fill me now.
 But I need thee, great-ly need thee, Come, oh, come and fill me now.
 Blest, di-vine, e-ter-nal Spir-it, Fill with power, and fill me now.
 Thou art comfort-ing and sav-ing, Thou art sweet-ly fill-ing now.

D.S. Fill me with thy hal-low'd presence,—Come, oh, come and fill me now.

CHORUS. *D.S.*

Fill me now, fill me now, Je-sus, come, and fill me now;

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217

Remember Me. C. M.

1. Je-sus, thou art the sinner's friend, As such I look to thee;
 Now in the ful-ness of thy love, O Lord, re-mem-ber me. }

Cho.—Re-mem-ber me, re-mem-ber me, Dear Lord! remem-ber me.

s Remember thy pure word of grace
 Remember Calvary;
 Remember all thy dying groans,
 And then remember me.

3 Lord! I am guilty—I am vile,
 But thy salvation's free;
 Then, in thine all-abounding grace,
 Dear Lord! remember me.

218

When all Thy Mercies.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

Tune, MANOAH. C. M.

1. When all thy mer - cies, O my God, My ris - ing soul sur - veys,
2. Through hidden dangers, toils, and deaths, It gently cleared my way;

Transport - ed with the view, I'm lost In won - der, love, and praise.
And through the pleasing snares of vice, More to be feared than they.

3 Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The pleasing theme renew.

4 Through all eternity to thee
A grateful song I'll raise;
But oh, eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise.

219

How Sweet the Name.

JOHN NEWTON.

Tune, DOWNS. C. M.

1. How sweet the name of Je - sus sounds In a be - liev - er's ear!

It soothes his sor - rows, heals his wounds, And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.

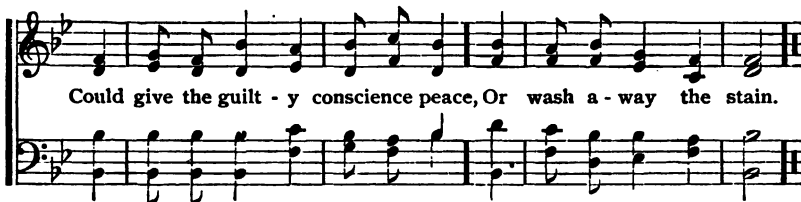
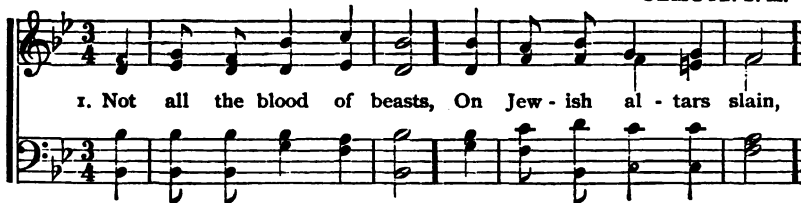
3 Dear name! the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place;
My never-failing treasure, filled
With boundless stores of grace!

4 Jesus, my Shepherd, Saviour, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring!

5 I would thy boundless love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
So shall the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

Not all the Blood of Beasts.

OLMUTZ. S. M.



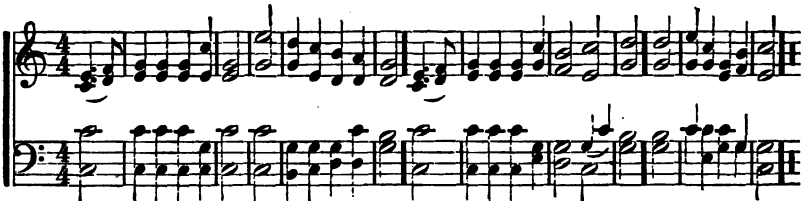
2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away;
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.

3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of thine,
While, like a penitent, I stand,
And there confess my sin.

4 My soul looks back to see
The burdens thou didst bear,
When hanging on the accursed tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.

5 Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove;
We bless the Lamb, with cheerful voice,
And sing his bleeding love.

Laban. S. M.



221 Come, We that Love the Lord.

1 Come, we that love the Lord,
And let our joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.

2 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below:
Celestial fruits on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.

3 The hill of Sion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

4 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching through Immanuel's
To fairer worlds on high.

222 My Soul, be on Thy Guard.

1 My soul, be on thy guard,
Ten thousand foes arise,
And hosts of sin are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies.

2 Oh, watch, and fight, and pray,
The battle ne'er give o'er,
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor once at ease sit down;
Thine arduous work will not be done
Till thou hast got the crown.

4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God:
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
Up to his blest abode.

Nearer the Cross.

F. J. CROSBY.

"The cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."
Gal. vi. 14.

Mrs. J. F. KNAPP. By per.

1. "Near-er the cross!" my heart can say, I am coming near-er, Near-er the
2. Near-er the Christian's mercy seat, I am coming near-er, Feasting my
3. Near-er in prayer my hope aspires, I am coming near-er, Deep-er the

cross from day to day, I am com-ing near-er; Near-er the cross where
soul on man-na sweet, I am com-ing near-er; Stronger in faith, more
love my soul desires, I am com-ing near-er; Near-er the end of

Je-sus died, Near-er the fountain's crimson tide, Near-er my Saviour's
clear I see Je-sus who gave himself for me; Near-er to him I
toil and care, Near-er the joy I long to share, Near-er the crown I

wound-ed side, I am com-ing near-er, I am com-ing near-er.
still would be, Still I'm com-ing near-er, Still I'm com-ing near-er.
soon shall wear: I am com-ing near-er, I am com-ing near-er.

Step Out on the Promise.

MAGGIE POTTER. Arr. by E. F. M.

E. F. MILLER.

1. O mourner in Zi - on, how blessed art thou, For Je - sus is
 2. O ye that are hun - gry and thirsty, re - joice! For ye shall be
 3. Who sighs for a heart from in - i - qui - ty free? O poor, troubled
 4. Step out on the promise, and Christ you shall win, "The blood of his

wait - ing to com - fort thee now, Fear not to re - ly on the
 filled; do you hear that sweet voice In - vit - ing you now to the
 soul! there's a promise for thee, There's rest, weary one, in the
 Son cleanse us from all sin," It cleanseth me now, hal - le -

word of thy God; Step out on the promise,—get under the blood.
 ban - quet of God? Step out on the promise,—get under the blood.
 bos - om of God; Step out on the promise,—get under the blood.
 lu - jah to God! I rest on his promise,—I'm under the blood.

From "The Shout of Victory," by Geo.

Deeper Yet.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

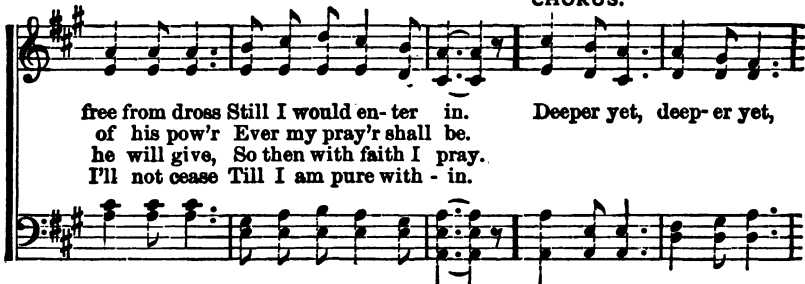
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. In the blood from the cross I have been wash'd from sin; But to be
 2. Day by day, hour by hour Blessings are sent to me; But for more
 3. Near to Christ I would live, Following him each day; What I ask
 4. Now I have peace, sweet peace, While in this world of sin; But to pray

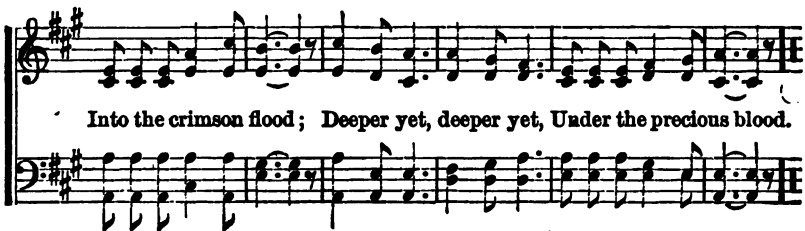
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Deeper Yet.—CONCLUDED.

CHORUS.



free from dross Still I would en-ter in. Deeper yet, deep-er yet,
of his pow'r Ever my pray'r shall be.
he will give, So then with faith I pray.
I'll not cease Till I am pure with - in.

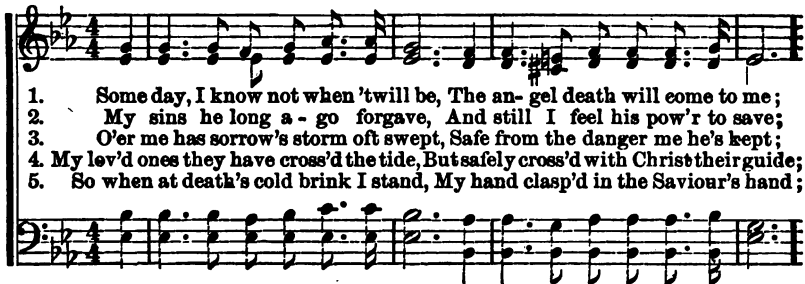


Into the crimson flood; Deeper yet, deeper yet, Under the precious blood.

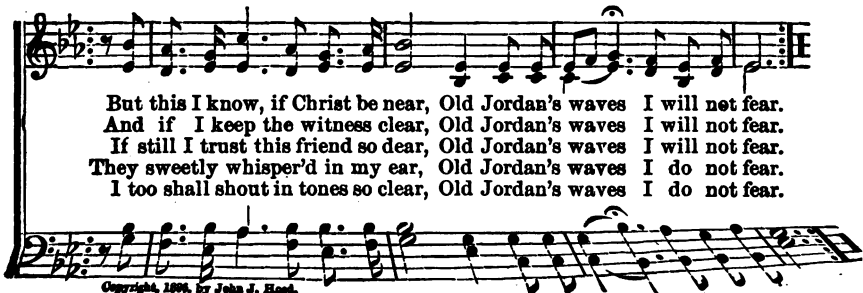
226 Old Jordan's Waves & Do not Fear.

C. J. B.

CHAS. J. BUTLER.



1. Some day, I know not when 'twill be, The an- gel death will come to me;
2. My sins he long a - go forgave, And still I feel his pow'r to save;
3. O'er me has sorrow's storm oft swept, Safe from the danger me he's kept;
4. My lov'd ones they have cross'd the tide, But safely cross'd with Christ their guide;
5. So when at death's cold brink I stand, My hand clasp'd in the Saviour's hand;



But this I know, if Christ be near, Old Jordan's waves I will not fear.
And if I keep the witness clear, Old Jordan's waves I will not fear.
If still I trust this friend so dear, Old Jordan's waves I will not fear.
They sweetly whisper'd in my ear, Old Jordan's waves I do not fear.
I too shall shout in tones so clear, Old Jordan's waves I do not fear.

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I'll Live for Him. C. R. DUNBAR

1. My life, my love I give to thee, Thou Lamb of God, who died for me;
 2. I now believe thou dost receive, For thou hast died that I might live;
 3. Oh, thou who died on Cal - va - ry, To save my soul and make me free,

CHO.—I'll live for him who died for me, How happy then my life shall be!

Oh, may I ev - er faith - ful be, My Sav - iour and my God!
 And now henceforth I'll trust in thee, My Sav - iour and my God!
 I con - se - crate my life to thee, My Sav - iour and my God!

I'll live for him who died for me, My Sav - iour and my God!

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He is Calling.

Arr. by S. J. VAIL.

1. { There's a wideness in God's mercy, Like the wideness of the sea: }
 2. { There's a kindness in his justice Which is more than } li - berty.

CHORUS.

He is call - ing, "Come to me!" Lord, I'll glad - ly haste to thee.

2 There is welcome for the sinner,
 And more graces for the good;
 There is mercy with the Saviour;
 There is healing in his blood.
 3 For the love of God is broader
 Than the measure of man's mind;

And the heart of the Eternal
 Is most wonderful and kind.
 4 If our love were but more simple,
 We should take him at his word;
 And our lives would be all sunshine
 In the sweetness of our Lord.

The Hallowed Spot.

Rev. WM. HUNTER, D. D.

Arr. by T. C. O'KANE.

Fine.

1. { There is a spot to me more dear Than native vale or mountain;
A spot for which affection's tear Springs grateful from its fountain.
D. S.—where I first my Saviour found, And felt my sins for-giv-en.

'Tis not where kindred souls abound, Tho' that is al-most heaven, But

D. S.

- 2 Hard was my toil to reach the shore,
Long tossed upon the ocean:
Above me was the thunder's roar,
Beneath the waves' commotion.
Darkly the pall of night was thrown
Around me, faint with terror;
In that dark hour how did my groan
Ascend for years of error.
- 3 Sinking and panting as for breath
I knew not help was near me;
I cried, "Oh, save me, Lord, from death,
Immortal Jesus, hear me;

Then quick as thought I felt him mine,
My Saviour stood before me;
I saw his brightness round me shine,
And shouted "Glory, glory."

- 4 O sacred hour! O hallowed spot!
Where love divine first found me;
Wherever falls my distant lot
My heart shall linger round thee.
And when from earth I rise, to soar
Up to my home in heaven,
Down will I cast my eyes once more,
Where I was first forgiven.

He Knows!

Melody by HERBECK,
arr. and har. by J. J. H.

1. { He knows the bitter, weary way, The endless striving day by day,
The souls that weep, the souls that pray, He knows, he knows, he . . . knows!

2. { He knows when faint and worn we sink, How deep the pain, how near the brink
Of dark despair we pause and shrink, He knows, he knows, he knows!

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- 3 He knows! oh, tho't so full of bliss!
For though on earth our joy we miss,
We still can bear if feeling this,
He knows, he knows, he knows!

- 4 He knows! oh, heart, take up thy cross,
And know earth's treasures are but dross,
And all will prove as gain or loss!
He knows, he knows, he knows!

On the Way.

LIZZIE EDWARDS.

JNO. R. SWENET.

1. O, bless the Lord, what joy is mine! What perfect peace thro' grace divine!
 2. O, bless the Lord, he dwells with me, The voice I hear, the hand I see
 3. O, bless the Lord for what I know Of heavenly bliss while here below!
 4. O, bless the Lord 'twill not be long Till I shall join the ho-ly throng,

And now to realms of end-less day, O, bless the Lord, I'm on the way.
 Renew my strength from day to day While home to him I'm on the way.
 My trusting heart thro' faith can say, To mansions bright I'm on the way.
 And shout and sing thro' endless day, Where every tear is wiped a-way.

D.S.—crown to wear in end-less day, O, bless the Lord, I'm on the way.

CHORUS.

I'm on the way, I'm on the way, In vain the world would bid me stay: A

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Awake, My Soul.

MEDLEY.

Tune, LOVING-KINDNESS. L. M

1. Awake, my soul to joyful lays, And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;
 2. He saw me ru-ined in the fall, Yet loved me not-withstanding all;

Awake, My Soul.—CONCLUDED.

He just-ly claims a song from me, His lov-ing-kind-ness, oh, how free!
He saved me from my lost e-state, His lov-ing-kind-ness, oh, how great!

Lov-ing-kindness, lov-ing-kindness, His lov-ing-kind-ness, oh, how free!
Lov-ing-kindness, lov-ing-kindness, His lov-ing-kind-ness, oh, how great!

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>3 Though num'rous hosts of mighty foes,
Though earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along,
His loving-kindness, oh, how strong!</p> | <p>4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gathered thick, and thundered loud,
He near my soul has always stood,
His loving-kindness, oh, how good!</p> |
|---|--|

233 My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

RAY PALMER.

L. MASON.

- 1 My faith looks up to thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine!
Now hear me while I pray;
Take all my guilt away;
Oh, let me from this day
Be wholly thine!
- 2 May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire!

As thou hast died for me,
Oh, may my love to thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be—
A living fire!

- 3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.
- 4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Saviour! then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
Oh, bear me safe above—
A ransomed soul!

The Word "Good-bye."

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. A dismal spectre, dark and tall, Here throws its shadow o-ver all;
 2. It en- ters ev- 'ry home on earth, It en- ters halls of joy and mirth;
 3. But when we meet in heav'n above, We'll never leave the friends we love;
 4. Tho' now we give the parting hand, We'll meet up yonder in that land,

But in that blessed land on high Is never heard the word, good-bye.
 The laugh is hushed, we breathe a sigh, As we are forced to say, good-bye.
 Togeth- er there, while a - ges fly, We'll never hear the word, good-bye.
 Where we will see no weeping eye, Caused by these words, good-bye, good-bye.

CHORUS.

O hap- py land, O blessed land, Where no one gives the parting hand;

rit.
 In that fair land a - bove the sky, Is never heard the word, good-bye.

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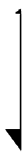
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